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EDITED BY
JAMES FITZSIMMONS

APRIL 20, 1974 XVIII/4
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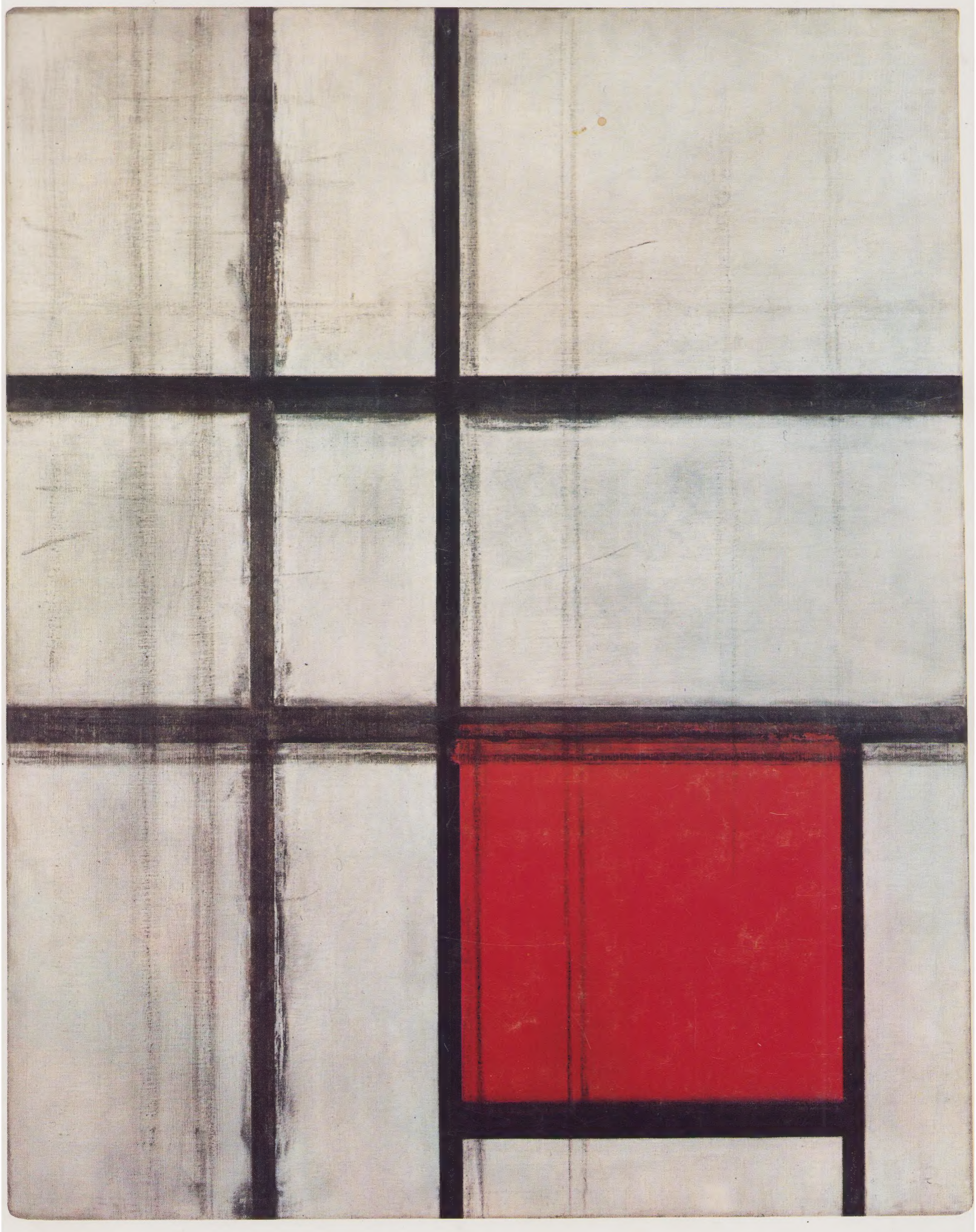

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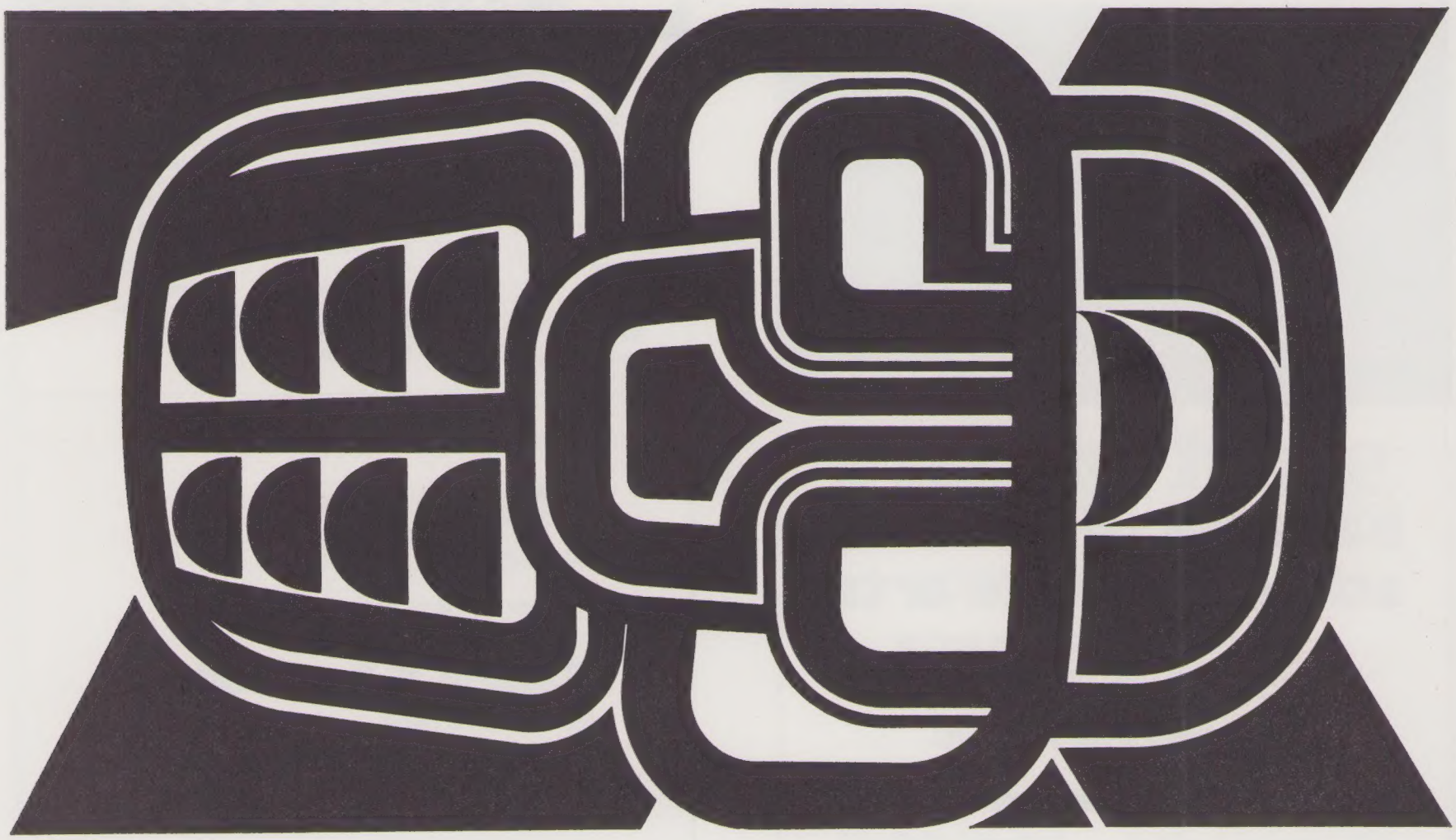

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COVER: Mondrian's unfinished painting *Composition in Black and Red*, 1938–44, was included in the recent Mondrian exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery, New York. The composition, in oil and charcoal on canvas, measures $31\frac{1}{2}'' \times 24\frac{3}{4}''$.

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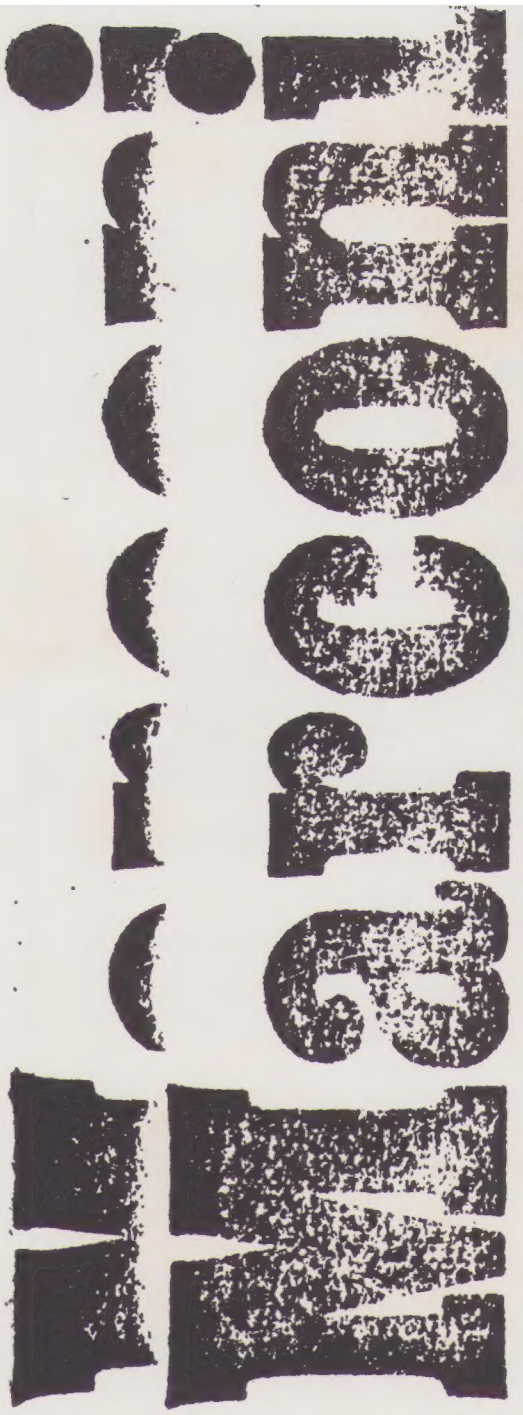

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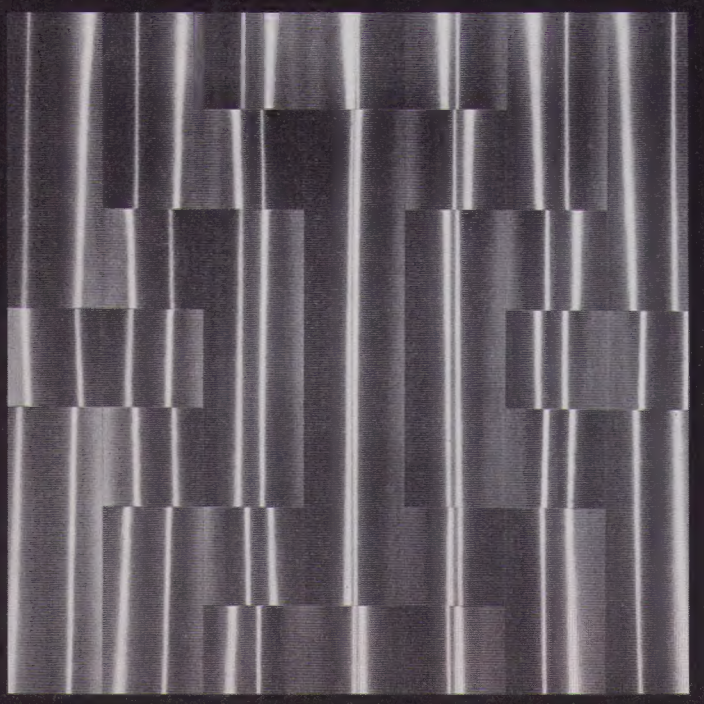

Nora Speyer

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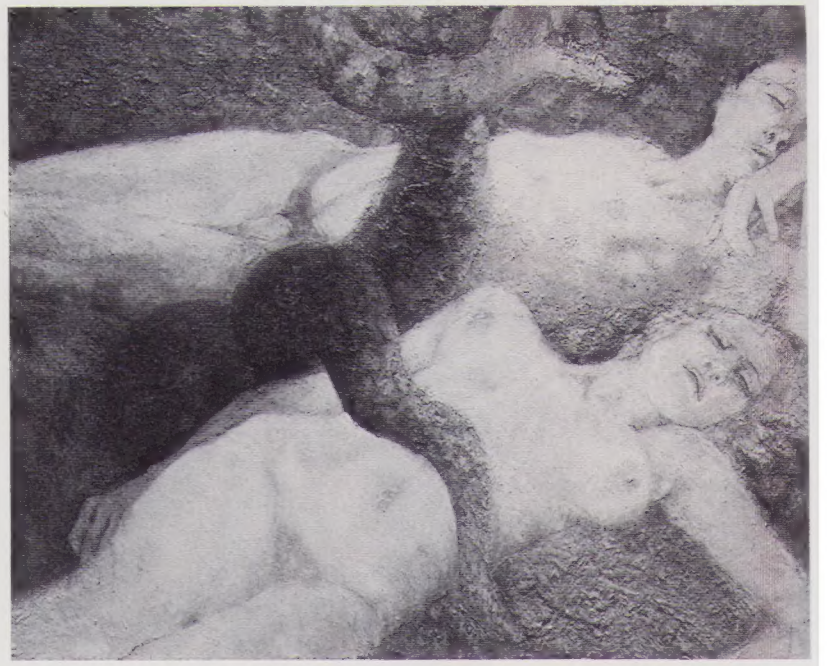

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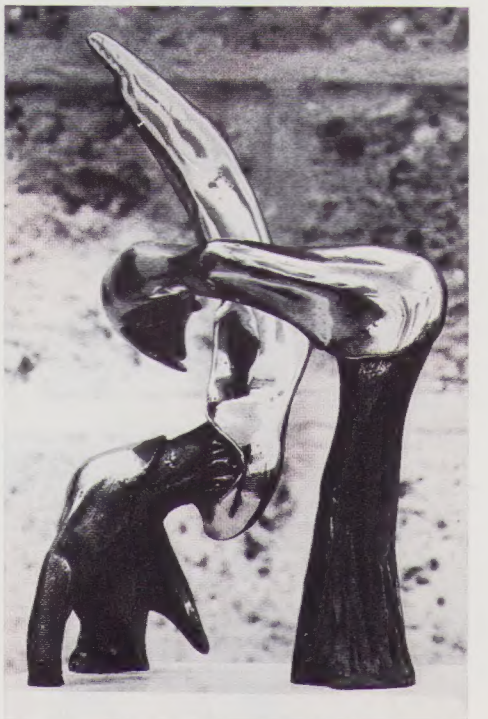

"Confrontation" – bronze maquette, 26 cm h

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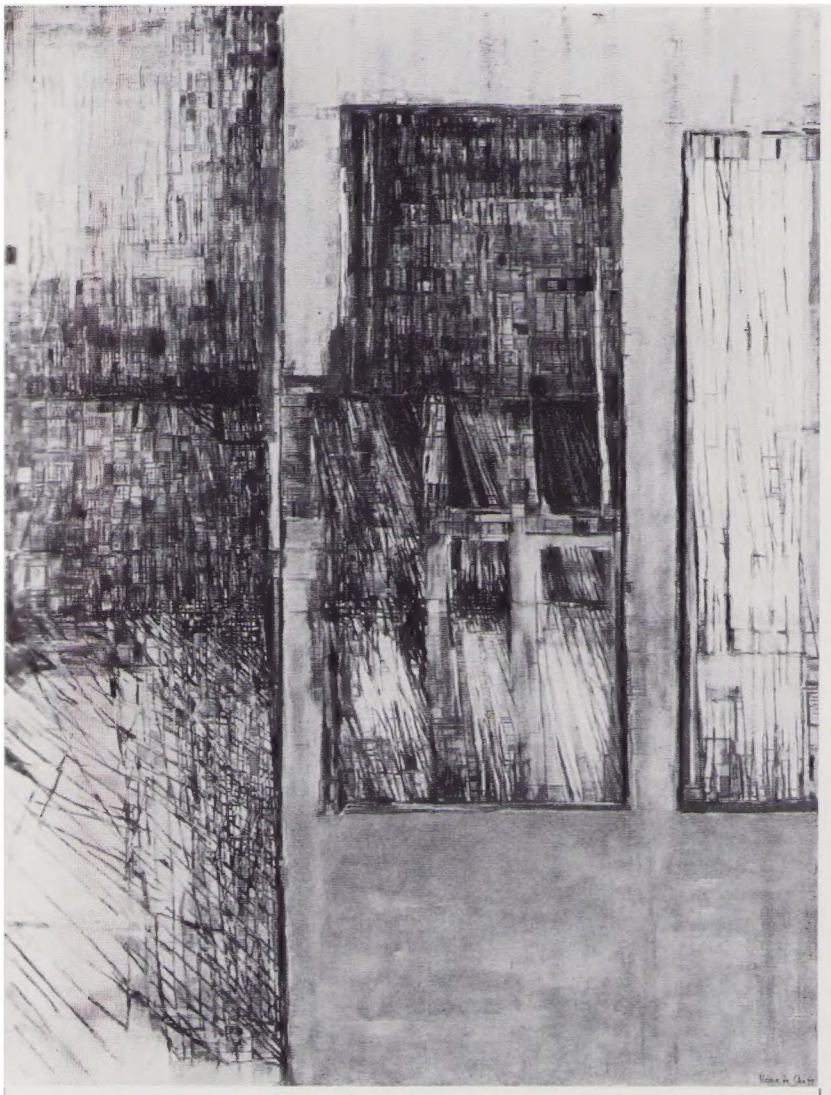

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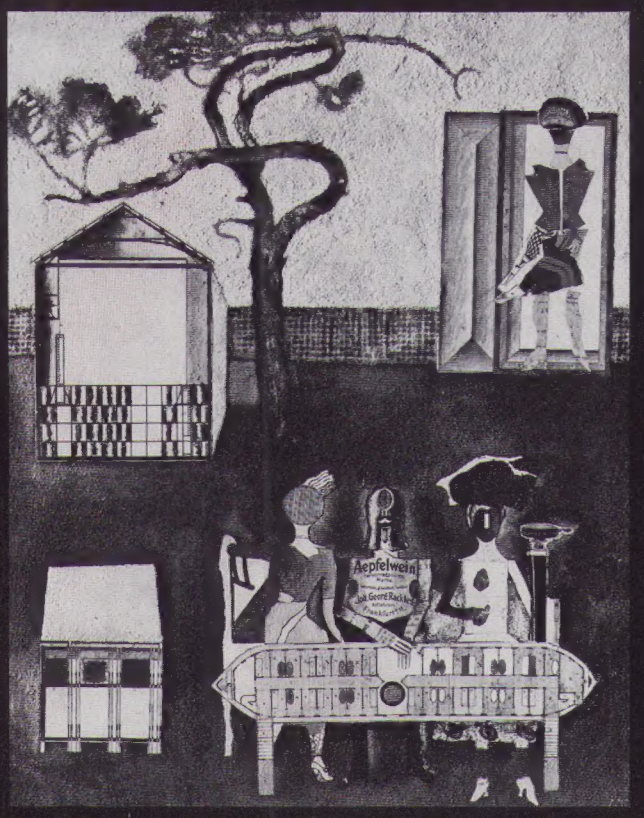

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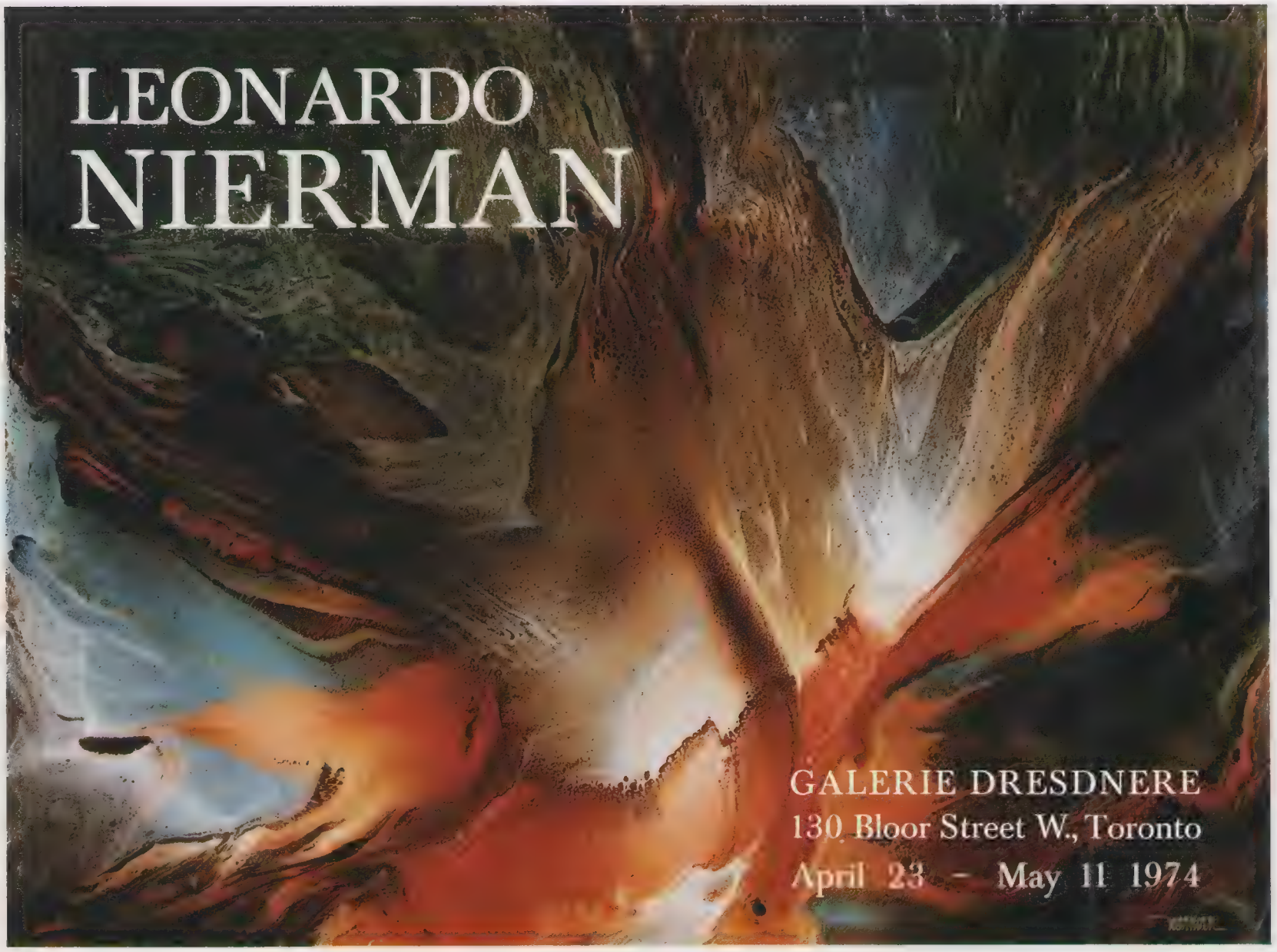

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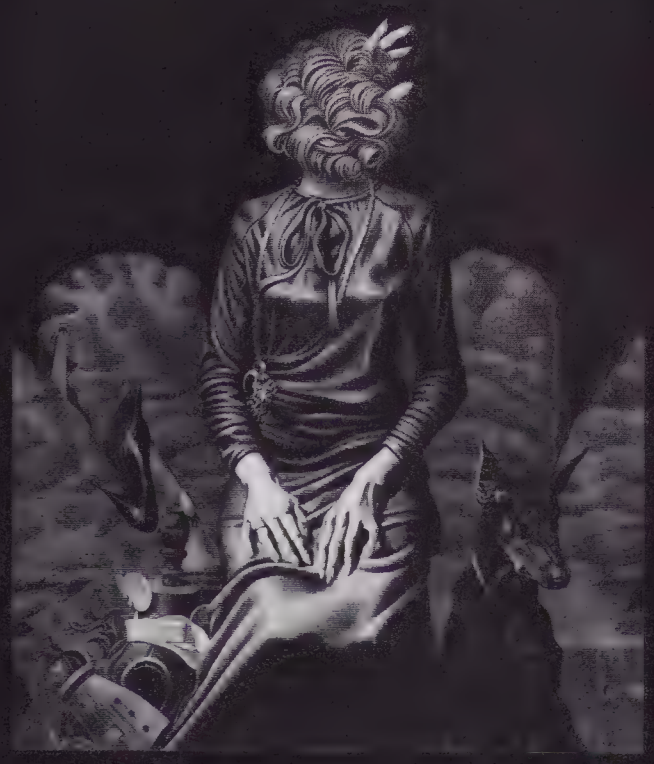

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april–may 1974

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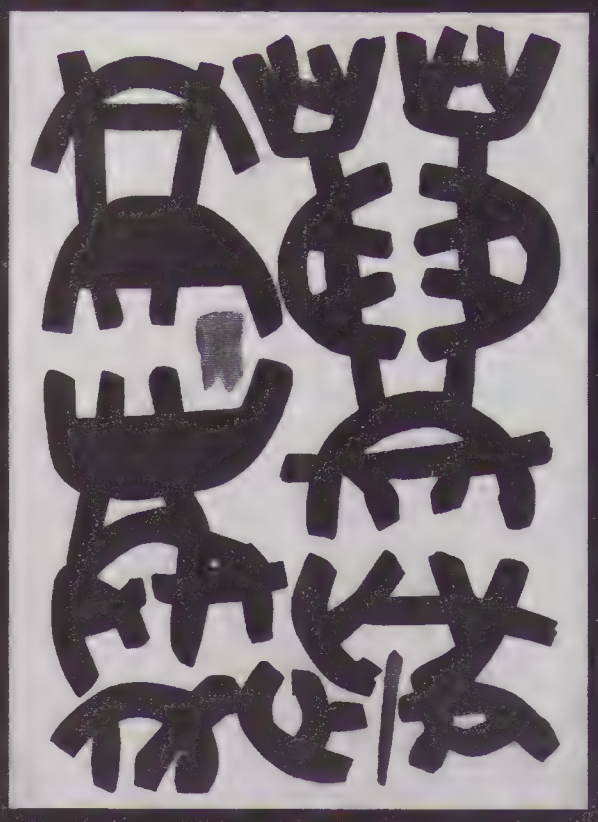

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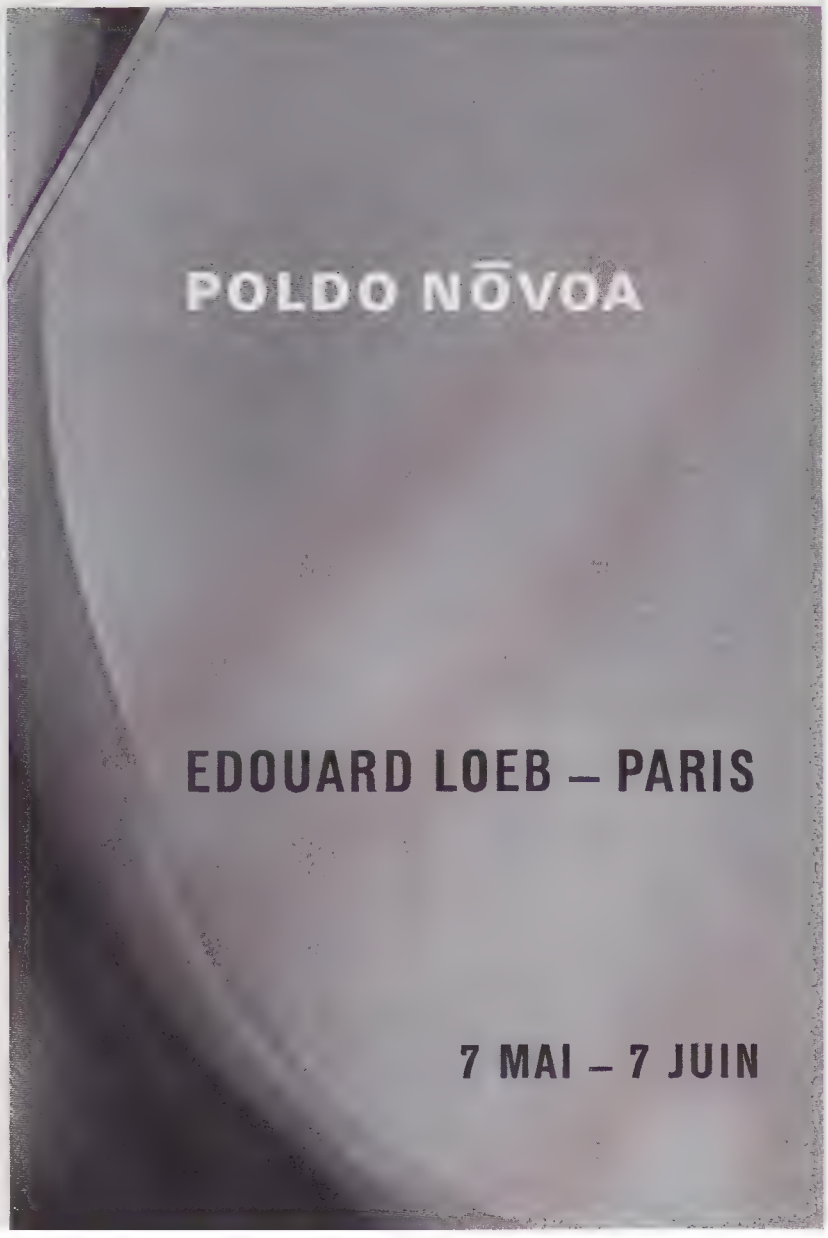

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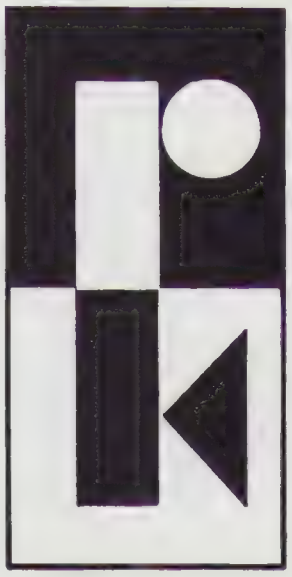

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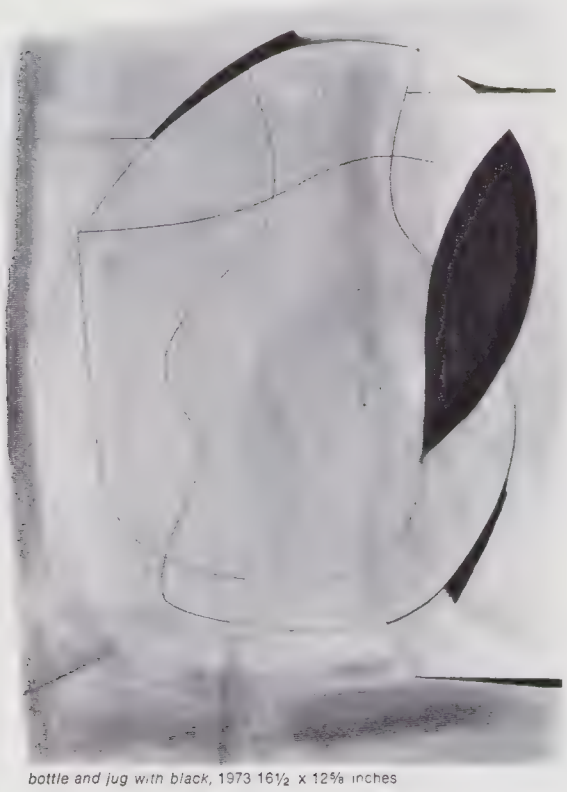

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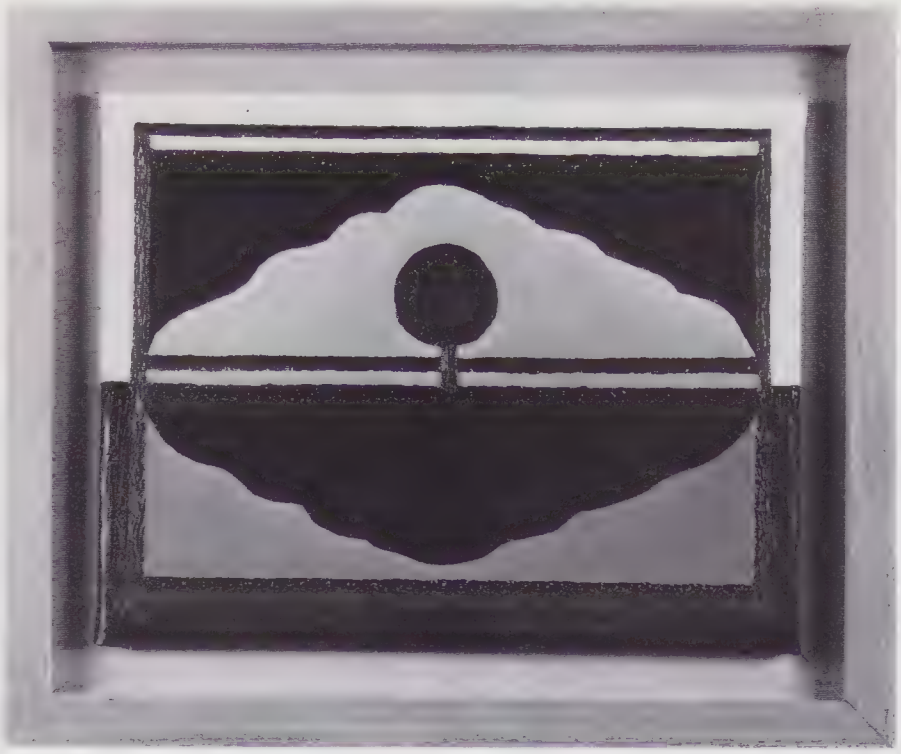

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THE LITERATI THEME IN CHINESE INK MONOCHROME PAINTINGS

*LUCY LIM and EDMUND WHITE**

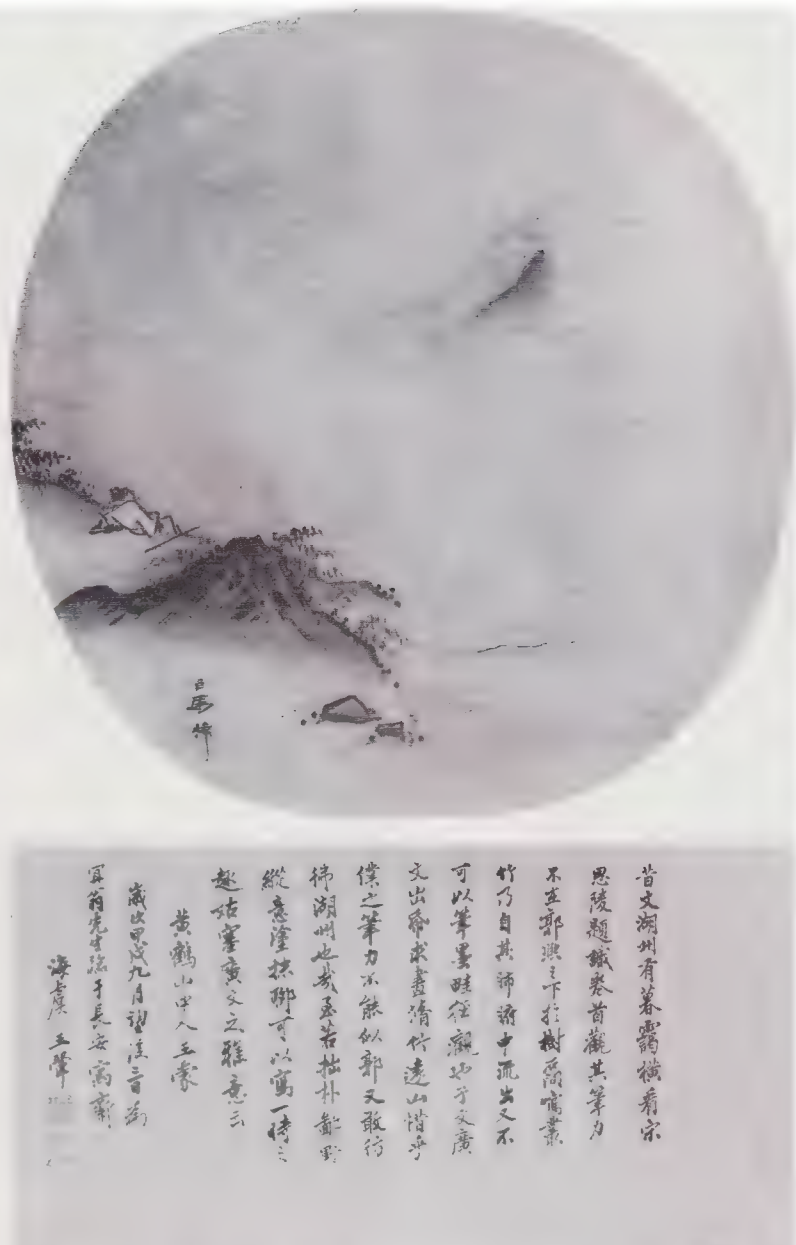
Writing and painting are two arts that have always been closely linked in China—and that became still more intimately identified with one another after the eleventh century A.D. Calligraphy has traditionally been considered an art in China, one endowed with spiritual and almost magical attributes. The style of the brushwork—whether blunt, elegant, rough, or precise—reflects the taste, the personality, even the moral character of the writer.

During the latter half of the eleventh century A.D., the poet-painter Su Shih (1036–1101), better known by his "fancy name" *(hao)* Su Tung-p'o, and a coterie of scholars formulated a new esthetic theory called literati painting *(wen-jen-hua)* which revolutionized Chinese art. Painting, they felt, should not be simply a mindless recording of observed nature and visual truthfulness but should, instead, express the artist's inner personality and capture the spirit or essence of the things he depicts. Not surprisingly, the literati painter's (or, scholar painter's) theory was based on calligraphic principles because of the highly personal and expressive qualities of calligraphy.

Literati painting, then, was a radical reaction against the descriptive realism that the contemporary Sung Academy painters practised so faithfully in their detailed, representational, often colored renderings of nature and everyday scenes. Su Tung-p'o categorically stated that "those who value painting in terms of likeness belong to the category of children". He and his friends took pride in calling themselves "amateur" painters, as distinguished from professional painters, but they were "amateur" only in the sense that they did not sell their paintings but gave them as presents to friends. They painted for their own pleasure and, in doing so, they were indeed asserting their independence and individual freedom as not being dictated by imperial canons or the tastes of art patrons. Associated with Su Tung-p'o and the literati circle were some Ch'an (Zen in Japanese) Buddhist painters, but very few works of these twelfth century artists have survived. It was not until the fourteenth century in the Yüan dynasty (1276–1368 A.D.), when China was ruled by the Mongols, that literati painting flourished and became, in a sense, a form of resistance to the foreign invaders.

Besides rebelling against what they considered to be the debased artistic taste of the Academy style, literati art, more importantly, emphasized spiritual values and the cultivation of the inner man in a confused period when the outer man was helpless to act effectively. As one Yüan calligrapher put it, "An artisan's painting is short on ideas and long on representative likeness, but the opposite is true with the works of lofty souls and superior scholars". Ink monochrome was ideally suited to the noble spiritual aims and expressive aesthetic principles sought by the literati painters (although colors were used by some later Ming and Ch'ing literati artists). In the seventeenth century, the painter Wu Li wrote in praise of his fourteenth century predecessor Wu Chen: "His ink contains all the five colors." Wu Chen himself quoted another painter's poem on ink plum blossoms to expound his own esthetic ideal: "The thought (or spirit) is enough, why seek for colored resemblance?"

The tradition of literati painting is usually traced back to the famous T'ang poet-painter Wang Wei (699–759 A.D.), who was credited by later critics with several innovations that became essential to literati painting, such as the use of a free "untrammeled" *(i-p'in)* expressive style of painting and the



* Lucy Lim was born in China, specialized in English literature and is now a doctoral candidate in Chinese art history at the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University.

Edmund White, who holds a degree in Chinese, is a novelist and the author of *Forgetting Elena;* he has written numerous articles and reviews on art and literature.

(The authors are collaborating on a collection of essays devoted to Chinese art and culture.)

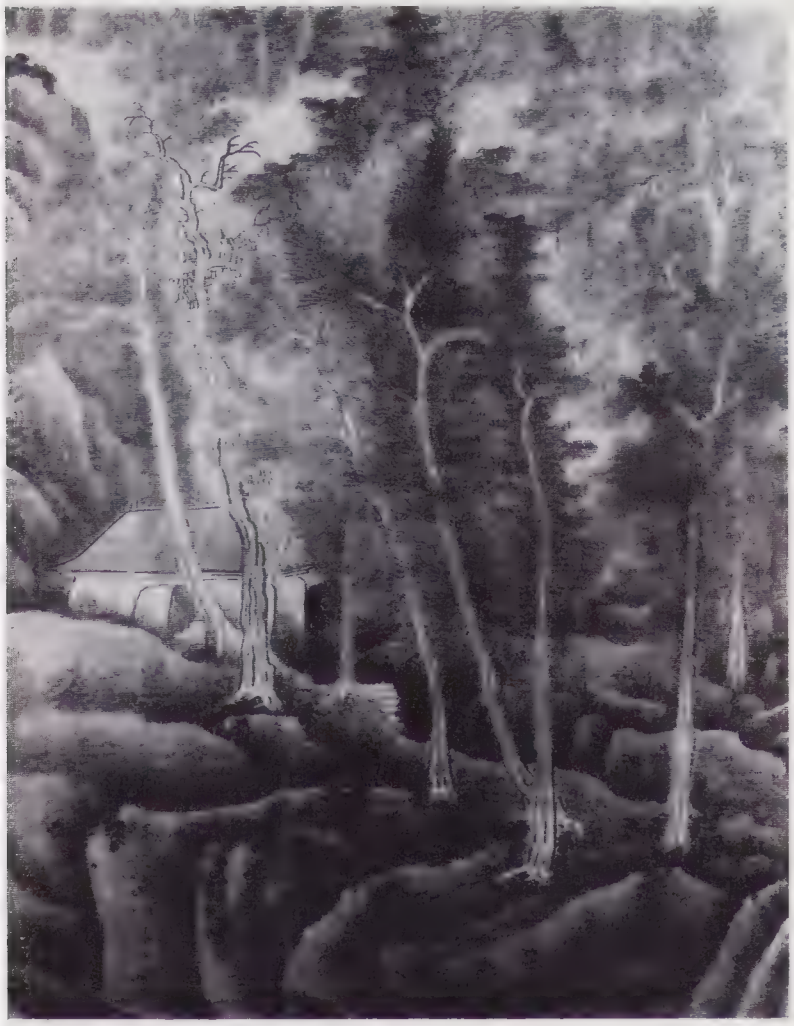
Above: *Ma Lin (active mid-13th century). "Scholar Reclining and Watching Rising Clouds", 1256. Album leaf, ink and slight color on silk.* Right: *Wang Hui (1632–1717). "Tall Bamboo and Distant Mountains after Wang Meng", 1694. Ink on paper. Ch'ing Dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: John L. Severance Fund. (All illustrations by courtesy of The Cleveland Museum of Art and Asia House Gallery, New York)* ▶

Right, top: *Yin-t'o-lo (active ca. mid-14th century). "The Second Coming of the Fifth Patriarch". Ink on paper. Yüan Dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: J. H. Wade Fund.* Center: *Ch'en Hung-Shou (1598–1652). "The Mountain of the Five Cascades" (detail). Ink on silk. Ming Dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: John L. Severance Fund.* Bottom: *Detail from Wang Hui's painting "Tall Bamboo and Distant Mountains after Wang Meng"* *(see page 19)*

invention of texture strokes *(ts'un)*. But actually, there had already come into existence as early as the Eastern Han dynasty (25–220 A.D.) a type of gentleman or scholar painter, men who were holders of high office and noble rank, no longer professional craftsmen or artisans but usually notable scholars talented in many arts. This historical fact was borne out in Chang Yen-yüan's *Record of Famous Paintings (Li-tai ming-hua-chi)*, a collection of literary sources compiled in 847 A.D. The expressiveness of the objects or figures portrayed was an artistic ideal of the Three Kingdoms and Six Dynasties period (221–581 A.D.). (See Alexander C. Soper's pioneer study "Early Chinese Representational Art" in *The Art Bulletin*, September 1948.) The philosophical attitudes of the Yüan literati painters in many ways exemplify the life styles of the earlier Six Dynasties literary and artistic personalities. Even though a direct line of continuous development cannot be ascertained (due to the scanty evidence of the earlier periods), it is clear that there is a historical continuity in the literati-painter tradition, as will be seen in some of the paintings illustrated.

Literati painting is a very important and interesting sub-theme that runs through a beautiful exhibition which was on view at New York's Asia House Gallery between January 10 and March 3, 1974. Paradoxically called "The Colors of Ink", the exhibition presented fifty-seven ink monochrome paintings, executed between the eleventh and the eighteenth centuries, and some related ceramics. The show was organized by Gordon Bailey Washburn who, in the eleven years of his directorship at Asia House Gallery, has presented at least thirty-four exhibitions of Asian art with scholarly intelligence and unerring taste. The paintings were chosen from the famous collection of Chinese ink paintings in the Cleveland Museum of Art by its Director, Sherman E. Lee, and its Curator of Chinese Art, Wai-kam Ho. All stunning in quality, they represent a magnificent record of a uniquely Chinese mind and spiritual world—one distilled in black and white.

Kung Hsien (ca. 1620–1689). "Landscape in the style of Tung Yüan and Chü-jan", 1650 (detail). Ink on silk. Ch'ing Dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: Andrew R. and Martha Holden Jennings Fund



Anonymous, late fourteenth century. "Carrying a ch'in on a visit." Hanging scroll, ink on silk. Yüan dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: General Income Fund.

A man crossing a bridge and carrying a *ch'in* or zither under one arm points with his other hand at an old, gnarled tree. When this painting was executed, China was ruled by the Mongol descendants of Kublai Khan, who had consolidated his control over the entire nation in 1276 A.D. Alienated from the Mongol-ruled society and stubbornly refusing to serve under a foreign government, many Chinese scholars retreated to remote, private estates where they cultivated their cultural ideals, studied the ancient classics, wrote poems for their friends, and perfected their peculiar style of painting—or styles, rather, since this period was one of extreme individualism.

Despite the stylistic heterogeneity of the period, however, certain trends can be isolated. One such trend is a deliberate turning to, and imitation of, the artistic conventions of the past—times when China had been unified under a strong Chinese monarch. Respect for antiquity had always been characteristic of the Chinese, of course; their concept of history posited a golden age in the remote past. But, as Max Loehr has put it, the scholar painter of this dynasty, the Yüan, "was compelled to search for a way out of the darkness in which he found himself, and only from antiquity shone a blessed light that promised life to him . . . The avowed archaism of the Yüan painter, therefore, did not mean that he was a mere follower of some ancient master or other, but that he found his freedom through the example of the ancients, his freedom that meant life."

The anonymous Yüan painter of this scroll has imitated the style of two artists who lived nearly four centuries earlier—Li Ch'eng and Kuo Hsi, tenth and eleventh century masters of the Northern Sung period. Their style was distinguished by scenes of bare, wintry trees rendered with spiky branches in the aptly-named "crab-claw" strokes.

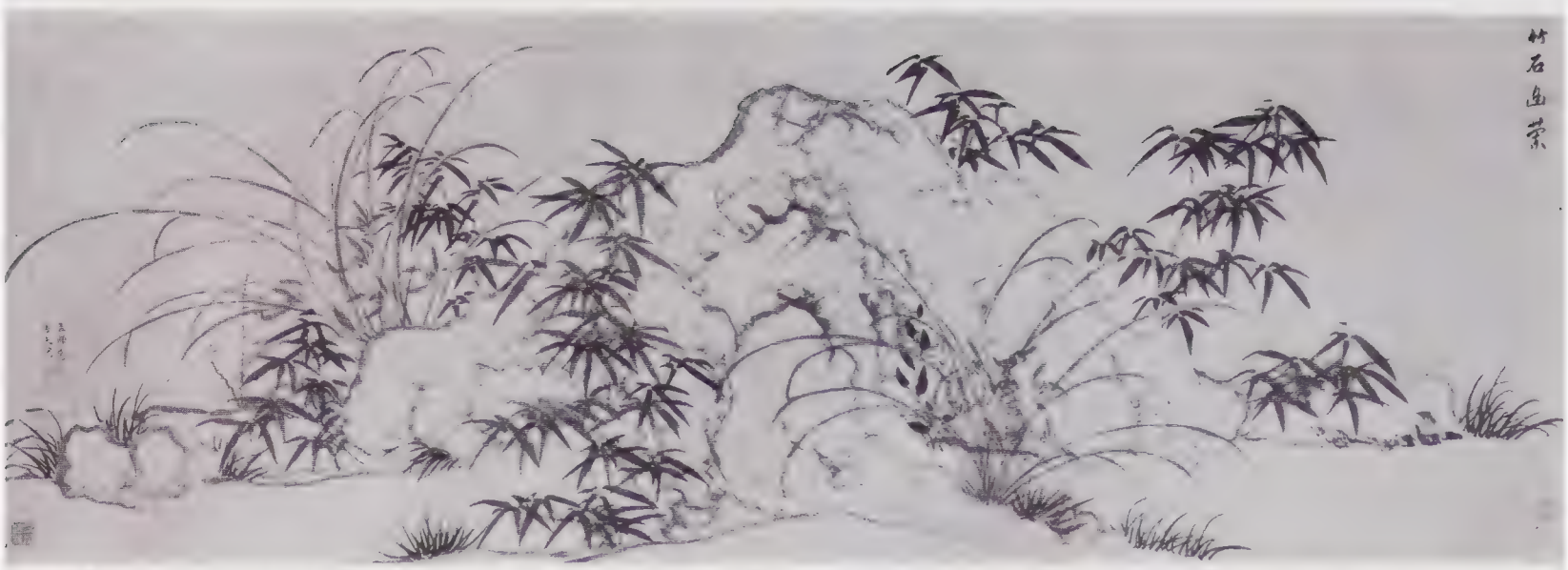
But the subject as well as the style of this painting has historic significance. The rugged, weather-beaten but enduring old tree had long been a symbol of strenght in the midst of adversity, of unswerving moral uprightness in the midst of political upheavals or corruption. As early as the T'ang dynasty (618–906 A.D.), nature had been increasingly used by painters and poets as a metaphorical projection of inner emotional states; the T'ang poet Meng Chiao had been able to write:

> When the twisted tree at last shall be my body,
> Then I shall begin to live out my natural span.
> (A. C. Graham, translator, *Poems of Late T'ang.*)

During the Yüan, painting such a tree had political implications, a comment on those barbarous times during which the scholar-in-exile must become as tough and resilient as the leafless old tree. In the late seventeenth century, when China was again ruled by foreigners (this time the Manchus of the Ch'ing dynasty), a Buddhist monk could write:

> The question is how to find peace in a world of suffering.
> You ask why I came hither; I cannot tell the reason.
> I am living high up in a tree and looking down.
> Here I can rest free from all troubles like a bird in its nest.
> People call me a dangerous man but I answer: You are like devils."
>
> (Quoted by Sherman E. Lee in *Art International*, Jan. 20, 1970.)

Detail from painting at left



Chao Meng-fu (1254-1322). "Bamboos, Rocks, and Lonely Orchids." Handscroll, ink on paper. Yüan dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: John L. Severance Fund

In appraising Chao Meng-fu in an excellent catalogue for the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition "Sung and Yüan Paintings", Wen Fong recently stated that this artist caused a permanent revolution in Chinese painting. As Fong goes on to explain, "Beginning with Chao Meng-fu and throughout the fourteenth century, the Yüan landscape painters seem to have maintained a happy balance between illusionism and calligraphic abstraction".

Chao Meng-fu's "Bamboos, Rocks, and Lonely Orchids" exemplifies his esthetic principles superbly, for in this scroll the artist has been faithful to the actual appearance of his subject matter but at the same time has indulged his fascination in the various techniques of elegant calligraphy. Thus the rocks are recognizably rocks, but their undulating contours are rendered with the "flying-white" calligraphic brush-stroke, which is achieved by pulling the brush very rapidly, as if flying, across the paper; the white of the paper shows through the split hairs of the brush. The painting of the bamboos makes use of the so-called "*pa-fen*" style, a standard calligraphic method. And when the master depicted trees, he used the "Great Seal script", a manner of writing characters clearly and boldly, articulating every stroke in each character with deliberate clarity. Indeed, a colophon attached to this painting reads in part:

> Those ancients who excelled in calligraphy were also always good in painting. Even a random drop of ink turned into a housefly would be full of life . . .
>
> (Translation from *Colors of Ink* catalogue.)

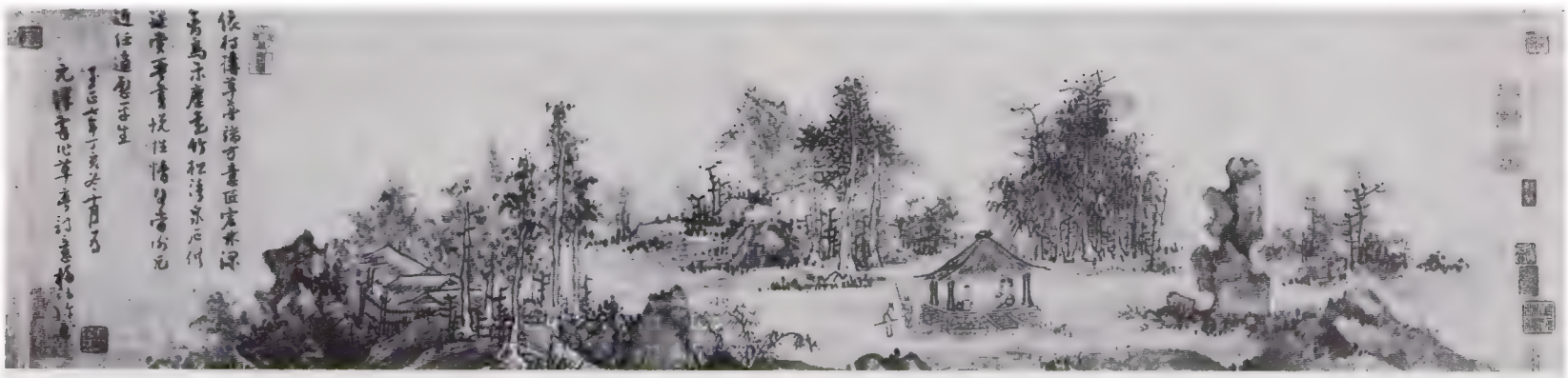
So insistent was Chao Meng-fu himself on the importance of calligraphy to painting that he once wrote:

> Rocks should look like the flying-white,
> and trees like the Seal script;
> In rendering bamboos,
> one should first learn the *pa-fen* style.
> If a person understands this thoroughly,
> he will discover that calligraphy and painting
> have always been the same.
>
> (Quoted in *Ko-ku yao-lun* of 1387.)

By applying calligraphic principles to painting, the Yüan literati painter in effect "wrote out" and "acted out" his painting, a creative process which demanded his total self-involvement.

Detail from painting above

Wu Chen (1280–1354). "Poetic Feeling in a Thatched Pavilion." Handscroll, ink on paper. Yüan dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: Leonard C. Hanna Jr. Bequest. (Detail)



Wu Chen's painting, "Poetic Feeling in a Thatched Pavilion", 1347 (see detail, facing page, lower right)

The poem Wu Chen wrote to echo the mood of this painting reads:

> By the side of the hamlet I built a thatched pavilion.
> Balanced and squared, it is lofty in conception.
> The woods being deep, birds are happy;
> the dust being distant, bamboos and pines are clean.
> Streams and rocks invite lingering enjoyment,
> lutes and books please my temperament.
> How should I bid farewell to the world of the ordinary and the familiar, and let my heart go its own way for the gratification of my life?
>
> (Translation from *Colors of Ink* catalogue.)

Like many other Chinese literati of his time, Wu Chen left the world of politics and public affairs to become an "inner émigré". But Wu Chen's retreat from the world seems less an act of political protest than a relaxed, carefree abandonment of responsibility. In fact, his thatched hut "lofty in conception" and the lyrical sentiments expressed in his poem recall the much earlier sensuous escapism of the Eastern Chin dynasty (317–419 A.D.), a most sophisticated era in Chinese cultural history when Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism intermingled and flourished. Under the sway of invading foreigners in the north, many Chinese of that period fled to the south in the Yangtze River valley regions and established a court near Nanking.

The life style sought by many Eastern Chin literati figures, who were often important officials in the Confucian bureaucracy, was the same ideal of retreat and withdrawal that the much later Yüan literati painters tried to realize. Many fourth-century literati held literary gatherings at sites famous for their scenic beauty during their leisure hours, and were able to indulge in happy moments of Taoist escapism. On such occasions they composed and recited poetry, drinking all the while from wine cups their servants floated down the mountain streams. The most celebrated gathering was that led by the famous calligrapher Wang Hsi-chih at the Orchid Pavilion *(Lan-t'ing)* in 353 A.D. One group of seven very talented men, called the "Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove", achieved legendary fame for their flamboyant, eccentric behavior and total withdrawal from society.

Wu Chen seems to be harking back to this earlier form of escape and pastoral delights. His painting style, seemingly unsophisticated and artless, effectively conveys the rustic atmosphere of retreat in a thatched hut. His brushwork is simple, even brusque and awkward, and produces a staccato effect emphasized by the use of dots *(tien)* and short strokes *(ts'un)*, such as those employed in painting the foliage. The first impression is one of hasty improvisation. But on closer examination, the artist's careful planning and strategies become apparent. The composition is strong and structural. The ink tones are varied with subtlety; light tones are sharply juxtaposed against dark, while half tones serve as foils to the extreme contrasts.

*

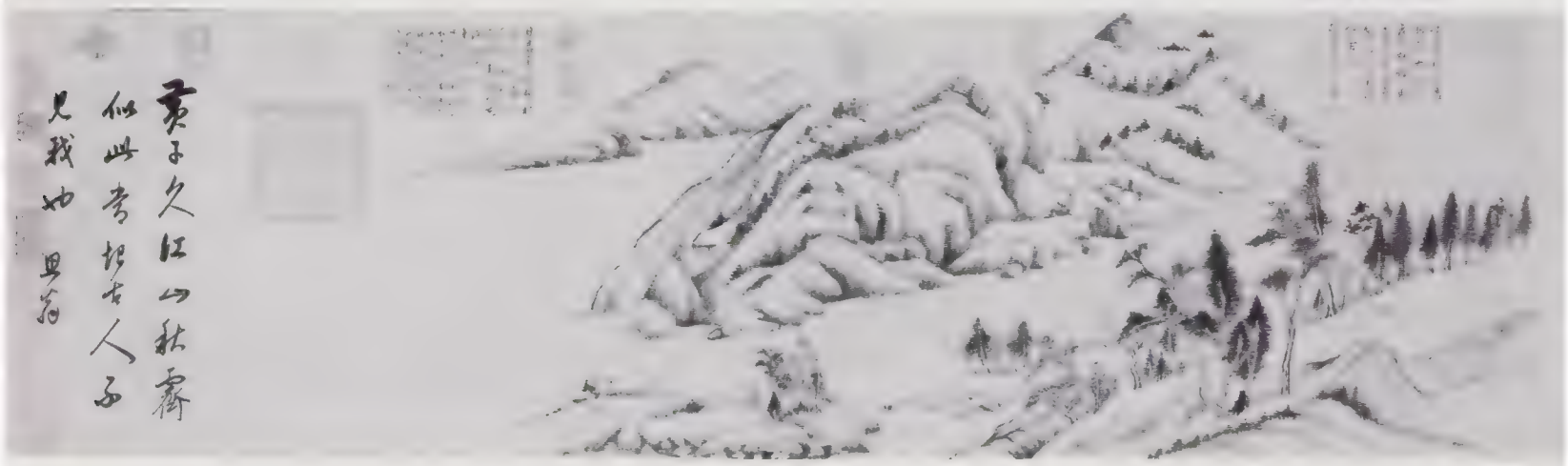
Tung Ch'i-ch'ang, a great theorist, connoisseur, calligrapher, and painter, exerted tremendous influence on Chinese art history when he propounded a new "orthodoxy", which was an extremely ambitious effort to synthesize ancient styles with new compositonal logic. This new "orthodoxy" was directed against the decorative mannerisms of many late Ming paintings. By a systematic survey of the entire history of Chinese painting, Tung Ch'i-ch'ang attempted to cull from it the best solutions to each esthetic problem. In this ambition he was not alone; other artists of his period also took a rational, formalistic approach in trying to create the final synthesis. Wang Hui, for instance, flatly declared:

> Take the brush and ink of the Yüan masters, paint with them the hills and valleys of the Sung masters, and fuse into this the spirit resonance of the T'ang masters—that will give the great completion.
>
> (Quoted in Oswald Siren, *The Chinese on the Art of Painting*.)

A result of this quest for the "great completion" was the compilation of the well-known *Mustard Seed Garden Painting Manual (Chieh-tzu-yüan hua-chuan)* of 1679, a survey of methods for painting individual elements, such as rocks and trees, then various combinations of these elements.

The compositional logic that Tung Ch'i-ch'ang advocated may be seen in this painting. The mountainous forms repeat and echo one another in a nicely balanced interplay of abstract geometric patterns and silhouettes. Texture strokes are kept very dry and sparse, and his "one character" dots are used for accents rather than for descriptive purposes. By checking his own observations of nature against the works of earlier artists, Tung Ch'i-ch'ang was able to construct a highly schematic and structural composition. Ideas have prevailed over the observing eye, formula over intuition, convention over inspiration—this is a landscape of the mind.

Tung Ch'i-ch'ang (1555–1636). "Mountains on a ClearAutumn Day." Handscroll, ink on paper. Ming dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: J.H. Wade Fund.

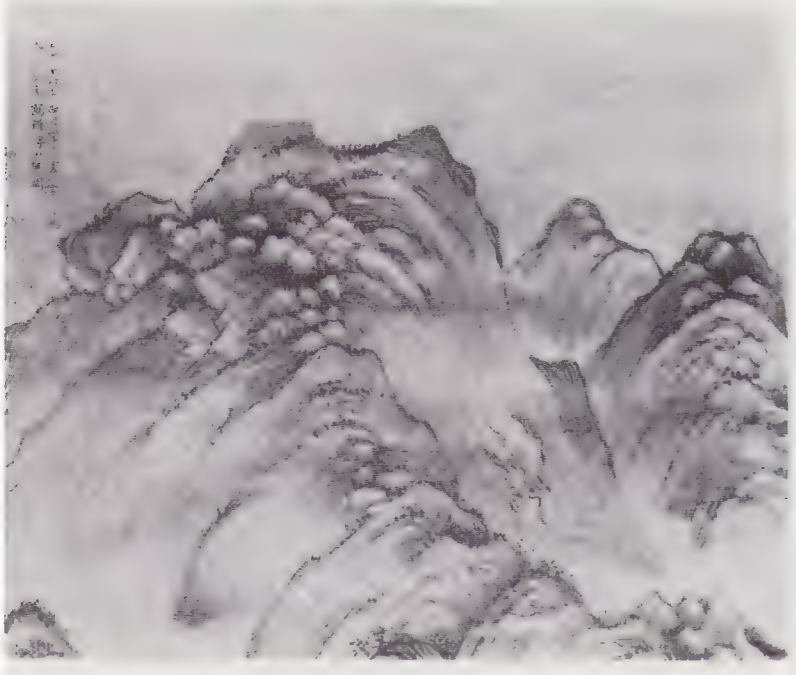


Chang Wu (active 1335–1365). "The Nine Songs." (Detail) Handscroll, ink on paper. (Section 2.) Yüan dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: J.H. Wade Fund

The subject matter of this extraordinary handscroll, painted in 1360, is very ancient indeed. The artist, Chang Wu, has chosen to illustrate the text of the *Nine Songs*, a curious collection of chants traditionally attributed to the poet Ch'ü Yüan (332–295 B.C.). These enigmatic songs were sung by the priests and priestesses of the Ch'u region in the south of China and, according to their content, were addressed to the local deities, most of whom were nature spirits.

(Continued on page 65)

Above and below, *Ch'en Ju-yen's painting "The Woodcutter of Mount Lo-fou", 1366*



Ch'en Ju-yen (active ca. 1340–1370). "The Woodcutter of Mount Lo-fou." Hanging scroll, ink on silk. Yüan dynasty. Cleveland Museum of Art: Gift of Mrs. A. Dean Perry.

A tiny man in the lower right-hand corner carries a calabash, or double gourd, a popular Taoist symbol; he is dwarfed by the mountains towering behind him. The man is probably Ko Hung, a Taoist alchemist who had lived a thousand years before this work was executed. (Ch'en Ju-yen was a native of the same district where Ko Hung was born.) Most Westerners know something about Taoism as a philosophy of quietism, but fewer are aware of the magical aspects of this religion. Yet it is this aspect that underlies Ch'en Ju-yen's hanging scroll. The tiny man is not just seeking to unite himself with *Tao*, the principle of harmony that governs the universe; he has a much more definite goal: immortality. Ko Hung wrote a famous book on alchemy, and abandoned his official career to become a mountain recluse. In the mountains he sought (and reputedly found) the elixir of everlasting life.

The conception of this painting is strikingly close to Chü-jan's "Seeking the *Tao* in the Mountains" (owned by the National Palace Museum of Taiwan). Chü-jan's painting, executed in the tenth century, was a monumental, idealized vision of nature; Ch'en Ju-yen must have aimed to capture the majestic spirit of the Northern Sung. But his copy, being much freer, abstract, and calligraphic in quality, fits in the artistic idiom of his time. Nevertheless, he imitated Chü-jan's long, wavy "hemp-fiber" texture strokes (the eroded contours of the hills) and the "alum-lump" dots (suggesting low vegetation at the mountain tops), and successfully recreated the soft, mellow mountain forms which distinguish Chü-jan's style.

GIANFREDO CAMESI

L'affirmation de l'essentiel

JEAN-LUC DAVAL

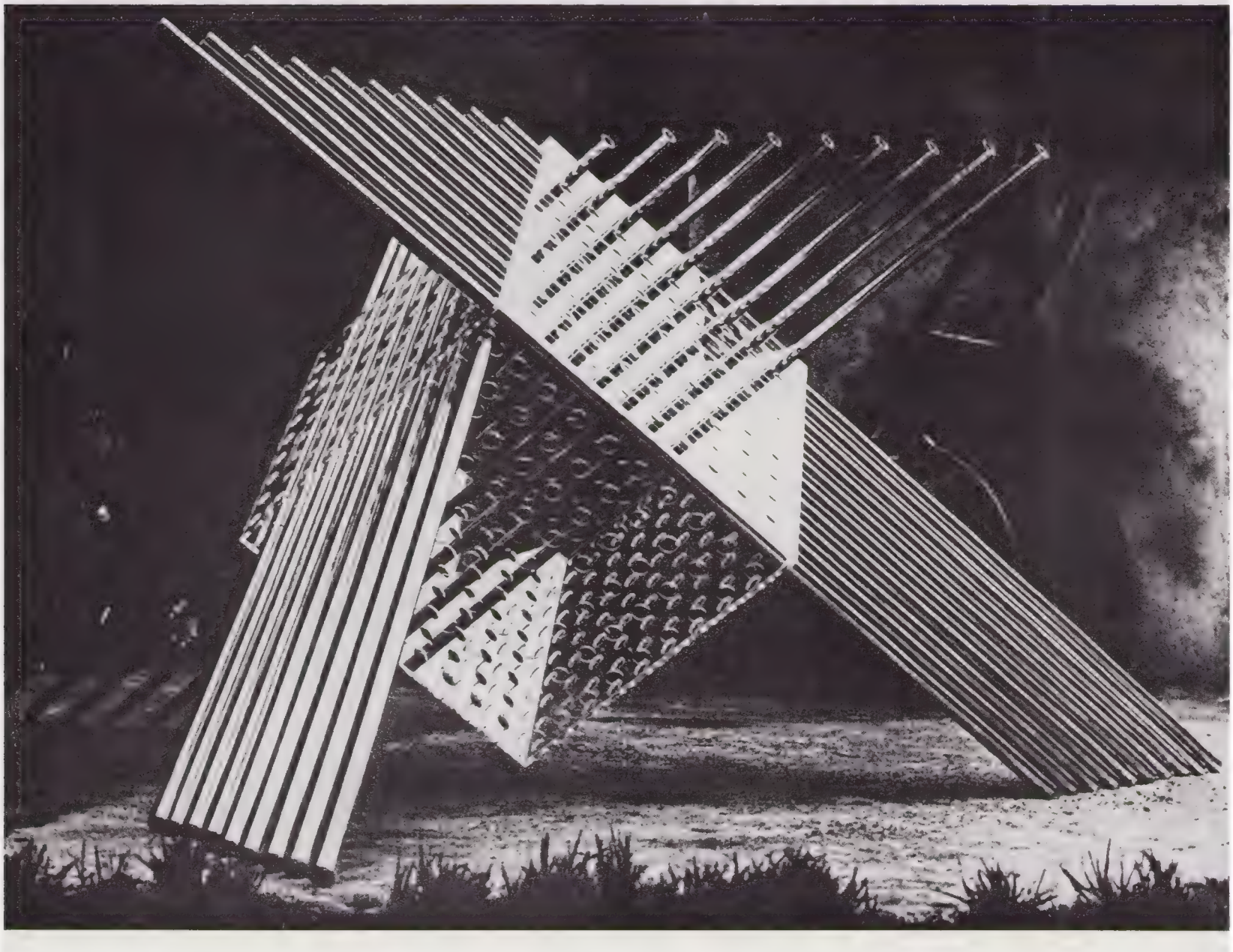
Il est rare que le public puisse découvrir un artiste au moment où son œuvre trouve sa pleine signification, c'est pourtant ce qu'il nous arrive avec Gianfredo Camesi. Sélectionné comme unique représentant de la Suisse à la dernière Biennale de São Paulo, où il présenta un ensemble de quelques quatre cents aquarelles et objets, il est maintenant exposé à Genève par les galeries Ziegler et Bonnier. Camesi mérite cette consécration; cette nouvelle présentation donne un sens à toutes ses expériences antérieures en même temps qu'elle le situe parmi les artistes les plus représentatifs de sa génération.

Camesi n'est pas un inconnu, il a participé aux plus importantes expositions d'artistes suisses et d'art conceptuel, mais ce n'est que l'automne 1972, avec la présentation d'une série de dessins à la Galerie Ziegler (Genève et Zurich), qu'il émergea du peloton d'artistes d'avant-garde *(Art International* XVII, janvier 1973). Ce que nous voyons aujourd'hui confirme et développe cette impression: l'intention et la signification se confondent dans une œuvre unique et dense, chargée d'une grande présence poétique et d'une puissante et mystérieuse évidence. Camesi donne une signification à la symbolique élémentaire et fondamentale dans une œuvre nouvelle de forme et actuelle dans son témoignage.

Un artiste n'est pas seulement quelqu'un ayant quelque chose «à dire» et «à faire», il est un homme qui se cherche et se trouve en «faisant» et en «disant». Cette interaction entre le créateur et son œuvre ne doit jamais être oubliée. L'évolution de Camesi nous la rappelle en même temps qu'elle affirme cette autre vérité qu'un homme n'existe que dans le rapport qu'il entretient avec l'univers et ses semblables. Il ne s'agit pas d'entamer ici une dissertation philosophique nous

Progression structurée, 1967

Espace total, 1968. Plexiglass et métal chromé



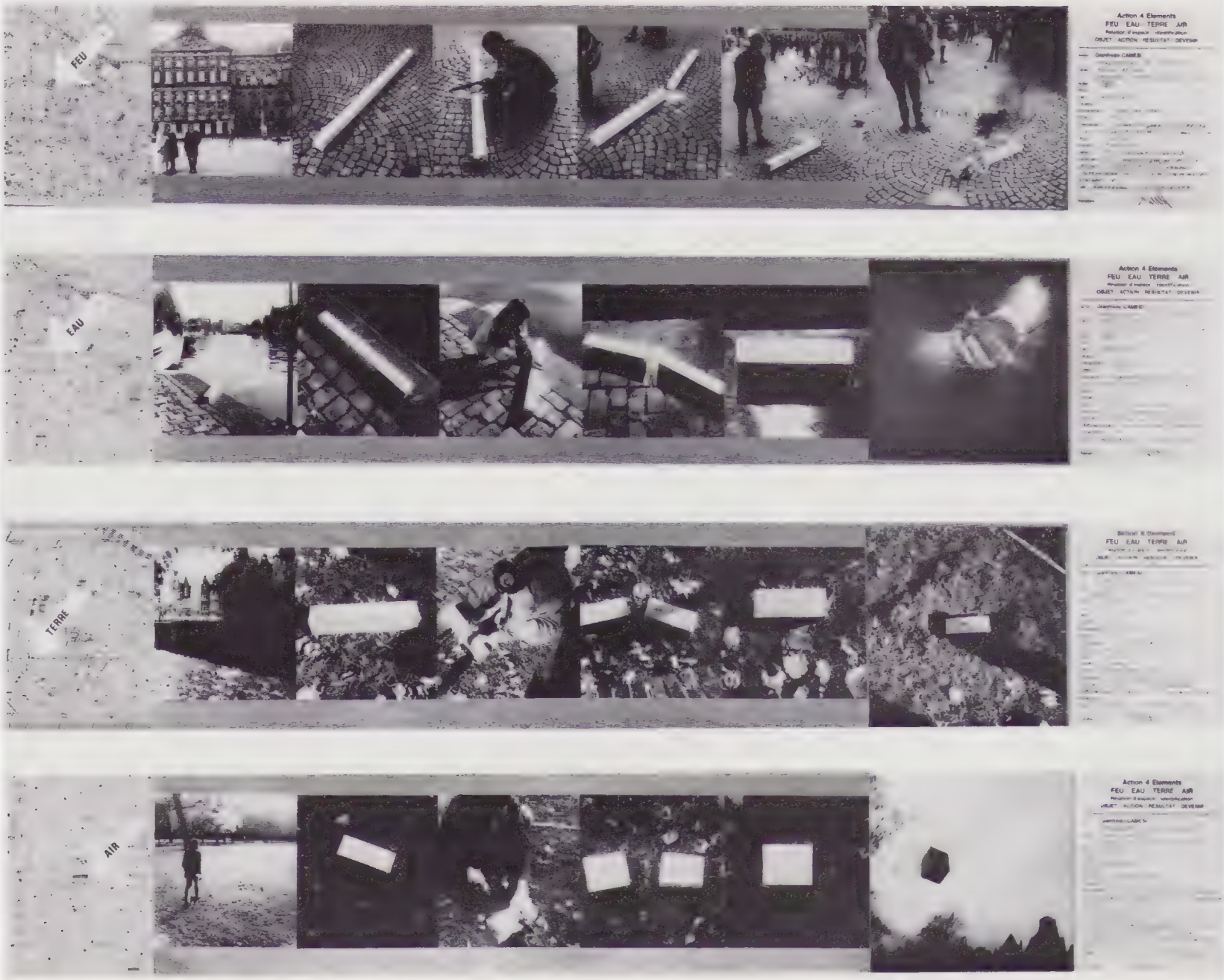
éloignant de l'art, mais de reconnaître le fondement et la justification d'une création artistique pour en mieux percer la signification. Tout artiste peut se réaliser selon deux démarches apparemment opposées qui finiront par se rejoindre à l'heure du résultat. Il peut se construire progressivement dans et par la découverte et la compréhension du monde extérieur – la nature formant comme une espèce de miroir lui projetant des parties de lui-même qu'il reconnaît au fur et à mesure qu'il les découvre – ou descendre au fond de sa personnalité pour retrouver son essence avant de projeter l'image qu'il a découverte sur les êtres et les objets qui l'entourent. Lorsqu'on refait son itinéraire, on a l'impression que Camesi fait partie des artistes positifs et objectifs qui forment le premier groupe, mais parce qu'il est plus mystique que scientifique, il prend également place parmi les artistes de la pure subjectivité, sa spiritualité laissant à son âme le soin de filtrer ses sensations. A l'origine de la vocation artistique de Camesi nous trouvons cette ambiguïté, cette dualité qui rend son œuvre si lourde de signification, si totale dans sa présence.

Dans un très beau poème de juin 1973, il écrivait: «Il n'y a ni nuage ni montagne ni arbre. Où il y a le nuage, la montagne et l'arbre, il y a «Moi» qui vois ou qui ne vois pas. «Vivre», c'est reconnaître l'Instant présent, comme présence.»

Pour Camesi le but de l'artiste est de voir et montrer, de découvrir avant de révéler cette relation nouvelle qui est celle de l'homme actuel vis-à-vis du monde d'aujourd'hui et de la traduire dans une forme absolue, signifiante dans sa seule présence. Il y arrive après une série d'expériences qui auraient pu sembler superficielles sans la conclusion qu'il leur donne aujourd'hui, mais sa spiritualité voulait qu'il évalue les données les plus élémentaires pour actualiser leur symbolisme. En jetant un regard rétrospectif sur son évolution, on sera surpris par la continuité et la rigueur de sa démarche.

La montagna, 1958. Huile/toile

Action 4 Eléments (Feu – Eau – Terre – Air), 1970. (Exposition Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 1971)



Né en 1940 à Menzonio dans le Tessin (Suisse), Gianfredo Camesi vit l'enfance d'un petit montagnard allant à l'alpage garder les troupeaux. Confronté à la nature dans ce qu'elle a de plus éternel et élémentaire au cours de longues journées de rêveries et de méditations, il en restera profondément marqué. Devant ses dons pour le dessin, ses proches l'encouragent à faire une carrière d'architecte et ce n'est que progressivement, au cours de son apprentissage, qu'il découvrira la peinture. Sa première toile date de 1958, un paysage de montagne fait de surfaces planes violemment colorées et striées; si les éléments sont hardiment dessinés, la structure mobile qui les habite ouvre déjà ce dialogue du dedans et du dehors.

C'est à Genève où il arrive en 1960 qu'il commence vraiment sa carrière de peintre. Ses paysages quittent rapidement la description de la nature pour affirmer la réalité du langage de la peinture autour de la problématique de l'en-dedans et de l'en-dehors. La forme extérieure se durcit pendant que la matière intérieure se charge de vie et d'espace jusqu'à faire exploser le contour. L'affirmation de ce dynamisme se traduit dans un élan tachiste qui le détache de la peinture conventionnelle.

Son aventure de peintre sera désormais guidée par une dialectique d'une rigueur exceptionnelle qui ne trouvera son expression que par la charge de spiritualité et de vérité qui la justifie.

S'efforçant de comprendre la dynamique de l'impulsion, Camesi arrive à la spirale avant de trouver le point, son origine. Cherchant à le situer dans l'espace, il inaugure une étape constructiviste qui lui permet une exploration de la profondeur se traduisant picturalement et sculpturalement par l'opposition positif–négatif, ouvert–fermé, plein–vide; cette démarche le mène parallèlement d'une expression statique à une explosion dynamique et se conclut dans le cube «structure d'espace» (1968) qui lui permet d'affirmer cette grande vérité de toute son œuvre: chaque élément est une unité faisant partie d'une unité qui le dépasse, un tout fragment d'un autre tout. Explosant dans l'espace, ce cube devient «espace à structure variable» (1968) qui l'amène au problème de l'environnement; «éléments de l'espace, parties du total et totales. Toutes manifestations de la réalité, sous n'importe quelle forme, sont un résultat de la perception de différents points d'un espace dans l'espace.»

Cherchant à se situer d'une manière plus concrète dans la troisième dimension, il trouva le fil à plomb, désignation d'un point réel, structuré et visualisé. «La prise de conscience que l'espace est une matière structurée et vitale, proportionnelle à l'homme, me conduit maintenant à l'employer en tant que fait réel dans son contexte existant, ambiance-nature. En fait, mon souci retourne à l'homme, c'est-à-dire qu'il retourne vers cet habitant de l'espace, élément de l'espace, partie du total et totale, contraint de vivre avec son environnement.» Le fil engendra naturellement la flèche quand Camesi se préoccupa du mouvement. Tendue sur une corde, celle-ci crée un nouvel espace statique bientôt mis en cause par un besoin de liberté qui amène Camesi à entreprendre des actions avec des matériaux divers comme dans «progression verticale» (1970). Expliquant son comportement, Camesi donne alors une très belle profession de foi qui ne deviendra compréhensible que plus tard. «Le matériel comme l'outil quotidien, renferme en soi une triple expression; expression de la matière elle-même, de la forme et de l'action, liée à la fonction de l'emploi. Dans mon art l'emploi de ces matières a pour but d'utiliser cette triple situation originelle, comme moyen; pour visualiser une situation humaine, poétique et philosophique, constructive et spatiale, résultant du déplacement du contexte initial, et d'un emploi rationnel de ces matières. Le choix des matières est très important, il est dicté par des nécessités d'expression et de langage. L'expression est le contenu d'une action, ou d'une forme, c'est la charge émotive, résultat du juste comportement, et du juste emploi des moyens. Le langage est le procédé de visualisation de la pensée dans les actes et les matières. La forme est le résultat de cette double attitude, et elle répond à des problèmes fondamentaux. L'esthétique ne doit pas être un but en soi, mais un résultat heureux. La beauté d'un acte ou d'une forme correspond au degré de justice et de vérité qu'ils contiennent. Un acte est beau s'il est nécessaire. Une forme est belle si elle est vraie. (...) Voilà en quoi consiste la responsabilité du créateur, et plus précisément de l'artiste. Créer une ouverture, un accès à l'âme des choses, avec le vocabulaire infini de la réalité, notre réalité, la réalité qui nous entoure. Visualiser avec des moyens connus, l'inconnu.»

Les actions qu'il accomplira à Amsterdam en 1970, lui permettront de fermer la boucle de l'abstraction et du concept;

Dimension unique, 1971. Bois et métal. (Exposition au Grand-Palais, Paris, 1972)

déplacé par une action qui le transforme, le matériau est projeté dans les quatre éléments naturels: la terre, l'eau, l'air et le feu. L'espace de la nature est retrouvé et l'homme peut de nouveau s'identifier au monde dont il a expérimenté toutes les données fondamentales. Cette redécouverte de la nature se traduira par des frottages faits d'herbe et de terre, par des jeux de miroirs qui captent le ciel dans la prairie, le nuage dans la rivière. Camesi aborde alors les paysages intitulés «dimensions uniques» exposés à la Galerie Ziegler en 1971 où l'espace de la toile et sa couleur sont directement confrontés avec l'espace réel.

Désormais libéré de toute préoccupation esthétique ou conceptuelle, Camesi va pouvoir s'exprimer avec une liberté magistrale. Chacune de ses œuvres, dessins, peintures, aquarelles ou objets, devient le lieu privilégié de rencontre entre deux antagonismes, la prise de conscience et la possession d'un espace plastique réfléchissant directement une véritable expérience du monde; la pensée et la mystique rejoignent la matière qu'elles justifient en même temps qu'elle leur donne leur présence. Il nomme toutes les œuvres de ces deux dernières années «dimension unique» parce que chacune d'elle représente le théâtre d'une rencontre fondamentale, physique et symbolique entre plein et vide, haut et bas, devant et derrière, ombre et lumière, statisme et dynamisme, contenu et contenant, réalité et rêve... Chaque élément est constitué de son contraire, est partie et totalité. Camesi s'identifie à la mutabilité du monde. Il affirme la relativité.

C'est dans l'objet trouvé qu'il commença à traduire cette conscience aiguë du monde et de lui-même; en 1972 il lui donnait une forme graphique et aujourd'hui il parvient à l'exprimer par la couleur. Chaque œuvre devient découverte, révélation. L'avant-garde n'est plus dans la provocation extérieure – la forme pourra même paraître conventionnelle car le peintre n'hésite plus à utiliser le langage traditionnel des peintres – elle est dans la signification, d'une nouveauté et d'une vérité fondamentales et parfaitement actuelles. Camesi investit les symboles éternels d'une signification contemporaine dans une forme qui invite à la contemplation. Témoin, il étonne car il force à voir, il transforme en peinture la signification des êtres et des choses. Ici l'art redevient mesure du monde extérieur, explicite les liens profonds qui unissent aujourd'hui à l'éternité du cosmos; l'analyse structurelle du monde devient lourde de signification, vibrante de poésie. Les choses les plus compliquées sont dites avec la plus grande simplicité.

CAILLEBOTTE'S PONT DE L'EUROPE: A NEW SLANT

J. KIRK T. VARNEDOE

It is widely forgotten that in 1876, Gustave Caillebotte, like Monet, painted in the yards of the Gare St-Lazare. Both men exhibited their resultant work at the Impressionist exhibition of 1877. Caillebotte, however, showed one large work instead of a series, and he chose as his motif not the station itself, but the Pont de l'Europe a huge six-spurred bridge that, cradling at its center the intersection known as the Place de L'Europe, spanned the tracks a short distance from the terminal.[1] The painting (Fig. 1, see page 40), more cautious than Monet's in technique, is more complex in ambition. Though both artists worked *in situ*,[2] Caillebotte intended his *Pont* as much more than a rendering of visual experience, and endowed it with interests well beyond its already striking initial appearance.

The composition is a lopsided X. One bar follows the curb at lower left, and then, bending slightly, the upper silhouette of the girders. The second bar is defined by the lower railing edge (or shadow) on the right, and continued at the upper left by the recession line of the distant buildings. At the crux of the X, the head of a man in a top hat blocks the rush into deep space, his gaze redirecting the viewer against the inward thrust of receding metalwork.

The bridge, too, was basically an X form (see overhead plan Fig. 3). The view is taken from one arm, looking diagonally across; two white stone pylons mark the opposite arm in the left background, and through the girders on the right we see the train yards, with the extension of the bridge on the other side of the tracks.

Caillebotte painted a variant version of the *Pont de L'Europe*, markedly different (Fig. 2).[3] Here the similarly top-hatted principal figure turns his face almost completely away, and our entry is blocked, as is his view, by the heavy iron geometry that rises in shallow space parallel to the picture plane. The image, compelling in its own right, provokes confusion when juxtaposed with the larger view of Figure 1. The figure of a man leaning on the fence-like railing appears in both versions; but the distances between his head and the curved top of the trellis in the two cases, or similarly the distances between railing and top, seem impossibly inconsistent.

To resolve this disparity, and to understand Caillebotte's *Pont de L'Europe*, we must understand the bridge itself—by reconstruction, since it has been totally altered, and the iron structure removed.[4] The bridge Caillebotte painted was built in 1865–68, to supplant two stone tunnels that, surmounted by a circular Place de L'Europe, had provided the sole and increasingly insufficient access to the expanding terminal. In designing the new structure, the engineers were called on to link the central place to the newly pierced rue de Rome, while maintaining the alignments and profiles of six dependent streets, five of which sloped or rose away from the center, at differing angles. The rue de Rome, paralleling the tracks, lay three meters below the place level, and the requisite lowering of the span made the prefered stone-arch bridge unfeasible.[5]

The solution was a series of double iron trellisses, five meters high and of varying lengths. Fixed to stone bulwarks, they formed horizontal spans over the tracks (see diagram Fig. 3 and photo Fig. 4a). Between these the streets were suspended at their particular rising or descending angles. In the central place, and at most points on the bridge, the road level was as it appears in Figure 2 (see photo Fig. 4b), but at certain places the roadbed rose or fell in relation to the trellis. The sharpest of all these angles was that of the rue de Vienne, which descended to meet the rue de Rome; at the end of the arm holding the rue de Vienne, as shown in old photos (Fig. 4c), the road (and hence rail) level dipped near the bottom of the cross-strut system.

Caillebotte chose to paint from exactly this latter point, in order to exploit a unique potential for a simultaneously dramatic and ambiguous space. In order to realize his intentions, he carefully manipulated the viewer. For example, references to the verticals of the two supporting pylons, which might help us to judge the road's inclination, are eliminated. One pylon is totally excluded, rising just beyond the field of

Fig. 2. Sketch for *Le Pont de l'Europe* (variant), 1876. Oil/canvas, 64 × 80 cm. Stephen Hahn Gallery, New York

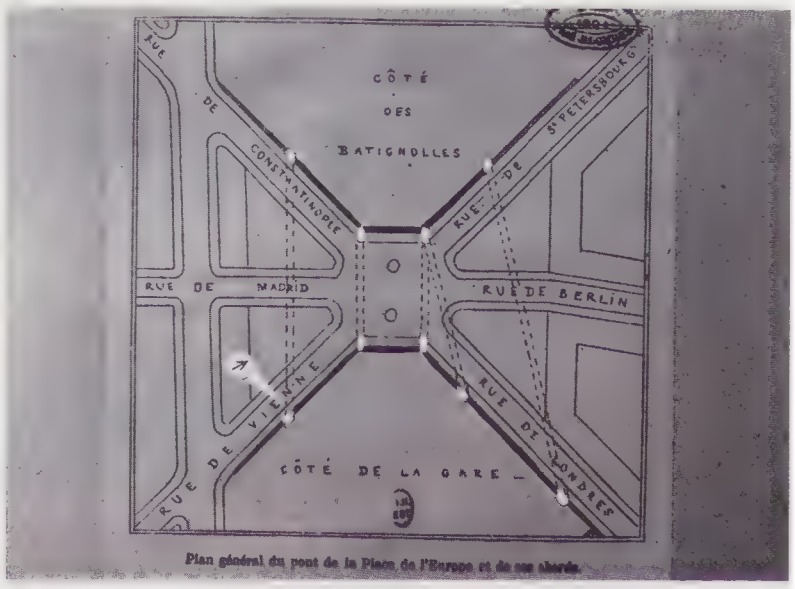


Fig. 3. Plan of the Pont. From *Paris Nouveau Illustré* (Cabinet des Estampes, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris), with author's retouching on photo. White points indicate pylons; dotted lines indicate location of stone bulwarks under bridge; reinforced black lines show location of iron trellises; insert with arrow identifies approximate point from which Caillebotte's view (see color illustration, page 40) was taken

Fig. 4a. The Pont de l'Europe photographed from the Gare St-Lazare (date unknown)

Fig. 4b. Pont de l'Europe, detail photo of section supporting central Place. (Bibliothèque historique de la Ville de Paris)

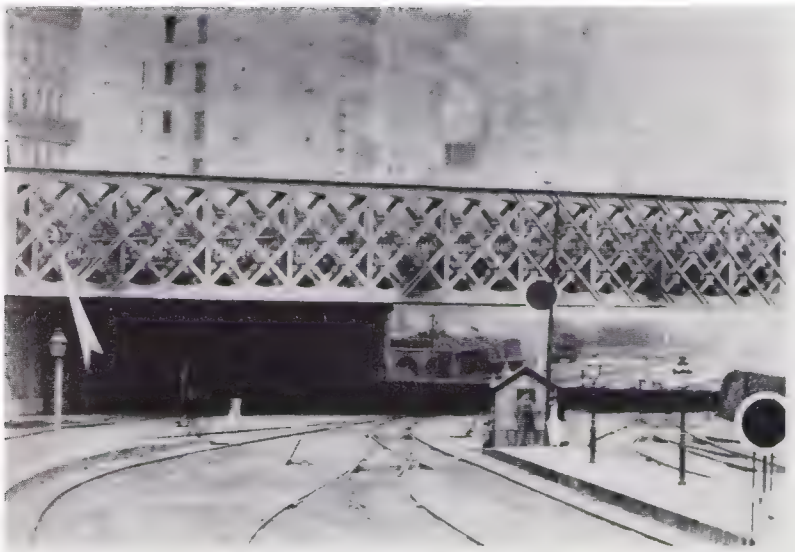


Fig. 4c. Pont de l'Europe, detail photo of section supporting the Rue de Vienne. Note the slope of the street and railing from upper right, the direction of the Place, down to lower left, the direction of the Rue de Rome. White arrow (left) indicates place on the rail occupied by leaning man in Caillebotte's painting. (Bibliothèque historique de la Ville de Paris)

view on the right; while the strolling woman, her umbrella, and the engine steam are all used to obscure the juncture of the road, bridge, and partially visible far pylon. By the placement of figures along the rail, Caillebotte is careful, further, to mask the extremes of height variation in the cut of the rail across the girder pattern. We are allowed to see only three points of contact, with no noticeable variation, in the middle ground. The angle of the rail, meanwhile, is stressed by the shadow and the dog's parallel movement; and the trellis top is sharply accented by a bright foil of steam.[6]

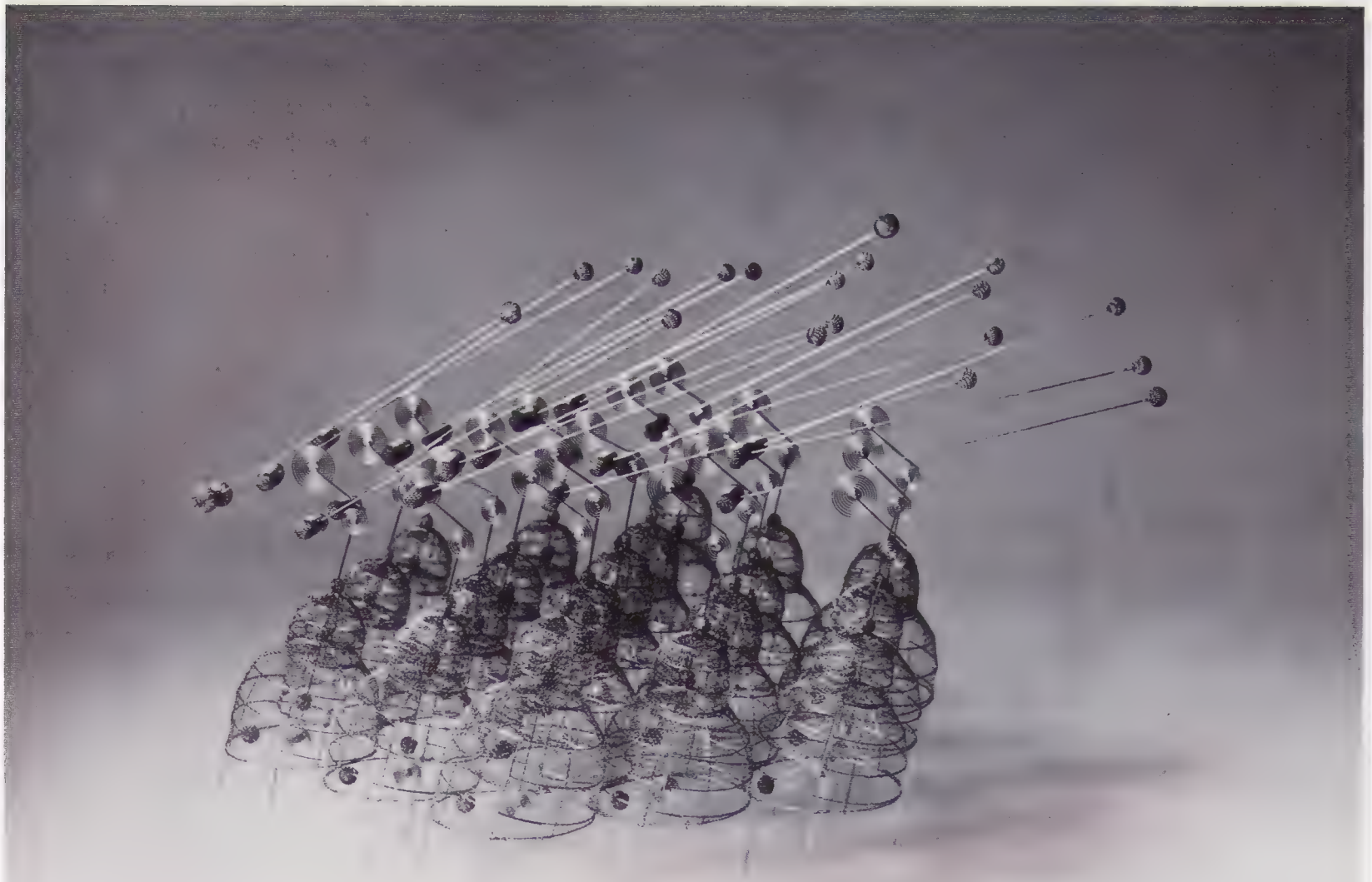
All visual data is presented in hard-edged literalness; yet we are manipulated by the artist's selective exclusions into refusing to accept the face value of the presentation. Playing on our acceptance of the conventions of linear perspective, the image obliges us to read the convergence of the roadbed with the trellis top as the spatial recession of two parallel lines; when in point of fact the sharp convergence owes not to spatial recession but to the rising angle of the roadbed, not at all parallel to the trellis. We read as *apparently converging but actually parallel* axes that are *apparently converging* and *actually converging;* thus we strongly misconceive the space. In standard *trompe-l'œil*, the viewer is led to accept as real that which is artifice. Caillebotte, in a rarer form of deception, hoists illusionism on its own petard, leading us to see as an effect of art, as a spatial convention, that which was physical fact. Even when we realize the true structure of the scene, we find it extremely hard to escape the conventional reading of its axes, as Caillebotte has made the false illusion of space much more readily acceptable than a correct reading. (see E.H. Gombrich's investigation of viewer reaction in situations of ambiguity, and notably the Ames chair experiments, in *Art and Illusion*, pp. 248ff.).

This play between observation and contrivance, between reality and illusion, is a theme characteristic of Caillebotte; the best of his work vibrates with such calculated tensions. The arresting quality of the *Rue de Paris; Temps de pluie* (Fig. 5), for example, derives not only from the boldly random figure placement alone, but also from the confrontation of that randomness with the equally insistent regularity of linear geometry on the doubly bisected surface. Here, as in the *Pont*, a singular (and markedly modern) character emerges from Caillebotte's blend of assertive abstract structure and a tight realist technique, photographic in quality.

Indeed, not only the rapid diminution of size and lateral stretching of space, which recall the effects of wide-angle lenses or older view cameras, but also a piece of evidence such as the completely reversed study for the *Pont* (Fig. 6) do suggest

(Continued on page 41)

Fig. 5. Rue de Paris: Temps de pluie, 1877. Oil on canvas, 209 × 300 cm. Collection The Art Institute of Chicago: Charles H. and Mary F.S. Worcester Fund



Ein wenig Unruhe, 1972. (All illustrations by courtesy of the artist and the Marlborough Galleries, London and Zurich)

GÜNTER HAESE

R. C. Kenedy

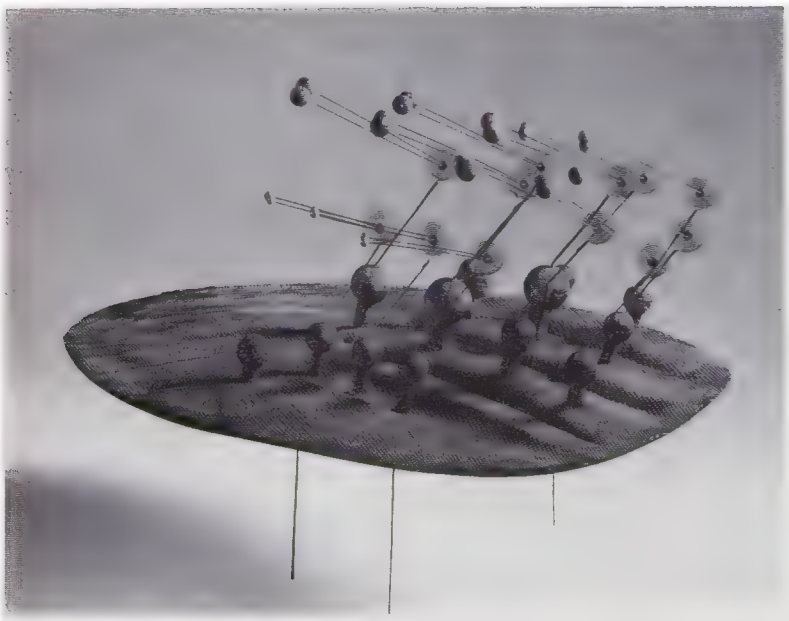
Only belatedly do we realize how the past has come to exert its influence on the present. Picasso died a few weeks ago and we know that an epoch has ended. His spirit is no longer with us. His art was, strange as it may seem, the last and one of the most beautiful instances of the classically conceived adventure; and its heroic dimensions will not be diminished by the slow but inevitable conclusion that essentially, that is to say in its outlook, it was not so very different from the dull happenings which originated in the academies. In Picasso's case only the proportions are different, not the gestures. The old arts were buried when his body was interred. The new has come from very different sources.

We may not be in a position to be absolutely certain about our own values. Judgments are elusive when their subject is contemporary. Yet, even if the achievement is still in doubt, we can assign attributions and we can trace the route of valuable or fruitful influences. Picasso's was not one of these. The stature of Matisse, on the other hand, has never been questioned—in this respect. Matisse belongs to the giants and it is no exaggeration to include his figure among the companionship where Rubens and Rembrandt are assumed to be his equals. Nevertheless, the impact of his revolutionary and inspiring role has not become clear until very recently. Time has had to elapse before latent possibilities were revealed in his art and before his towering triumph revealed the chance of renewal which was built into it. Without Matisse, America would have been deprived of the finest phase in the post-war history of painting. There would have been no more elation and probably no more interest in sheer beauty.

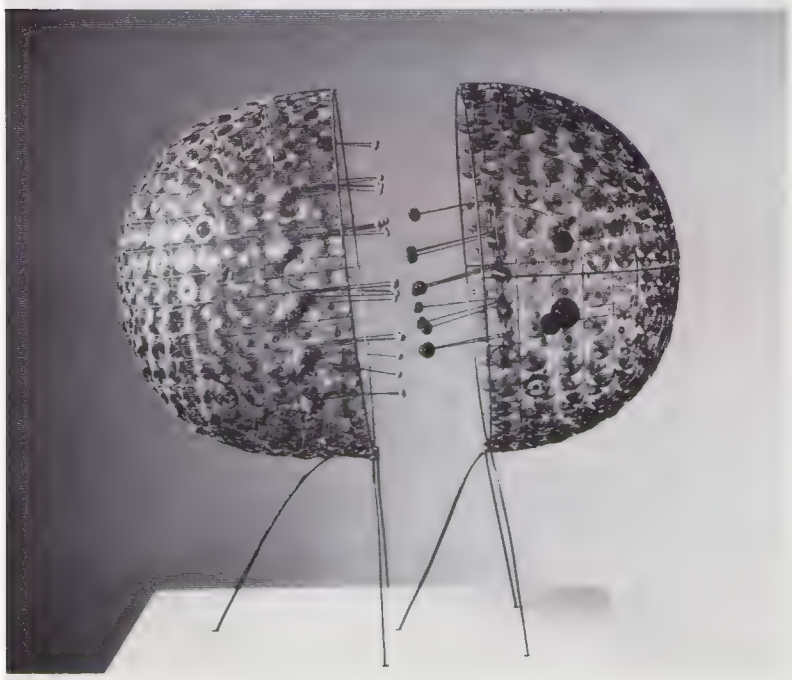
The same sort of argument could make out a case for Duchamp's subversively-conceived and pervasive influence. It could, indeed, be maintained that Duchamp's and Matisse's are the only two directive names—if names are to be singled out as pointers when the major routes of contemporary art history are being plotted. Mondrian and the Constructivists left a heritage which has remained, to a certain extent, in the background. Its rigorous disciplines could not obtain a dominating hold on the public imagination because the metaphysical loyalties of their creed were discredited by historical-seeming events. The optimism of the Russians seemed almost criminally naive and Mondrian's own perverse religion left far from palatable tastes in the mouth of anyone tempted to tamper with his legacy. The geometrically inspired styles simply could not compete for attention while their motivation remained tainted by precise memories—which are, mercifully, beginning to fade. Indeed, the history of Constructivism demonstrates how the movement is trying to liberate itself from involuntary associations and the future of the structure-inspired arts will not be assured until they have established a new and uncontaminated set of claims. This takes time. Nor was such a mundane problem part of the ethical commitment bequeathed by Matisse and Duchamp.

Duchamp's anti-ideals have an irresistible appeal to every man and woman consciously implicated in bankruptcy; and it is almost immaterial whether this insolvency is the currency's or the artistic experiment's. Duchamp provides a way out from a ruined landscape by expedient and beautifully rational means: the escape's. There is the headlong quality of the fugitive's flight about his every work—and it is certainly no accident that all his major pieces stress the accidental beauty of a fortuitous attribute—which is parallelled by the equally haphazard allure of, say, the aeroplane. The bottlerack and the inverted urinal fountain reproduce the linear energies of the jet-engine and of the wing's storm-tossed feathers by chance, but significantly. In Duchamp's art abdication does not abandon the elegance of precipitate signals—and only his minor followers have, finally, succeeded in obscuring his almost obsessional preoccupation with the urgency of his need; the

(Continued on page 42)

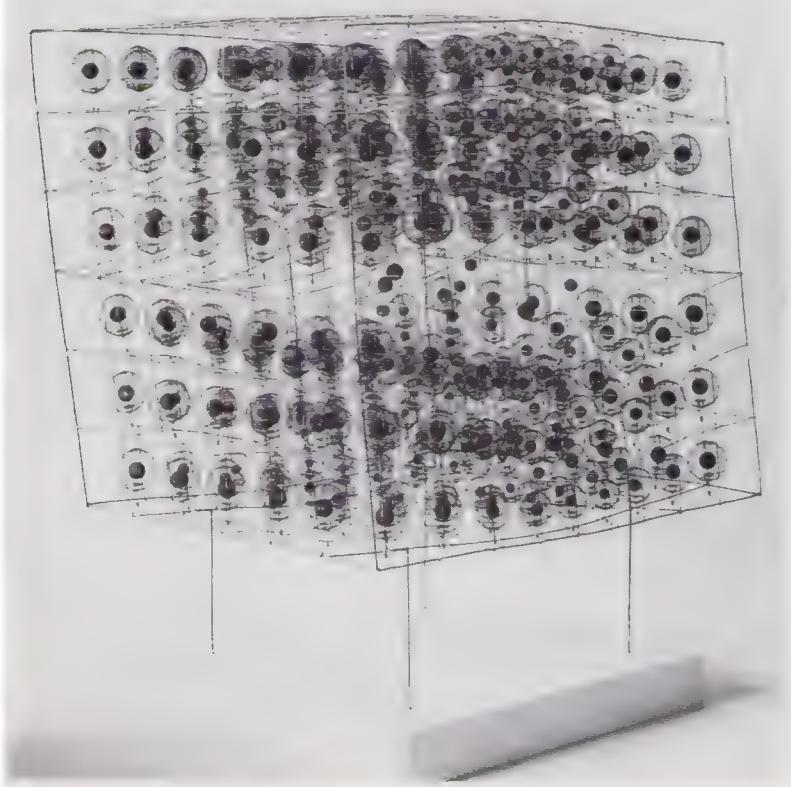


Irgendwo, 1967. (Exhibited at the museums of Düsseldorf, Oslo, Hamburg and Rotterdam, and at the 1969 São Paulo Bienale



Flirt, 1968

Olymp. Collection Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York



Ante Portas II, 1969. 108 × 52 × 63 cm

Ceres, 1970. 54.5 × 23 × 23 cm

RICHARD LINDNER

*Interviewed by WOLFGANG GEORG FISCHER**

Wolfgang Georg Fischer: Yesterday was the 20th July, exactly 29 years after the unsuccessful attempt on Hitler's life of 1944 . . . That event belongs to a past generation, and yet a new book has just been very well received, a book called "Did you ever see Hitler?" [Walter Kempowski, *Haben Sie Hitler gesehen?* Hansen Verlag, Munich, 1973]. Let me now put the question to you. Did *you* ever see Hitler?

Richard Lindner: I did see Hitler, I saw him every day, in Munich at the Café Heck. It was a small café, seating perhaps thirty—there were ten tables. That café no longer exists; when I was in Munich three years ago I asked around, and no one had heard of the Café Heck. Hitler used to sit there every day at his special table. We had our own table, next to his, and we knew each other by avoiding the sight. He already had his faithful followers with him, especially Strasser, Goering too; Goebbels came over very rarely from Berlin. That was during the years 1929–33; I had to leave rather suddenly at that point. I always called him the housemaid's delight. He was romantic, in a petty bourgeois sense—a small-time romantic, dressed in black with a big black "artist's" hat, black suit, black tie, sometimes he wore boots—riding boots—and he always carried a whip. But he was very shy, he never dared draw attention to himself; the others were much noisier—Hess, for instance. Hitler was always concerned with making a good impression, a good bourgeois impression, in the ambience of that little café.

Once my brother visited me in Munich, and for some reason—it was in summer—he fainted. He was quite young. There was no one in the café but Hitler, my brother and me. I wanted to carry him outside, but I was not strong enough—my brother was an unusually heavy man—so Hitler helped me carry him out. However, he then left him lying there. And then some other people came . . . Yes, well, Hitler always did want to be among the artists . . .

* In Paris at Lindner's Studio, 21 July 1973.

(Continued on page 53)

Girl Sitting, 1950. Oil on canvas, 99.5 × 64 cm. (Illustrations by courtesy of Fischer Fine Art. London, and Knoedler's. New York)

Lollipop, 1969. Watercolour, 61 × 50.5 cm

Poet. 1969. Watercolour. 60.7 × 50.2 cm

Woman, 1970. Oil on canvas, 190.5 × 140 cm. By courtesy of Fischer Fine Art, Ltd., London, and Knoedler, Inc., New York

LINDNER

Rear Window, 1971.
Oil on canvas, 175 × 200 cm.
Private collection, New York

L'As de trêfle, 1973. Oil on canvas, 200 × 180 cm. By courtesy of Fischer Fine Art, Ltd., London, and Knoedler, Inc., New York

Culver Tract A Sec. 1, 1973–1974. Laminated tissue with rohplex and pigment, 84″ × 72″. (From the artist's recent exhibition at the André Emmerich Gallery, New York. Moses's work will be shown in June at the Felicity Samuel Gallery, London)

Alexander Liberman. *Sacred Precinct V*, 1972–1974. Steel and bronze, height 43″, width 55″, depth 22″. André Emmerich Gallery, New York

Dan Flavin. A view of his exhibition in the Kunsthalle, Cologne. (See Bernhard Kerber's review elsewhere in this issue)

LOSINGER

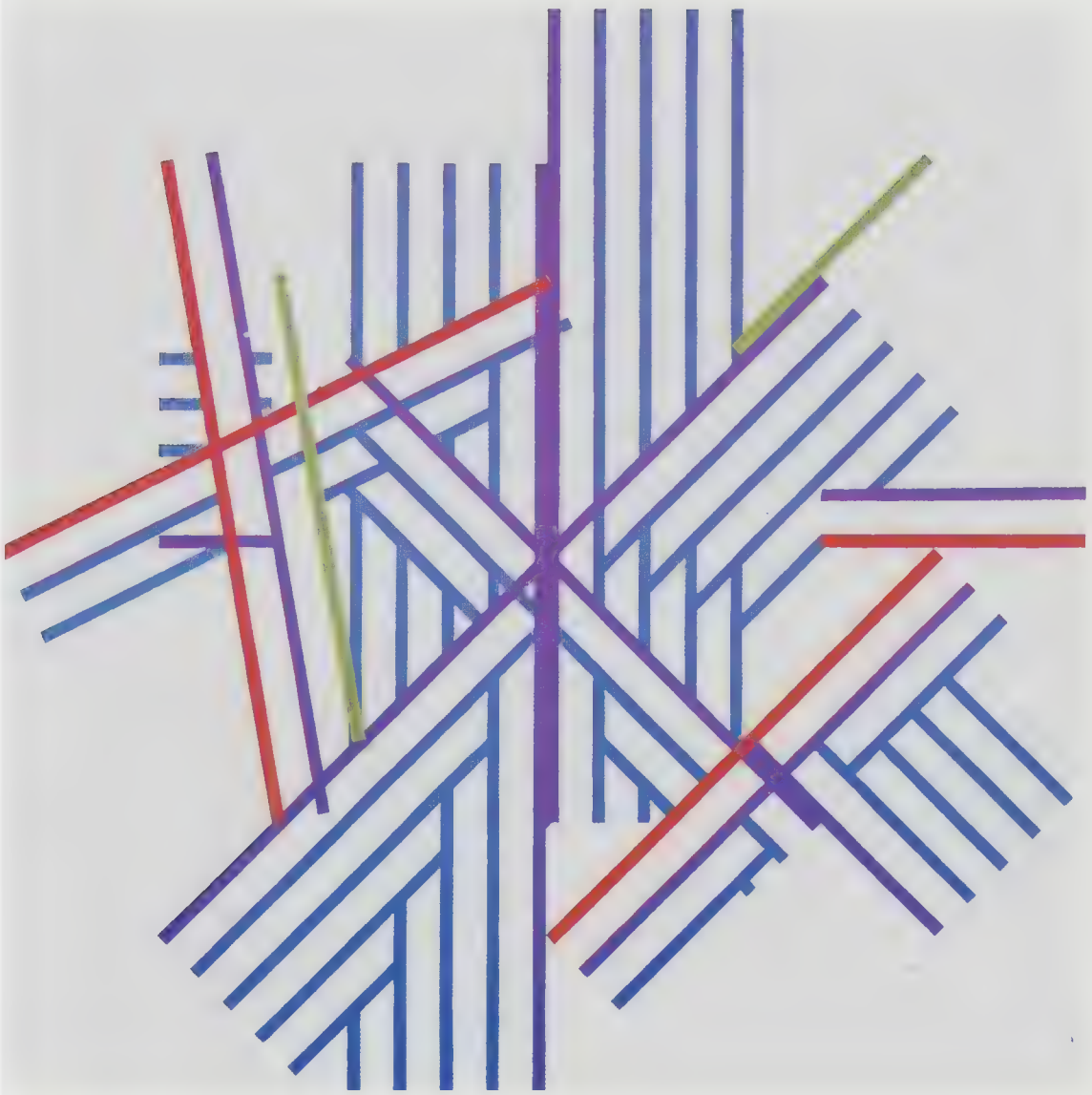
K.91, 1973. Acrylic on canvas, 100 × 100 cm. Galerie Suzanne Bollag, Zurich

KENNETH MARTIN

Four Colours, 1973. Oil on canvas, 36″ × 36″. Waddington Galleries, London. (See Fenella Crichton's review elsewhere in this issue)

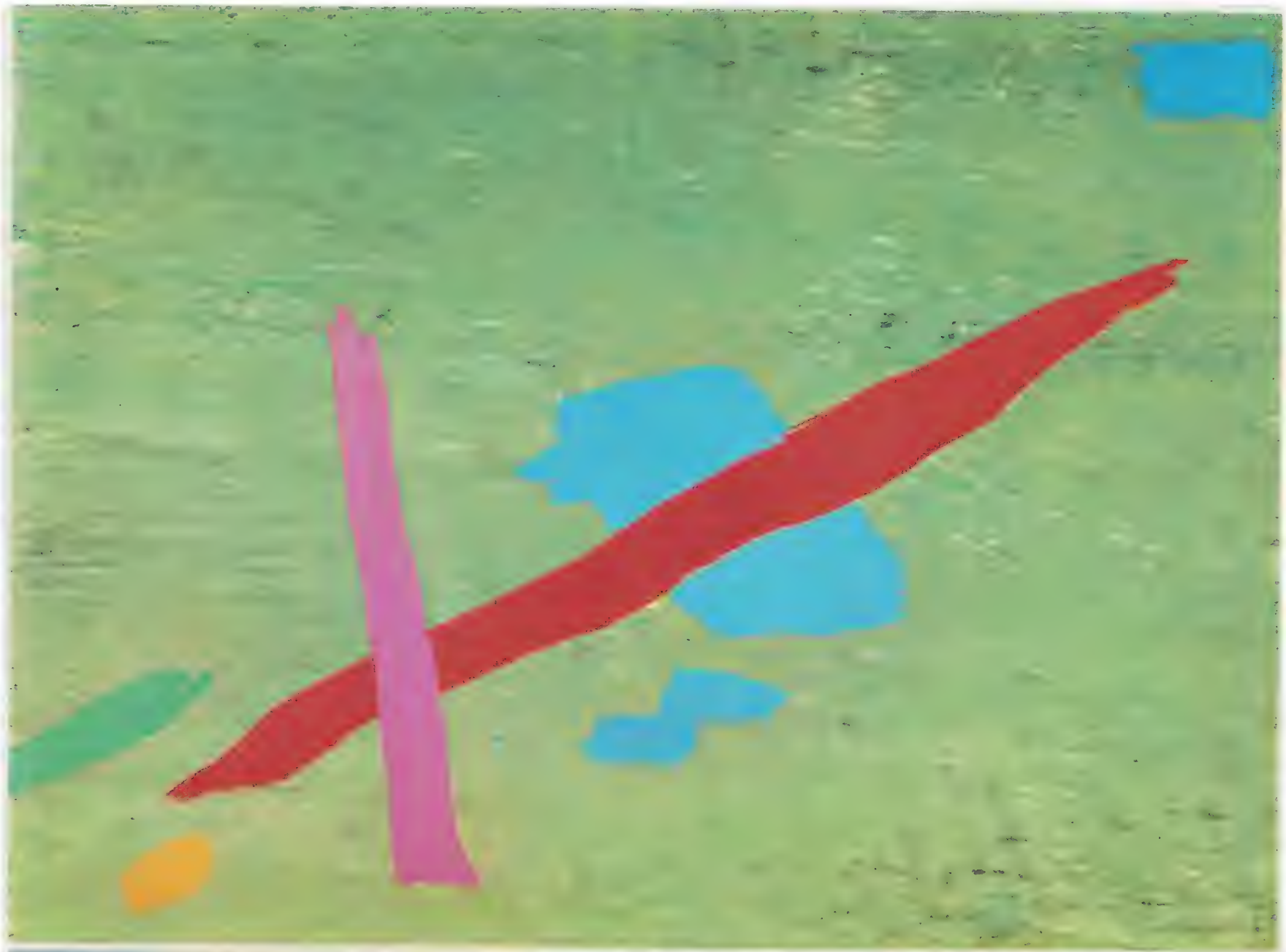
JACK BUSH ▶

Red Pink Cross, 1973. 168 × 226 cm. Galerie André Emmerich, Zurich



CAILLEBOTTE ▶

Le Pont de l'Europe, 1876. Oil on canvas, 131 × 181 cm. (See article by J. Kirk T. Varnedoe elsewhere in this issue; *fig. 1.*) Collection Musée du Petit Palais, Geneva



Skeins of Wool, 1974. Oil on canvas, 43½″ × 35½″. From the artist's recent exhibition at the Staempfli Gallery, New York

Fig. 6. L'Homme en chapeau haut de forme, 1876. Oil on canvas, 54.5 × 38 cm. (Formerly Stephen Hahn Gallery, New York)

Caillebotte's reference to the camera in these views (note that, in Fig. 6, even the coat buttons over the other way, the total effect being that of a transparency, or negative, seen from the other side). However, the photographic quality does not extend to a servility of rendering; empty space rather than clutter strikes one in Caillebotte's city-scapes, and seemingly fortuitous inclusions such as the dog in the *Pont* are often calculated emphases for pictorial structure.[7]

Nor is there the snapshot feeling of, for example, Degas' *Place de la Concorde* of *c.* 1875.[8] Beyond the unusual linear segmentation of the compositions, Caillebotte also confronts his asymmetrical visual weighting with a consciously effected repetitive cadence of distinct but similar elements, both among the figures and in the formal structures. He thus not only destroys traditional dominant focus, but also makes any one-directional reading of the canvas unsatisfactory, and renounces the Impressionist unity of field and moment. Forcing the eye to carom from point to point across hard contours and rigid axes, Caillebotte produces a tension between apparent instantaneity and an arrested or even repetitive/cyclical time sense. This latter is particularly noticeable in the uniformly silvered umbrellas and measured steps of the pedestrians in the *Temps de pluie*.[9] In the *Pont*, a frozen rhythm is present in the echo between the plunging elongated X forms of the trellis and the main X composition.[10]

The girder system occupies an enormous part of the *Pont* image, psychologically as well as physically. Its scale is exaggerated by the spatial deception, and its dark mass, already a dominant contrast, is further weighted by being cast into shadow. Attention to modern urban subjects was hardly unusual at this time, but the stark ironwork is an extraordinary selection, and the manner of its inclusion is personal to Caillebotte. In the prominence of the iron, as well as by the sweep of spatial indices, the *Pont* evinces an anti-Impressionist incoherence of figure and setting also sensed in the *Temps de pluie:* the urban space exists as a special presence, a stage of engineered forms and planned axes that dominate if not dwarf all figure movement. In his pæans to post-Haussmann Paris, Caillebotte thus suggests a sensitivity to the latent super- or anti-human qualities of the new environment.[11]

The particular mood of these works stems, too, from the numerous contemplative figures. The passers-by, yielding no more of themselves to each other than to the viewer, recall similar embodiments of self-absorption in Manet and Degas. It is certain that Caillebotte knew and appreciated the work of these two men. Indeed, the similarity of the right portion of the *Pont* to an earlier Manet is quite suggestive.[12] In the *Pont* composition, however, the vertiginous emphasis on the head of the man in the top hat gives his averted gaze a psychological dimension beyond that of passive musing. This dimension assumes particular significance in view of the testimony of the artist's family, that in this figure Caillebotte represented himself.[13] The composition is, then, a self-revelation; the painting is constructed to show us precisely "where his head it at".

Against the semi-brutal energy of the bridge, Caillebotte presents himself as a perfect *flâneur*, the strolling spectator or uninvolved onlooker. By the countering directional force of his shaded gaze, however, he establishes a strong psychological ricochet with the man leaning on the railing at right, who stares in the same direction. While the artist appears, as a critic said of the foreground figures in the *Temps de pluie*, to have just exited a fashion salon, the other man is his antithesis, dressed in the formless *blouse* and trousers of the Parisian worker.[14] The contrast is intentional, and autobiographical.

A Parisian *haut bourgeois* by birth (b. 1848) and education, Caillebotte became independently wealthy at his father's death in 1873. His subsequent departure from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and association with the outcast Impressionist group was, in the post-Commune context, a radical repudiation of the values of his class. Yet, until the death of his mother in 1877, Caillebotte continued to live with his family, and thus to lead a double existence, reflected in his early work. While portraying his family in a series of views of their comfortable city and country homes,[15] Caillebotte also took up the politically sensitive subject matter of the urban worker. His first major painting, the Louvre's *Raboteurs de parquet (The Floor-Scrapers)*, remains one of the most memorable labor scenes of its time, and was followed in 1877 by a street scene of building-painters, *Les Peintres en bâtiment*.[16] The *Pont* was painted in the year the artist first exhibited with the Impressionists. At this point in his life, Caillebotte was on the cusp between his given upper-class status and his chosen involvement in an avant-garde democratic milieu; his acute sensitivity to the nuances of social class, discussed at length by Huysmans,[17] can only have exacerbated his self-consciousness. Thus the *flâneur* and the worker are an emblematic dichotomy; and the worker, similarly placed at the center of an X (or at the point of a V), may even be seen as an alter ego, whose musing solitude, contrasting with the stroller's fashionable companionship, draws the artist's pose as well as his attention towards him.[18]

The *Pont de L'Europe* lies in a tradition of self-portraits of the artist in his milieu, rather than his studio. A close predecessor in such lineage, for example, is *La Rencontre (Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet)*.[19] Both Courbet and Caillebotte present symbolic tableaux as Realist anecdotes, manipulating setting and detail within the bounds of apparent verism in order to evince spiritual states. Even beyond the more obvious socio-political differences, the implications of the two paintings offer a fruitful contrast. Courbet presents a self-serving aspirational idea of contented freedom, while Caillebotte shows himself caught at the crux of powerful oppositions. Relatively small and far off-center, he nonetheless is the focus for the entire image, uniting in his head the confrontations he has

(Continued on page 58)

Fig. 7. Manet. Oloron Saint-Marie (Leon Koëlla), 1871. Oil on canvas, 42 × 62 cm. Bührle Collection, Zurich

urgency for a streamlined vehicle to express the risks of his undertaking. However, the effectiveness of a scheme need not be diminished by the speed of its retreat. Grandeur can be shared between the victor and the vanquished.

It could be argued that Duchamp and Matisse enacted complementary roles. Between them, their vision did seem to indicate the full potential of our attitude towards the arts. Matisse spoke of glory and in his final years he employed art for the symbolical end to instance the spirit's triumph over the body's innate weakness. It seems, therefore, probable that this antithesis was so complete that we have failed to realize the viable nature of a third and equally tenable inclination. We may have forgotten the existence of a much more private view—which had to be neither complementary, nor implicitly hostile to any of these outwardly conditioned motives.

Klee's was the example we forgot. There is an inner voice—which speaks from beyond triumph and defeat; and it was overlooked because its relationship to the conventional signals of beauty is very much more difficult to decypher.

It so happens, however, that Klee's is not a lesser figure among the ancestral masters of the past. The depth of his vision entitles him to be regarded as the equal of a Picasso or a Matisse; and, in the profundity of despair, maybe only a Leonardo can be regarded as his match. It is also remarkable to observe that the language bequeathed by Klee is no less complete and no less unique than Mondrian's, Matisse's—or, for that matter, Duchamp's. In the circumstances, it may seem surprising that almost no one has bothered to examine its implications and to discover its usefulness for further experimentation. His work was left on its own—as though it represented a completed cycle, from which nothing could be learned or retrieved.

One of Günter Haese's impressive achievements is the recognition that Klee's work represents one of the very few unexplored alternatives. Strangely, he has always objected to criticism which recognized Klee's influence in his own work—but it is obvious that his point of departure stems from this source. Artists are often inclined to ignore components of their own inspiration. It is, possibly, too patently close to their thinking and thus seemingly irrelevant. Yet, there is a much more peculiar circumstance as well. "Not knowing" is one of the hallmarks of all great artists and a special illumination bursts forth from its obscurity. Every true artist has precise aims and, in his work, he sets out to prove that he can fully realize their demands. But his creations would be almost without interest if he did not attain much more than his stated and avowed purposes. This peculiar and unwilled surplus is the real burden of every triumph. In this supererogatory

(Untitled), 1972

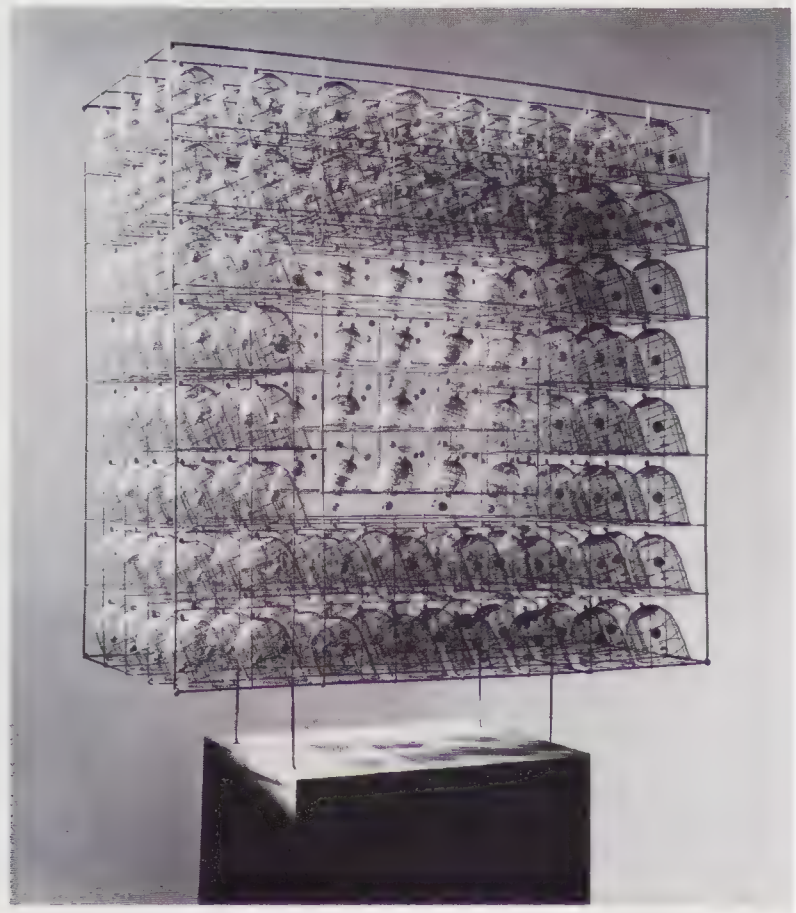
contribution the artist's subconscious reintegrates the voices of a time and place with the need for his own personal message. In it he shows the generosity, the inclusiveness of his spirit—and the resultant œuvre reveals the genuineness of his calling only when the speech of an age is fully incorporated in the individual's own declaration. The final synthesis must be honest enough to contradict the artist's conscious aims when the need for truth demands it.

It is almost natural that artists in general fail to discern the communal resources of their contribution. The accent is too heavily stressed when individuality becomes one of our critical criteria. When we define our critical thoughts, the admission of indebtedness seems like a crime—although it is natural enough and may often be regarded as something valuable as well as noble. No art can exist in a vacuum. Furthermore, all great art is traditional in a special but easily explicable sense. Even the

(Continued on page 59)

Aquavita, 1972

Ein Sonntag, 1972



Degas. *The Dance Rehearsal*, 1873/74. Oil on canvas, 58.5 × 84 cm. Lent by the Burrell Collection, Art Gallery and Museum, Glasgow. Shown at the Royal Academy, London

LONDON LETTER

FENELLA CRICHTON

It is one of the best known ironies of taste that Impressionist paintings, produced against a background of relative penury and despised by their contemporaries, are now owned by only the most affluent of private collectors. Sale-room prices and the level of critical acclaim, however, do not always plot quite the same graph pattern and at the moment it would seem likely that there is a considerable gap between the two. Broadly speaking, the art scene at present places a high premium on the cerebral, or at least requires that some kind of intellectual justification should be possible—a situation which is unlikely to predispose audiences towards the Impressionist's fundamentally sensuous enjoyment of the world.

Even the name "Impressionist" has romantic overtones which effectively disguise the objective nature of the movement. The Impressionists painted what they saw rather than what they knew to be there, or even imagined to be there—an essentially anti-romantic standpoint. Although it would be a mistake to suggest that they were scientific in their approach, it is equally false to see their paintings as completely naturalistic. In their choice of subject matter the Impressionists were realists, an aspect of their work which was extremely influential for later artists. Monet can even be regarded as one of the precursors of Expressionism in his very late work, when empirical procedure is submerged in a profusion of colours of almost symbolical value. In fact the impact of Impressionism was so diverse that it can be shown to have affected in some way almost every twentieth-century movement.

Inevitably the recent exhibition at the Royal Academy treated Impressionism as a stylistic movement, which produced a new method of translating the experience of the eye in terms of paint. Subtitled "Its Masters, its Precursors and its Influence in Britain", it was arranged in a scholarly manner guaranteed to warm the cockles of the most exacting art historical heart. As a result it succeeded very well in showing its historical evolution and placing it in its European context in relation to this country. Although clearly limited by soaring insurance premiums, the organisers had managed to assemble a representative collection of paintings by the major artists. A large proportion of these were lent by private collectors, and were therefore largely unknown to the public.

The impact of an Impressionist painting "in the flesh" so to speak is particularly great, as it is quite impossible to reproduce in illustration the action of the eye when it transforms the pattern of flickering brushstrokes into a luminous whole. Such pictures appeal essentially to the senses and at the Academy the viewer was surrounded by warmth and sun and rippling water. Renoir's liquid paint brilliantly evoked the healthy bloom of a young girl seated on the damp lushness of a river bank, while Pissarro's drier pigment recreated the sun-drenched undergrowth of woodland near Pontoise. It would have taken a very dour spirit not to soak up such an abundance of good things, while an out-and-out hedonist must have had a field day.

The paintings of Sam Francis have consistently been compared with those of the Impressionists. He once said that he wanted to investigate "not just the play of light but the substance of which light is made". Such an intention suggests the analytical mind of an artist such as Seurat and seems oddly at variance with his rich and sensuous paintings. In fact it pinpoints the difference between Francis and the original generation of Abstract Expressionists and provides a clue to his links with the European tradition. Surrealist-derived theories of the use of subconscious impulses appear to have no place in his working process, which is firmly rooted in the real world. But his preoccupation with a rich and jewel-like surface is also characteristic of the École de Paris.

There is an element of control even in his most exhilarating and joyful canvases. The spontaneity is a trifle stylised, a criticism which could never have been made of Pollock. It is precisely this sense of discipline which emerges as the most marked characteristic of his new paintings on view at Gimpel Fils. At the same time the *belle peinture* quality is again surfacing after the pristine purity of his "sail" paintings. Ordered tramways of brilliant colour streak across the surface, precisely structuring a series of carefully organised paintings. His sensuous and exuberant handling of paint is disciplined by

Bernard Myers. *Coffee Pot.* Oil pastel on paper, 74 × 53 cm. New Art Centre

these strands, which have been likened to tissue under a microscope, breaking out in random vibrant slithers. Even in the seemingly much looser organised paintings, where the glowing colours jostle and merge right across the surface, there is still an underlying structure. In these the whiteness of the ground again lets the light percolate throughout the canvas as in his earlier work. Technically Francis' handling of the paint varies enormously: in places the pigment is smeared on liberally, contrasting with aqueous pools of colour which have saturated deep into the canvas, leaving only the faintest Louis-type stain. Overall, however, the effect of his work is of untrammelled delight, provoking a surge of sensuous enjoyment at its best comparable to that provided by the great Impressionists.

Compared with the flamboyant zest of Francis, Anthony Whishaw's paintings at the Hoya Gallery seemed almost melancholy. The Hoya is a new gallery which opened last November, with the intention of showing not only established artists but also a certain proportion of new and unknown abstract artists. Whishaw comes into the former category, having had a series of one-man shows during the sixties at Roland, Browse and Delbanco. Initially a figurative artist, he has drifted towards abstraction in paintings which above all suggest a response to landscape. Unconcerned with sky or light, he seems absorbed by the surface and structure of the land. His work suggests an earth-bound version of De Stael but his preoccupation with surface texture excludes enough concern about the over-all organisation of the picture space. Patches of scrubbed paint merging into sandy-grained or crackled areas are abruptly juxtaposed with smooth matte or shiny shapes. While these variations result in individual passages of evocative skill, the whole is not sufficiently articulated. Amorphous blobs of sludgy-coloured colours float towards each other, loosely punctuated by curved strips of more solid colour, so that there is little or no feeling for the play of form against form. The clearer organised canvases using stronger colours are more successful. Judged not only as landmarks in his search for a personal expression, however, his paintings succeed as lyrical statements of considerable visual appeal.

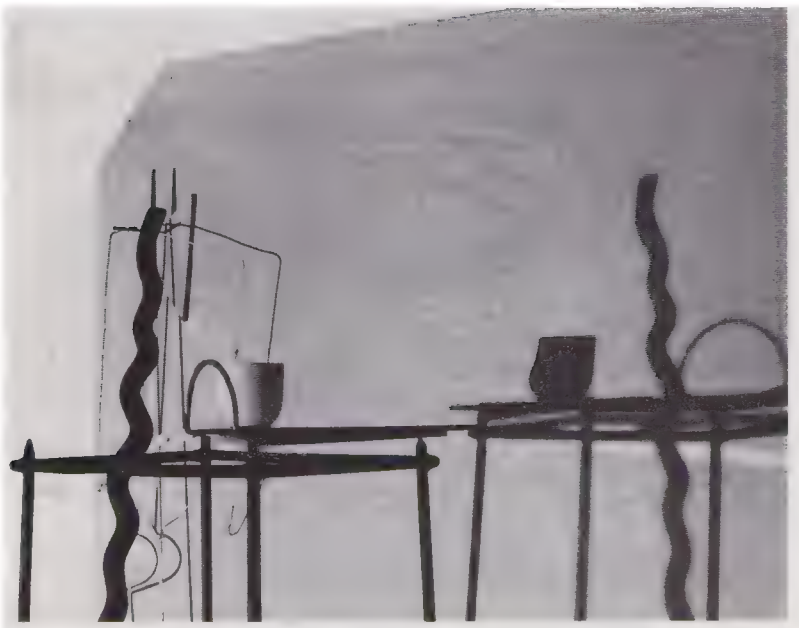
Bernard Myers' work at the New Art Centre, although much less ambitious than Anthony Whishaw's work, is successful within its own terms of reference. Myers works in an area that was closely defined at the beginning of the twentieth century and does not attempt to extend the frontiers in any direction. As such, his work is both academic and eclectic, but the results are decorative and highly accomplished. Cubism provides the starting point and elements of both Orphism and Purism are "synthesised" in a series of small oil pastels of smoothly attractive appearance. The still lifes and fragmentations of coloured light seen through windows are translated for the most part in tones of vibrant intensity. Parallel layers of emerald, cobalt and aquamarine are built up in clearly structured sequences, producing effects of glowing uniformity.

Although his work is clearly based on a thorough knowledge of the disciplines involved, Myers sometimes employs devices in a manner that destroys their original meaning. For example an Ozenfant-type vessel in solid colour is placed in the middle of a Cubist still-life: so that instead of the curved profile of the jug reinforcing the purity of contour of the neighbouring objects, it merely weakens the otherwise Cubist fragmentation of form. Similarly there are strange discrepancies of scale which, although presumably intentional, strike an oddly discordant note.

Don Judd's achievement in getting rid of traditional methods of composition in his sculpture is unquestionable. His work in the sixties helped to bring about a fundamentally new attitude to the art process and ensured his recognition as one of the leading figures of the New York Minimal School. The problem was that once the principles of minimalism had been established, inevitably the cul-de-sac, that celebrated bogey of twentieth-century art, began to appear. Critics began to discuss the "sensuous beauty" of Judd's materials and other such secondary and incidental factors.

In 1973, at Castelli's in New York, Judd showed a double series of open-sided plywood boxes ranged along the whole length of two walls. Although the pieces were still presumably made to specification, they could in theory have been knocked up by the local carpenter, whereas in his earlier work Judd had almost always exploited sophisticated industrial techniques. The use of ordinary plywood got rid of any hang-up about his work having any kind of seductive appeal, although the unpainted grain possessed its own kind of surface richness. Much of his early work depended on being immediately and totally comprehensible, but these boxes were pulled out diagonally (the ground-plan was rhomboid). The result was that an element of visual distortion took place as the spectator moved down the line and his eye was continually corrected by his mind. Subtleties of a rather different kind were brought into play in Judd's most recent pieces at the Lisson Gallery. He again used plywood boxes ranged down the entire length of two walls, but this time he manipulated the space involved in an entirely different manner. Each piece was constructed to fit precisely the space available, with the box closed at the top, so that it literally became a kind of built-in unit. It was not only related to the environment but had also become part of it in the simplest possible way. Thus all connotations of motion and rhythm which had been implicit in the series at Castelli's were eliminated. Instead the viewer was forced into the directest possible confrontation with a single object, unable either to move around it as a three-dimensional piece or encroach upon its own space. Aggressively crude in appearance, the pieces further provoked the spectator by being open for a space of about six inches at the top, thus preventing him from immediately comprehending the totality of the whole. He was forced to peer inside to discover that another sheet of plywood parallel to the front plane had been dropped behind closing off the interior space completely. Still using a regular hard-edged form, Judd challenged our preconceptions not only about the "art object" but about environmental space, in a manner that was both fresh and stimulating.

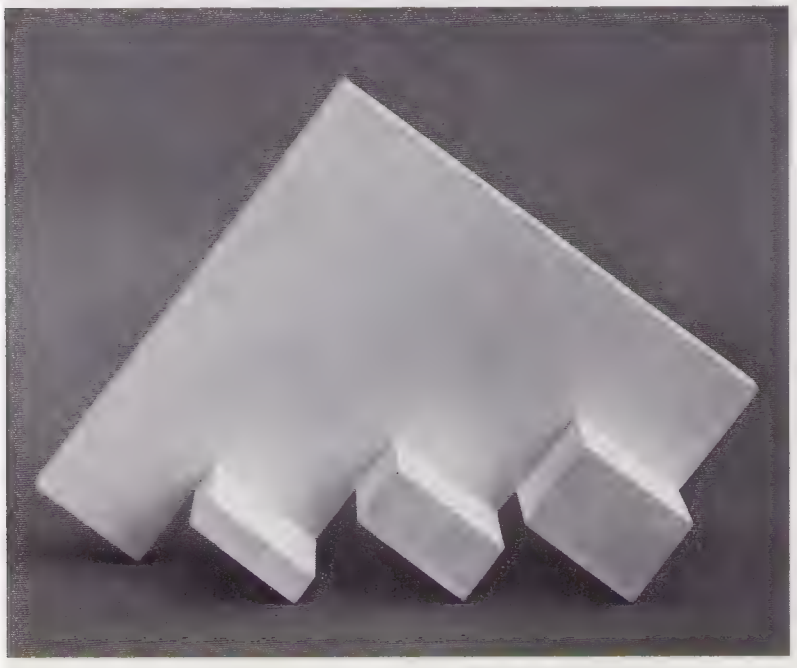
Minimalist sculptors have succeeded above all in giving sculpture a new simplicity and directness of means. Broadly speaking, sculpture in the sixties was characterised by a complete rejection of illusionist and literal as opposed to real space. In some senses these elements are reintroduced by Martin Naylor, one of the most original of the younger British sculptors. He recently had his first one-man show at the Rowan, an interesting event because it represented a radically different departure from the post-Caro school which has been dominant for the past ten years in this country. His pieces consist of a mixture of every-day objects and specially constructed parts which are loosely juxtaposed with no attempt at any structural organisation. Such procedure is obviously not new but has its roots in assemblage, with its connotations of Surrealist or Dada imagery. In the fifties, junk art later expanded into environments, extended the technique of



Martin Naylor. Detail of *A Young Girl Seated at Her Window, 5,* 1973. Mixed media, 81″ × 88″ × 19″. Rowan Gallery

Bryan Kneale. *Barrule,* 1973. Iron, 9′4½″ × 8′8½″. Redfern Gallery

Peter Lowe. *Untitled.* Painted wood, 10″ × 10″ × 2½″. From the "Basically White" show arranged by Lucy Milton at the I.C.A.

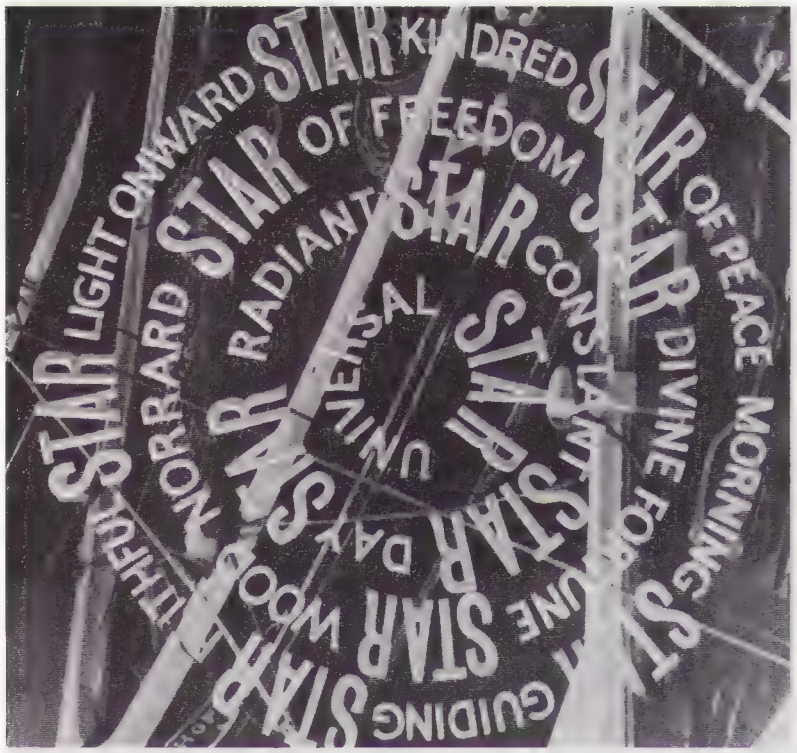


assembling ready-made objects in one direction, often with bizarre or grotesque effects, and in the hands of the Pop artists it was used fundamentally to comment on the urban situation. Naylor's work, however, is basically romantic and as such can be seen as evolving from a tradition of peculiarly British sensibility. His five versions of *A Young Girl seated by a Window* reintroduce a strain of lyrical evocation, a quality which has not been characteristic of much recent sculpture in this country. The fragility of his components—a broken cup balanced precariously on a tripod and spindly coils of wire which cast insubstantial shadows—suggest the ephemeral and transitory. A sweater is pinioned behind a mesh, emphasising the vulnerable quality of his work as a whole. It is further stressed by such elements as half-obliterated writing and slender pieces of twisted wire which recall Jim Dine's recent show at Gimpel Fils. Naylor's work is powerfully provocative, managing to suggest simultaneous impulses of anarchic destruction and calm periods of enigmatic reflection.

Naylor's sculpture creates the effect of an intensely personal and private dialogue, although the spectator is aware that the artless quality is self-conscious to the point of preciosity. On the other hand Bryan Kneale's new work has a commanding public presence. Interestingly, however, Kneale has called his sculpture an "act of self-discovery", and it is only gradually that the viewer becomes aware of the subtleties of the decisions that have gone into its making. Kneale is essentially a traditional sculptor in the sense that he is concerned with producing pieces that are entirely dependent on their formal qualities or the relationships between the parts. Any imagery is incidental. Since he started producing sculpture in 1961, he has remained unswayed by fashionable concerns, with the result that his work has always been slightly outside the mainstream of British sculpture. He works in steel, exploiting both its strength and its flexible qualities, so that at times it bends and flows as gracefully as the tendrils of a plant. His interest in organic matter is developed in his prints, which show grotesque encrustations creeping lava-like in surrealistic forms. In comparison, *Barrule,* his most recent piece shown at the Redfern, has a pared-down purity which is initially deceptively powerful. It is made of a series of curved plates of steel which bend towards each other in a very open structure which is stabilised by a single rigid rod and flat hoop of steel. As the viewer moves around the piece the relationships between the parts shift, not only physically but also in terms of the success of the whole. From one viewpoint in particular the tensions disappear leaving a flaccid and ill-related assortment of parts. From another all is resolved, however, and the piece springs into life, achieving the subtle energy which distinguishes the best of Kneale's work.

Kenneth Martin's show at Waddington, "Chance and Order", was an exciting event because it really showed the value of working within an ordered framework. The paintings were taken from a series of drawings based on a grid of sixteen squares. The grids are articulated by lines which are determined by the chance selection of the numbered points of intersection. Chance was also used to decide the number of parallel lines to each. Using this format as a starting point a number of other options were introduced and the consequences followed up. This procedure produced a huge range of diverse results, mainly because it exploited the unpredictable and therefore unexpected. Throughout his career as an abstract artist, Martin has worked with "programmed" systems, in the sense that he has always imposed a certain discipline at the inception of a work. He limits his choice of the options available in combining certain elements in a particular way. He has always obeyed the "system" and in one sense therefore his work has always developed independent of subjective preference. Seen in this light his decision to introduce the element of chance is logical. In his hands, however, chance becomes a variant of order, achieving order through being manipulated in a highly rational manner. Martin's triumph is that he exploits this essential order so that he achieves an artistic liberation. In the same way as his logically constructed reliefs and mobiles succeed in being extraordinarily free and dynamic, so his paintings are quite remarkable in terms of visual stimulation; order coalesces into freedom, which is a very considerable artistic achievement.

The same cannot be said for Jeffrey Steele's most recent paintings at Lucy Milton. Based on a master-plan or syntagm, they are "designed to exhibit the maximum range of aesthetic possibilities of symmetry". The drawings, made of an apparently limitless range of permutations, appear bewilderingly complex. Translated in terms of colour their structure becomes a little easier to read, as the spaces in



Ian Hamilton Finlay. *Sea Poppy I*, 1968. Sand blasted inscription on plate glass, 12″ × 12″. Victoria and Albert Museum

between the lines have become positive. Pairs of colours, carefully graded in intensity, streak diagonally across the surface in jagged asymmetry. In one the colours are interlocked with a grid of white lines and in the other two they are trapped beneath a black network which extends beyond the picture space. In contrast to the complexity of Steele's work, Michael Kidner's drawings initially appear extremely simple. Based on the wave form with which he has been preoccupied for several years, they are drawn with unerring precision onto graph paper. It is only gradually that the subtleties of their placing become apparent, as the other shapes resulting from their interaction with the background squares reveal themselves. These shapes swell and subside with compelling force, so that Kidner achieves a powerful effect through minimal means.

An interesting recent exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum was devoted to two contemporary presses, The Wild Hawthorne and The Journeyman Press. It consisted of work by two poets, Ian Hamilton Finlay and Robert Lax, both of whose poetry is characterised by its primarily visual associations. Concrete poetry as an international movement evolved out of the typographical experiments of the Dada and Futurist movements. Since then even the most avant-garde typographers have mainly been concerned with consolidating the achievements of the great epoch of innovation between Marinetti's Figaro manifestation and the end of the twenties. A new level of refinement and purity has been reached by the concrete poets of recent years, however, of whom Ian Hamilton Finlay is probably the best known in this country. He has said that his work consists of "separating the letters of an individual word in order to disclose new decorative and semantic possibilities"—a procedure which is illustrated with perfect clarity and great beauty in his glass poems. The same achievement is also true of Robert Lax, whose work is printed and illustrated by Emil Antonucci. The restraint and understatement of minimal art is paralleled in some of the best contemporary graphic designers such as Antonucci. His work is perfectly suited to the distilled purity and compassion of Lax's poetry. The typography and lay-out is spare but not clinical, elegant but not austere, and the illustrations are carried out with an incisive economy which exploits pictorial devices similar to those used in the poetry. Thus a vortex of bristling lines shapes a human silhouette beside "Guide to the Perplexed", while "A Moment" is juxtaposed with the outline of one shape pouring steadily and inexorably into another. Similarly three configurations of parallel lines each contrive to suggest simultaneously the wing, the maze, and the mind of Robert Lax's poem.

Alexander Postan followed up his show of abstract art produced in this country during the thirties with a show devoted to Julian Trevelyan. Trevelyan is yet another example of an artist who retreated from his initial involvement with contemporary issues to work in a personal style quite unrelated to mainstream activity. David Bomberg and Epstein made really important contributions early in their lives but Trevelyan did not. The pictures on view however were sufficiently interesting to suggest that it is a matter of some regret that he did not develop further his interest in abstract-surrealist art.

Like Miró's work in the thirties, Trevelyan's work is not truly abstract but a freely invented fantasy world in which the precise calligraphic shapes usually refer in some way to the real world. In spirit, however, his paintings seem much closer to early Klee. His realm of make-believe is unclouded by concern with the darker side of the unconscious which results in such terrifying pictures as Miró's *Head of a Woman*. The delicate lyricism is also akin to some of Ben Nicholson's paintings of the early thirties in which abstract forms float in an indefinite space. Trevelyan returned from Paris in 1934 where he must almost certainly have seen both Miró's work and Alexander Calder's abstract mobiles. He had studies in S.W. Hayter's studio where he developed an interest in print-making techniques. In his paintings plaster is laid onto the board and then scratched or carved almost as if it was an etching. Some of his works stray much too far into the land of fairy-tale, with lace doily clouds floating above towers topped with cracker-hat turrets. The best paintings, however, are distinguished by their delicate inventiveness, with kites swooping gaily in a cityscape compounded of metaphor and magic.

As a nation we are naturally sympathetic to the romantic notion of an artist deliberately cutting himself off from mainstream activity and working in isolation. Francis Bacon and Stanley Spencer are two such British artists who have achieved international acclaim but we are always eager to welcome an artist who is presented as having been ignored due to the personal nature of his work. The Tate's retrospective of Edward Burra did much towards establishing him as a major artist and there is every indication that the Hayward show of Lucian Freud will have the same result.

It must be admitted that from the point of view of the present state of British art the exhibition is particularly well

(Continued on page 72)

Lucian Freud. *Girl in Bed*, 1952. Oil on canvas, 46 × 30 cm. Lent by the Hon. Colin Tennant. Hayward Gallery

SZENE RHEIN-RUHR

BERNHARD KERBER

Leo Breuer (Retrospektive Bonner Kunstverein, Katalog) fand den endgültigen Durchbruch zu einem gegenstandslosen Konstruktivismus unter dem Einfluss Herbins und ausgehend von Vantongerloos «L'art et son avenir». Herbin brachte Breuer in den Salon des Réalités Nouvelles, regte ihn zur Lektüre von Goethes Farbenlehre an und überzeugte ihn von den Ausdrucksmöglichkeiten der reinen Farben und Formen. Erst 1957 nimmt Breuer die Überlagerung der Fläche wieder auf und beschäftigt sich von nun an mit den Problemen der Vibration. Übergeordnete Flächeneinheiten (Rechtecke, Trapeze, Dreiecke) werden zeilenartig aufgelöst, der strenge Konstruktivismus aber durch Beibehaltung handschriftlicher Elemente relativiert: «Ich bin kein Purist. Ich könnte den Konstruktivismus auch trockener machen, aber ich weise das Poetische nicht ab.»

Ab 1961 entsteht die Gruppe der Faltvibrationen, in welchen Breuer «paraventartige Linienflächen gegen schwere schwarze Keile führt. Die Flächen werden als Lichtempfänger, die Keile als Schatten verständlich. Die besondere Wirkung liegt im kantigen Abkippen der Teile, in ihrer gestaffelten Fächerung auf eine Bildtiefe zu, so dass sich der Raumeindruck in Richtung auf einen visionären Bühnenentwurf mit abstrahierten Kulissen konkretisiert» (Richter). «Es geht mir bei diesen Arbeiten darum, Räumlichkeit zu erzielen, mit der kleinsten Verlust-Fläche.»

Das kompositorische Moment der Vibration drängt Breuer 1966 zurück aus der Erkenntnis: «Symmetrie ist quasi Gleichgewicht, folglich erübrigt sich eine asymmetrische Gleichgewichtskomposition.» Er kommt zu sog. «konstruktiven Rasterbildern», in welchen allein die verschiedenen Grössen durchquadrierter Rechteckzonen und ihre Quantifizierung der monochrom benutzten Farbe eine virtuelle Kinetik bedingen.

Die Rasterbilder werden in Reliefs mit virtueller Kinetik weiterentwickelt. Der Raster ist hier dreidimensional ausgebildet, seine Elemente werden in verschiedenen Abläufen leicht gekippt. Im Verein mit den Schatten entsteht eine unterschiedliche tonale Abstufung der Reliefarten. Der Betrachter kann, indem er sich bewegt, die Hell-/Dunkel-Struktur für sich umkehren. Der Einfluss Agams ist deutlich.

Schliesslich verwendet Breuer statt der Klötzchen vertikal auf der Bildfläche stehende Leisten. Dabei progredieren die Abstände senkrechter Parallelen von der Bildmitte zu den Rändern. Eine ideelle Progression dieser Streifen lehnt Breuer ab. Die Bilder haben eine starke Tiefensuggestion.

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Die Galerien Gmurczynska und Bargera (beide Köln) präsentieren *Rudolf Bauer*. Bauer, 1889 zu Lindenwald im heutigen Polen geboren, begann schon als 12jähriger als Karikaturist. Ab 1905 besuchte er die Akademie und assimilierte rasch die neuen Stilrichtungen Impressionismus, Expressionismus, Kubismus. 1915 wird Bauer Mitglied des «Sturms» und stellt in der Folge mehrfach bei Herwarth Walden aus. Er gerät unter den Einfluss Kandinskys, dessen Schatten ihn bis heute verdunkelt. Hatte Solomon R. Guggenheim durch Baronin Hilla von Rebay in den dreissiger Jahren rund 200 Arbeiten Bauers als Grundstock für sein Museum erworben, so verbannte nach 1952 James John Sweeney als neuer Direktor diese Werke ins Magazin. Dazu kam ein schweres persönliches Schicksal. Bauer – obwohl nicht ohne Sympathie zu nationalsozialistischem Gedankengut – wurde als entartet erklärt, sein Museum «Das Geistreich» geschlossen, er selbst 1938 ins KZ gesteckt, woraus ihn nur der Einfluss Marinettis befreite, was der sonst gründliche Katalog verschweigt. Bauer siedelte endgültig in die USA über, 1940 gab er die Malerei auf, 1953 starb er in New Jersey.

Bauers Assimilierung von Kandinskys Formensprache findet ihre Begründung in einer kosmologischen Kunsttheorie. Auch die Synästhesie Malerei–Musik teilte er mit Kandinsky. Bauer hat dies in seinen Texten «Die kosmische Bewegung» (1918), «Manifest der Malerei» (1921), «Das Geistreich» (1931) und «Eppur si muove» (1935) dargestellt. Als formale Unterscheidungen zu Kandinsky bieten sich an: Bereits in frühen, kontingenten Arbeiten (ab etwa 1915) kennzeichnet sich Bauers Malerei als eine völlig konkrete; der bei Kandinsky noch erkennbare Abstraktionsvorgang von der Landschaft tritt bei Bauer nicht auf. Vor allem in der geometrisierenden Phase betont Bauer über die Transparenz der Flächen und die Tonmodulation die Integration von Raum und Licht. Häufig ist der Formenapparat demjenigen Auguste Herbins verwandt, ohne dass sich direkte Verbindungen aufzeigen liessen. Zentralisierte und symmetrische Bildformen deuten auf Entwicklungen der Minimal Art voraus (Cambell). Im Phaidon-Lexikon wird Bauers Malerei als «futuristic art of non-objectivity» bezeichnet.

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Eine umfangreiche Ausstellung aus dem Archivio *Lucio Fontana* präsentiert die Galerie Merian in Krefeld (Katalog).

Fontanas Arbeiten oszillieren zwischen Relief und Tafelbild. Schon das «Manifiesto blanco» (1946) postuliert jene Integration der Medien, welche Fontana ab 1949 mittels der Perforation der Bildfläche erreicht. In der Folge öffnet er über borkig aufgebrochene Farbpasten und die Einführung von Glassplittern, später auch in doppelschichtigen Teatrini und platzenden Nature die Fläche zusätzlich in den Betrachterraum. Nach Heinz Mack ist dabei die Form der Bewegung zugleich die Form des Raumes, in dem sie erscheint. Auf die Integration des Lichtes und das modulationsreiche Helldunkel hat besonders Günter Aust hingewiesen. In unregelmässig geformten Wandobjekten nimmt Fontana zahlreiche Wirkungen Palermos vorweg. Eine Aktivierung der Perforation durch die Raumwerte der Farbe ist nicht beabsichtigt. Fontana hat ausdrücklich betont, die Farbe sei für ihn unwesentlich und austauschbar.

Die Dimension der Zeit verdeutlicht Fontana über den langgezogenen Duktus messerscharf geführter Einschnitte. Diese Geste ist laut Guido Ballo im Automatischen Surrealismus verwurzelt, eine Interpretation, welche über die Betonung des Unterbewussten im weissen Manifest belegt wird. Jedoch nimmt die deutliche Beziehung des Graphischen auf die Gesamtproportion dem Zeichen den Charakter des Psychogramms. Solche Kalkulation der Bildwirkung trennt Fontana von der Action Painting und nähert ihn dem Abstrakten Expressionismus. «Eine Kunst, deren Formen vom Unterbewusstsein geschaffen und von der Vernunft kontrolliert werden, stellt den Ausdruck des wirklichen Seins und eine Synthese des historischen Augenblicks dar.» «Analyse und Synthese, Meditation und Spontaneität, Konstruieren und Intuition sind Werte, die bei der Integration der neuen Kunst in funktionaler Einheit zusammenwirken.»

«Der Begriff der Geschwindigkeit ist eine Konstante im menschlichen Leben. ... Die Ästhetik der organischen Bewegung löst die entleerte Ästhetik starrer Form ab. Unter Berufung auf diesen Wandel in der menschlichen Natur, auf die Veränderungen im Seelischen und Moralischen und in allen menschlichen Aktivitäten geben wir in unserer ästhetischen Praxis alle Formen bekannter Kunst auf und wenden uns einer künstlerischen Entwicklung zu, die auf der Einheit von Zeit und Raum beruht» (Manifiesto blanco).

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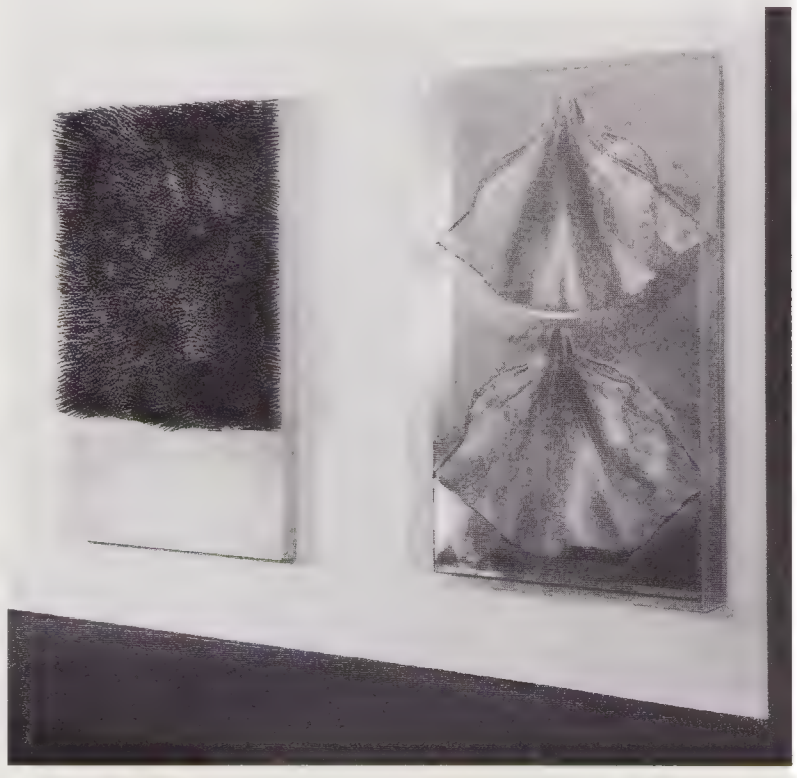
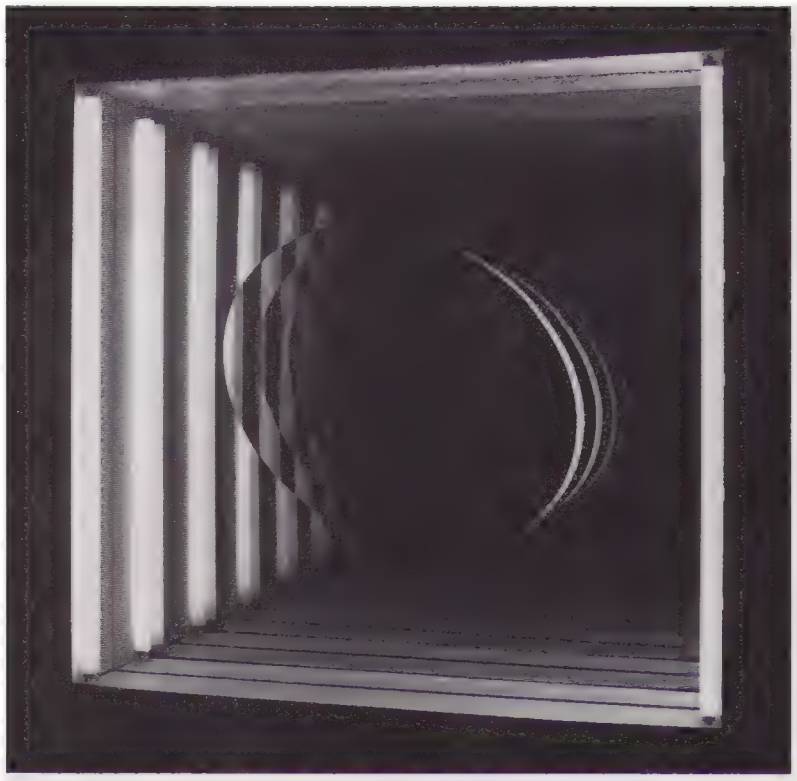
Neues Zentrum der modernen Abteilung des Düsseldorfer Kunstmuseums ist ein Raum mit 21 Arbeiten des *Zero*-Kreises (Katalog).

Düsseldorf dokumentiert damit seine Bedeutung als künstlerischer Mittelpunkt seit etwa 1958. Wenn aber das Museum

Zero-Raum, Düsseldorf, Kunstmuseum





Christian Megert. Ohne Titel, 1973. 190×190 cm. Köln, Galerie Reckermann

ehrgeizig erklärt, es wolle damit – neben Köln und Krefeld (als ob es sonst nichts gäbe!) zum dritten Zentrum der Moderne im Bundesrepublikanischen Westen aufrücken, so dürften diese Fundamente noch zu schmal sein. Und ebenso verfehlt ist die Katalogattacke gegen die «amerikanischen (sic) Strömungen wie Pop- und Op-art».

Die Idee des Zero-Raumes nimmt einen Gedanken auf, den Yves Klein und Heinz Mack Ende der fünfziger Jahre als Konzept für die Galerie Rive Droite entwickelten. Vorgesehen war ursprünglich ein Gegenüber von je sieben blauen Arbeiten Kleins und sieben Lichtreliefs gleicher Grösse von Mack. «Die Divergenz von metrischem Mass und virtuellem Mass sollte sichtbar werden, sie entspricht dem irrationalen, optischen Eindruck, der von der Rationalität des Messens nicht reguliert werden kann.» «Dynamische, auratische Bildindividualität und statische Bildobjektivität sollten vereint, die vergleichende Betrachtungsweise gefordert werden.» «Das Prinzip der seriellen Reihung von Bild zu Bild – innerhalb der räumlichen Präsentation – ist eine extreme Entsprechung der internen Uno-Sono-Struktur. Die Gleichförmigkeit der Formate entsteht aus dem Wunsch heraus, die materielle Begrenzung vergessen zu lassen, unsichtbar werden zu lassen.»

Mack vermittelte die Idee an Hans Meyer, welcher eine Sammlung zustande brachte. Als Mäzenatin wurde die Kaufhausbesitzerin Koch gewonnen.

So wichtig das ursprüngliche Konzept für die Entwicklung der Zero-Idee war, so fragwürdig sind Gedanke und Ausführung dieser musealen Rekonstruktion. Die bedeutsame Fixierung auf das identische Format führte zwangsläufig zu Auftragsarbeiten, welche sich z.T. als Reprise wesentlich älterer Grundgedanken präsentieren. Die Sammlung konnte sich der Peinlichkeit einer verfrühten Archäologie nicht entziehen.

Der Absicht der Inauguratoren entspricht die kapellenartige Präsentation. Das Pseudo-Sakrale ist Zero inhärent. Warum man aber so weit ging, mit einem sehr schwachen number-painting Indianas dem Ensemble ein Etikett aufzukleben, erklärt auch nicht der Hinweis auf Indianas Katalogsignum für die Ausstellung in Philadelphia.

Die Auswahl der 21 ist mehr als fragwürdig. Um den Zerokern Mack, Piene, Uecker gruppieren sich die Stammväter Fontana und Yves Klein, die Nouveaux Réalistes Spoerri (mit einem schlechten Tableau-piège «er hat die Weissheit mit Löffeln gefressen»), Arman und Tinguely, die Mailänder Dorazio und Castellani, die «Düsseldorfer» Graubner, Mavignier, Oehm, Megert vertritt die Schweiz, Schoonhoven Holland, Verheyen und Bury als Kinetiker Belgien. Dass man die Op-Artisten, gegen welche merkwürdigerweise das Katalogvorwort polemisiert – Vasarely, Soto, Agam mit einbezogen hat, beraubt das Ensemble seiner inneren Konsequenz. Man fragt sich, warum zum Beispiel Manzoni und Lo Savio fehlen.

Der Katalog – soweit von Gerhard Storck – kann sehr empfohlen werden. Neben guten Abbildungen bringt er eine historische Einführung und Biographien, die häufig bisher unbekanntes oder schwer zugängliches Material präsentieren.

Christian Megert exponiert bei Reckermann in Köln neue Spiegelraumkästen. Megert begann 1955 mit monochromweissen, gitterartig durchgestalteten Strukturen in Kunstharz, experimentierte 1958 mit schwarz-schwarzen und weiss-weissen Rasterbildern, die er später oft durchbrach, und fand 1959 zu seiner endgültigen Werkgestalt, als er einen Spiegel in ein Materialbild einbaute. In der Folge entwickelte Megert aus dem optischen Echo einander gegenüberstehender Spiegel die Idee eines unendlichen Raumes. Er schuf Spiegelkabinette, hängende, frei sich drehende Spiegel, Spiegel- und Glasbücher, motorgetriebene, flexible Zoom-Spiegel aus Aluminiumfolie und lichtkinetische Objekte. Für die Amsterdamer Nul-Ausstellung (1962) baute er eine Reflexschleuse als Eingang, 1963 in Frankfurt eine sich selbst überspiegelnde Wand. 1965 schuf er in Gelsenkirchen einen Spiegelraum mit 17 beweglich aufgehängten runden Spiegelflächen, 1967 entwickelte er ein Integrationssystem für die Architektur. Versuche, dreidimensionale Bilder mit Hilfe von Folien und farbigem Licht herzustellen, führten zur Integration farbiger Bewegungselemente in Unendlichraum-Objekte mittels pneumatisch bewegter Zoom-Spiegel. Seit 1970 arbeitet Megert seine Erfahrungen auch theoretisch aus. Megert hat – dank seinen internationalen Kontakten – frühzeitig die Ideen des Zero-Kreises in der Schweiz verbreitet.

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Carel Balths Arbeiten oszillieren zwischen Relief und Tafelbild, sie heben die Grenzscheide zwischen den Gattungen auf. An Objekt und Licht, an Beleuchtetem und Beleuchtendem, artikulieren sie die Grundvoraussetzungen des Sehens (Museum Folkwang, Essen, Katalog; demnächst Amsterdam, Stedelijk Museum).

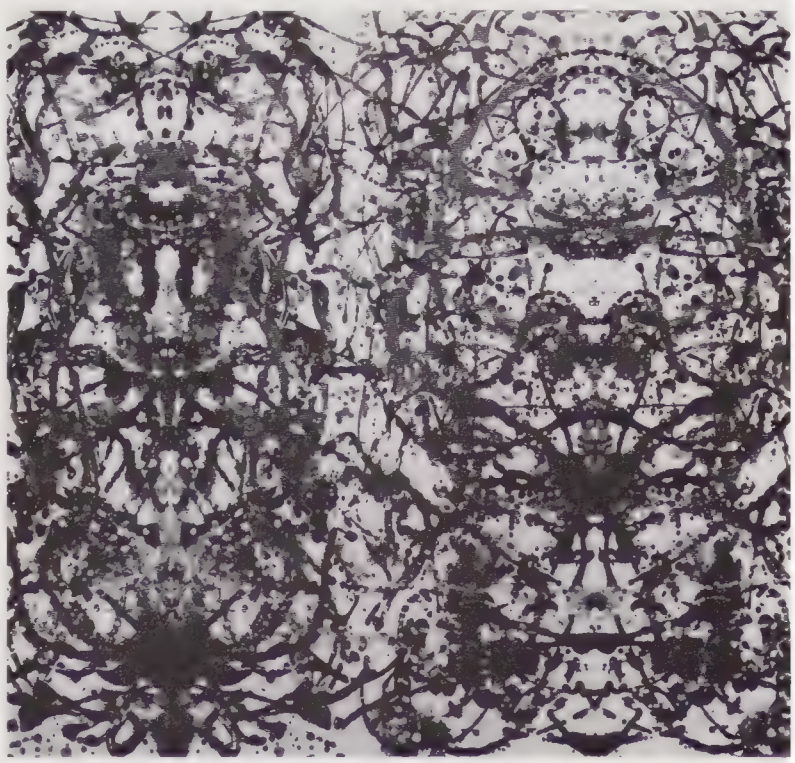
Ausgangsposition ist die Malerei. Balth vollzog den Schritt vom scheinhaften Medium, das seine eigenen Bedingungen über die illusionierte Dreidimensionalität vergessen machen will, zur seinshaften, konkreten Gattung Plastik mit ihrer wirklichen Dreidimensionalität: er schob unter ein Plexiglasquadrat konzentrisch einen Stahlring, der sich bei Frontalansicht linear abzeichnet. Dieser faktische Sachbestand macht jedoch nur einen Teilaspekt einer frühen Arbeit aus, denn eine exzentrisch postierte Lichtquelle evoziert Schatten bzw. Reflexe an der Peripherie des Kreises.

Zusätzlich verschiebt die Lichtbrechung durch das Plexiglas dieses Bild gegenüber dem auslösenden Sachbestand. In paradoxer Umkehrung materialisiert sich das materielose Licht an der Form, die es zugleich entmaterialisiert.

Faktizität und Optizität konkurrieren in unauflösbarer Simultaneität. Unentscheidbar bleibt die Frage: Wo liegt die Identität? In Objekt oder Erscheinung? Die Synthesis von Licht und Form ist keiner der eingangs genannten Gattungen unmittelbar zuzuordnen, vielmehr handelt es sich um eine Integration der Medien.

Das Licht projiziert «malend» eine Figur auf die Wand. Es übernimmt die traditionelle Aufgabe der Künstlersubjektivität, löst

Peter Young. Ohne Titel, Nr. 27, 1972. Acryl auf Leinwand, 191×217 cm. Köln, Galerie Ricke



diese Aufgabe aber vom Individuum, anonymisiert und objektiviert sie. Zusätzlich ist die Objektseite der Arbeit konkret, insofern ihre Mittel in selbstbezogener Präsentation (Hartmann) ohne Indienstnahme für eine Abbildungsfunktion dem Beschauer entgegenstehen. Die Naturgesetzlichkeit der Objekte weist nicht über sie hinaus. Ausserdem bedeutet die Ablehnung der Reizmomente der Farbe eine Verlagerung vom wirkenden auf den tatsächlichen Sachverhalt.

Balths Arbeiten sind architekturbezogen. Sie stehen nicht frei im Raum, sondern sind – Tafelbildern vergleichbar – der Wand appliziert. Dank ihrer Transparenz und Diaphanie lässt sich ihr faktischer Sachbestand kaum fassen. Sie interpretieren mittels der Projektionsbilder die Wand.

Voraussetzung dafür ist ein fortgeschrittenes Stadium der Arbeit: Balth ersetzt den Stahl durch fast unsichtbare Schnitte im Plexiglas. Über die Lichtbrechung zeichnen sich diese Spalten als Schatten und Licht auf der Wand ab. Aus grösserem Abstand erweckt das Projektionsbild den täuschenden Eindruck eines dreidimensionalen Wandreliefs – scheinbarer Haptizität. Ein Volumen wird ohne den Einsatz von Masse umschrieben. – Diese Dreidimensionalität kann aporetisch verrätselt werden: wenn die Schnittlinien den Rahmenkanten parallel rechtwinklig geführt sind, kreuzen sich je nach Beleuchtung die hellen Reflexe, oder aber sie verlieren den Bezug zu den Schatten oder untereinander. Varianten eines solchen irrationalen Projektionsbildes treten simultan auf z.B. bei faktisch gleichmässig – also rational – geführten Schnitten um ein kreuzförmiges Mittelfeld.

Die scheinbar dreidimensionalen Bilder lassen sich nicht lokalisieren. Als Projektionsbilder kehren sie das traditionelle Figur-Grund-Verhältnis der Malerei um. Die Bildebene wird aufgehoben, das Bild hinter den Malgrund verlegt. Die Unterscheidung zwischen Gestalt und Hintergrund, herkömmliches Mittel der Wahrnehmung zur Abstraktion des Objektes aus seinem Umfeld, ist nicht mehr möglich.

Damit sind Balths Arbeiten umraumbezogen. In Mobilität und Variabilität des Bildes vermitteln sich Raum, Zeit und Objekt. Der konsequente Schritt zum Environment, den Balth mit einem Ensemble gespaltener freiräumlich hängender Stäbe vollzieht, liegt nahe.

Balths Verfahren ermöglicht den Einsatz der zeichnerischen Funktion des Lichtes für Figuren verschiedenster Art. Er wählt ausschliesslich nichtkomponierte Konstellationen. Die kühne Balance innerbildlicher Elemente mit oder ohne Rahmenbezug wird abgelöst durch ungerichtete, aufhängungsbeliebige Bildformate (Kreis, Quadrat) und nichtrelationale Setzung der Bildmotive: zentral (solitär), konzentrisch, exzentrisch, seriell, progredierend oder nach den Gesetzen des Zufalls (nicht realisiert). Ein Sonderfall ergibt sich, wenn aus strenger Serialität, also bei Reihung absolut gleicher Ritzformen im Glas über die Winkelverschiebung des Lichtes eine progredierende Reihung der Projektionsbilder entsteht. Jedoch dominiert in jedem Fall das gedankliche Moment über die sinnliche Erscheinungsweise, ohne dass Balth jenen Schritt der Concept Art vollzieht, welcher die Idee ganz von ihrer Realisierung zu lösen vermag.

Dan Flavin. *To you, Heiner, with admiration and affection*, 1973. Köln, Kunsthalle (siehe auch Seite 37)

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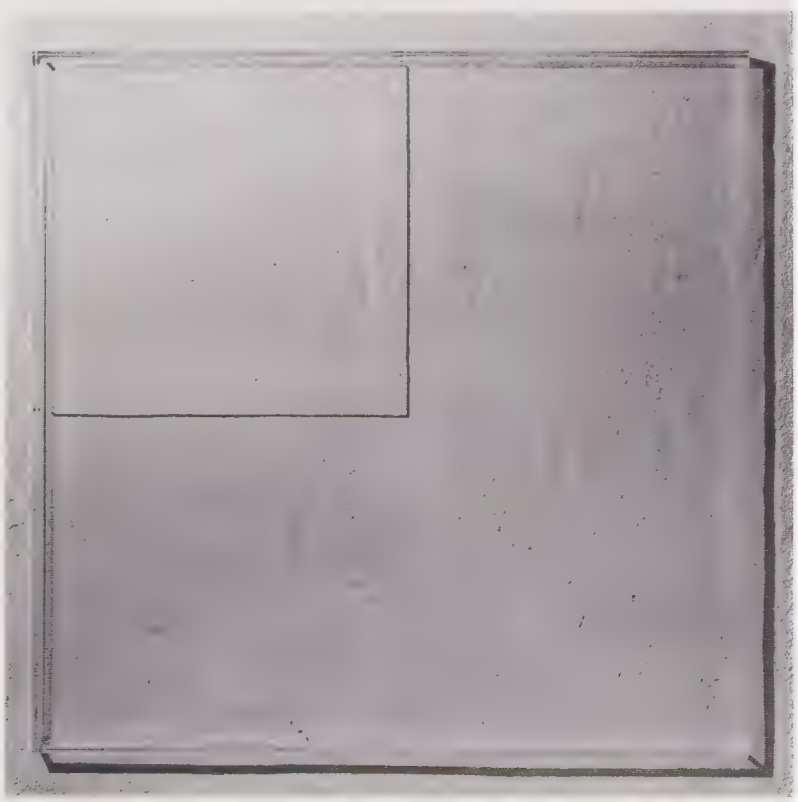
Heiner Friedrich hat in der Kölner Kunsthalle eine Ausstellung *Dan Flavins* organisiert (Katalog), in der Galerie sind gleichzeitig Diagramme für fluoreszierendes Licht, eine Mappe «For European Couples» und eine kleinere Arbeit zu sehen.

(Fortsetzung Seite 66)

Horst Rave. *Fallbild über Coelin und Zinnober nach Violett*, 1973. 100 × 100 cm. Bonn, Galerie Circulus

Carel Balth. *Lichtkontrolle*, 1973. 100 × 100 cm. Düsseldorf, Sammlung Ronkholz. Ausstellung: Essen, Museum Folkwang



Marcel Duchamp. *The Chess Game,* 1910. Oil on canvas, 114 × 146 cm. Philadelphia Museum of Art; Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection. Photo by courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art, New York

NEW YORK LETTER

PHYLLIS DERFNER

The paintings of R.B. Kitaj, currently on view at the Marlborough Gallery, are as overwhelming as they are understated, as eloquent as they are loud. And they are soft in places too, for Kitaj has started to stain some of his colors into the canvas. These qualities, which conflict without contradicting each other, are assembled out of Kitaj's mastery of collage. But of course these are not collages. They just look that way in certain passages—another near contradiction. And there's another one too, one mentioned at length by Frederic Tuten in his catalogue introduction—Kitaj is a very literary painter. But is this even close to a contradiction? These are paintings in fact and only literary by metaphor, a metaphor that indicates Kitaj's representational bent and the "modern poetics" sound of his titles. Can a fact be contradicted by a metaphor? No matter how "literary" these paintings are they get that way by means of paint applied to canvas.

So the contradiction between the literary and the non-literary is not much help or of much interest at this exhibit. But the contradiction—rather, the contrast—between overwhelmingly complex pictorial structure and elusive understatement is of interest. And it gives me the feeling that I'm in need of a bit of help. Certainly some of Kitaj's imagery is supposed to remain forever mysterious, but in certain cases it would appear that I'm simply lacking needed information. *The Autumn of Central Paris (After Walter Benjamin)* is a puzzler to

Michelle Stuart. *No. 5,* 1973. Graphite on canvas paper, 144″ × 60″. Max Hutchinson Gallery ▶

me. The painted collage effect, which shoves the crowded café imagery right up to the picture plane, injects a strong dose of a certain European mood. And it seems very bright of the artist to use a painted version of collage to refer to the social ambiance where that pictorial method was developed. But why the Marxist Walter Benjamin?

The café-collage opens out to the right into a deep autumnal emptiness. At the other spatial extreme a roughly painted silhouette of a worker stands right against the picture plane, and in front of the people in the café. He is red and holds a red pick aloft. He's presented in a deliberately crude, immediate, schematic style in contrast to the delicately handled, presumably bourgeois café inhabitants. What sort of critique of his subject matter is Kitaj presenting? Further reading is indicated if I'm ever going to sort this out, but I still say this is not a literary painting—or no more literary than any other painting.

It seems to refer in part to ideas developed in Marxist literature, but one musn't forget that all the varieties of "pure", non-literary painting refer to ideas developed in the literature of art. Without a study of that literature "pure" painting is unintelligible. In addition, there are all the references to landscape and architecture in such "pure" styles as color field abstraction, non-objective painting and so on. These references are attenuated forms of representationalism. And there is no such thing as meaningless representation. There are no degrees of it, only different kinds. Kitaj's is very much his own and aggressively out in the open. Hectic and civilized, or, as I said before, loud but still eloquent. Perhaps Kitaj is viewed as suspiciously literary because he strains the limits of what painting can convey—he must be literary if he tries to get so much in, so much mood, so many components to each mood, so many symbols and icons of ideas, so much color played against so much expressive line, so much portraiture (often secret, I suspect, or simply beyond me) mixed in with so much structural complexity.

For me it always comes back to the fact that it is paint on canvas that arouses the doubts about Kitaj's literariness. And, for me, the question is settled by that fact, bringing all the really difficult questions about his work into sharp focus. I can't begin to answer them or even to say what his subject matter is. Perhaps part of it is the raucous, exquisitely highstrung mystery that appears over and over again in his paintings, in different settings, in different lights and with an amazingly varied cast of characters.

Ed Moses is showing new works at the Andre Emmerich Gallery. He is an abstractionist—that word means art that is not representational in a way a pre-modern viewer would immediately recognize. Besides the overlooked references to external things I mentioned earlier, abstract art so-called is capable of another kind of representationalism, one epitomized by Ed Moses. This is the representation, through similarity of form, of previous abstraction. Moses' large works, laminated tissue with rohplex and pigment, are clear references to certain of Frank Stella's early paintings, one in particular, *Sabine Pass* of 1961. That's a square black stripe painting, with the stripes on the diagonal. As far as I know Stella only used this format once. Moses uses it over and over again, varying it somewhat. The rigidity of Stella's "deductive structure" is taken as a starting point. Compulsiveness and sloppiness alternate as Moses stretches the format vertically in some cases, occasionally allows breaks in the diagonal stripes, introduces a soft play of pastel tints, and gets "careless" in bringing each stripe to the edge of the overall pattern. The point, I suppose, is that these are not canvases, but tissues pressed together, painted sides in. The color shows through in a blurry, misty way. The support from which Stella's pattern was deduced is gone so that Moses is more or less "liberated", free to let his sweetish, tacky sense for color and texture go to work. But it's an odd sort of liberty because it holds him so close to the tradition his images represent.

Yvonne Jacquette's cityscapes and skyscapes look like photo-realist paintings in reproduction, but they are not that at all. Her surfaces are not in the least impersonal. Of course there are difficulties here. The anonymous surfaces of the photo-realists can be identified—they are not really anonymous, in other words. Jacquette takes up no such poses. She insists in a quiet way on a very rich, almost painterly surface. She is straightforward about the recognizability of her touch. And this quality appears at every level of her work. Her

(Continued on page 73)

R. B. Kitaj. *The Autumn of Central Park (after Walter Benjamin)*, 1973. Oil on canvas, 60″ × 60″. Collection Susan Lloyd, Nassau. Marlborough Gallery

Yvonne Jacquette. *Off the Square*, 1973–74. Oil on canvas, 62⅛″ × 84½″. Fischbach Gallery

Joan Mitchell. *Hemlock*, 1956. Oil on canvas, 91″ × 80″. Collection Whitney Museum of American Art; gift of the Friends of the Museum ▶

Monory. *Beatrice and Juliette*, 1972. 324 × 130 cm. Centre nationale d'art contemporain

PARIS

MICHAEL PEPPIATT

Nothing is more convenient for everyone in the art world than a movement. Once it has been discerned and furnished with a name that sticks, it serves to reassure the artists already accepted as members while holding out a tempting invitation to many more to orient their work in its direction: for the number of artists who make a movement is as nothing, it would seem ever since the Impressionists, compared to the number of artists a movement makes. It becomes a rallying point and perhaps, later, a fairly durable fashion. For the critics, it becomes a cause, to amplify and defend, or attack, according, one trusts, to a particular amalgam of intuition, knowledge and taste. The critic can spend his time trying to build it up or tear it down, but in either case it has the undeniable attraction of size: something that, whichever the intent, he can get his teeth into. Consequently, it provides an ideal opportunity for instant art history, at review-, preface- and even book-length. For the dealers, it means good business: once an artist can be presented as part of a great new wave washing through all contemporary styles, he becomes considerably more marketable. Clients may feel that in buying one of his works they are also buying a slice in something much bigger. Finally, for the museums, movements have the great virtue of containing ready-made exhibitions within their fast-hardening outlines. They come neatly packaged, and behind them, already nicely fallen into line, march convinced critics, contented dealers, enlightened collectors and a section of the great public for whom the mere mention of the movement's name has dissipated much of the mist that hitherto seemed to cling round contemporary creation.

That is one reason why, when the Musée d'art moderne de la ville and the Centre national d'art contemporain both come up with a snappy tribute to hyperrealism, I feel disinclined to join in what seems to have become an almost Pavlovian cheer.

The other reason is more important. Although there are several artists of considerable talent to whom the name-tag has been attached, much of the vast quantities of the art launched as a new, significant form of realism seems founded on a conviction that current chic requires that painting imitate a photographic vision as closely as possible—and that the resultant irony, or "tension", will be sufficient to give it interest.

One might argue that this approach is in part an attempt to absorb the techniques of photographic and advertising imagery which have so influenced our visual reactions and turn them to the painter's advantage. But this attempt can succeed only in the degree to which the painter is able to use them to create images outside the scope of photography; and this is very much the condition, it seems to me, that a considerable proportion of the new realist painting fails to fulfil.

The charge of banality of subject matter frequently made against the new realists is of much less importance than this. It would seem senseless to make the same criticism of a bottle by Morandi, or Nicolas de Staël's salad bowl (not to mention a host of *vedute* or still-life painters). If they appear banal, surely

(Continued on page 74)

Byzantios. Drawing, 1972. Charcoal on paper, 79 × 109 cm, Galerie Karl Flinker

Chuck Close. *Nat.* Gouache on paper, 160 × 145 cm. Centre nationale d'art contemporain

WGF: Did he know you were an artist?

RL: Yes of course, I was very well known in Munich at that time. Then, too, I always sat at the same table with the *Simplizissimus* staff, Karl Arnold, Gulbransson and Heine, all of whom he knew very well, and who all used to insult him, without Hitler's ever saying a word in reply. He never dared attack artists or say anything to them. Reverence for the Artist! In the evenings he often went to an artists' restaurant called the "Austria-Bavaria", the housemaid's delight and all that such a hero should be . . . Even when he had helped me carry my brother out, he never said a word. I was a bit upset and worried, because my brother was a healthy young man, and why he should have fainted that time I don't know to this day. Anyhow, he soon recovered.

WGF: Hitler as a man was not a real figure of horror?

RL: He was a horror all right—on an intellectual level. In his personal behaviour he was very bourgeois, he was always very keen that everything must look right, tie neatly in place, the manners of a gentleman—well, a housemaid's ideal of one. Strange to say, Hitler had beautiful hands, very delicate, sensitive hands. Apart from that he just looked like a Romantic hero—totally incapable.

WGF: So in fact Hitler was not really a figure of terror, in himself?

RL: Oh yes he was, as an orator. I heard him often—well, not very often, perhaps on three occasions I listened to his speeches. Yes, he was a real terror, because he would shout, hysterically!

WGF: Who, then, was the bogeyman of your childhood and youth? Was it your father, or Richard Wagner, your scripture master, Bismarck, Wotan, or the Professor at the Munich Academy—who is the bogeyman that haunts your memory?

RL: The interesting thing about this question is that I have never put it to myself, and now I have turned 70, it is put to me for the first time and I have, so to speak, to confront it. I must say that I instantly transformed all my bogeymen into something else, either into a drawing or something in my imagination—I was a young man who, though he had many acquaintances, walked around alone with his imagination. Things I observed that might have frightened me in retrospect I immediately transmuted—you could say creatively, if you like, though I was not being creative.

WGF: The first teacher to hit you—has he stayed in your mind?

RL: The first teacher and the last—yes, they terrified me all right. To my generation the schoolmaster was a bogeyman, not a person one could trust or a father figure. Not just for me—for all children, all young people, from grammar school right down to primary school, that was his role.

WGF: Was it more so for an artistically gifted child? Did a master ever say: You must not draw, you have to do Maths, or, You can't do music now because you've got to learn your History?

RL: It was the other way about for me, they all used to say, You mustn't do Maths, you ought to draw—which was pleasant enough; but a teacher was a bogeyman nevertheless, by profession.

WGF: What about that first Professor at the Academy whom you've told me about—the one who made everyone stand to attention?

RL: A figure of fun, like a character in a bad play. Imagine a big room with four or five artists working, and that Professor—a sort of "Professor Unrat",[1] except that he considered himself an artist. He was no bogeyman, we were not afraid of him, we laughed at him—not to his face, but afterwards . . . All the same, you are right, he was a bit of a bogeyman, because he had the power to have one thrown out. He could have revenged himself, but as far as I know he never did.

WGF: Did he never destroy a picture?

RL: He would never have done that, that would be contrary to the Academy's policy; he had to show some achievement, and a certain number of actual works. Everyone had to produce so many nudes, so many of this and so many of the other.

WGF: Your father, was he in a Freudian sense a figure of terror?

RL: No, on the contrary, my father was a nice man, I liked him a lot, but he was a coward. He left everything to my mother, who thus became a very potent figure.

WGF: But not a figure of fear, either?

RL: No, she was—well, she was not very intelligent—she was a Wagnerian woman, physically too, with a bosom . . . maybe she reappears in some of my pictures.

WGF: What about other kinds of bogeyman—a Gestapo agent, or a soldier, perhaps?

RL: The army held no terrors for me, it was all too remote. I was too young for the war, World War One, and after that there were only revolutions; I only know about revolutions, and unsuccessful ones, at that.

WGF: Were you in Munich at that time?

RL: Yes, but that one failed; all that I've seen were failures, even Hitler, for I saw Hitler running away from the Feldherrn-Hall in 1923—he too was a failure. In Bavaria everything was a failure.

WGF: No bogeymen even there?

RL: Yes: the SA member. I never knew the SS—I'd gone by that time. The SA man was not 100% terrifying, either, because after all *we* were still there with our forces, the Social Democrat Party—there would be mutual beatings up; if they caught you on your own, bad luck for you; if not, bad luck for them. Mind you, he was unpleasant enough: but the real figure of terror was what I read later on, in Paris.

WGF: How do you mean—read?

RL: Well, I was here by then—in 1933 I was no longer in Germany. I only stayed one more day in Germany after the Nazis came to power.

WGF: By this figure of terror you read about you mean the new Hitler?

RL: The new Hitler—the Hitler who was now truly in power. Hitler terrified us because he was an Austrian. Had he been a German, we would have known more about him.

WGF: He was, so to speak, an enigma?

RL: Yes, an enigma: that's a very important point. The other great thing, Hitler coming to Munich—well, he was in prison there, and then he stayed on there, not least because it was an artistic town, and the architecture, too, was very much to his taste—Italianate Classicism, and so on.

WGF: In your universal panorama of irony, jokes and harlequins masking a deeper significance, are there any positive figures? Someone you have appreciated and admired?

RL: It's too long ago to answer that one.

WGF: Was there some historical character, perhaps, who particularly impressed you?

RL: Yes, there were people that impressed me enormously, like Kafka and Proust. And in the world of music there was Schönberg—at that time Schönberg seemed to me the Freud of music. Mind you, in those days most people did not know very much about Freud. I knew about Freud—but one did not know then the way every clerk knows today.

WGF: Was there anyone about whom you felt: Could I ever achieve as much as he? Anyone at all?

RL: Well, Picasso, I suppose, at the time when he was still a Cubist. It was the end of his Cubist period, the Cubist prints were just being published.

WGF: You mean, Picasso up to about 1920?

RL: Up to 1925. When I was an advanced student I had in my studio quite a big reproduction of the *Three Musicians* which I had unearthed somewhere, it scandalised the Professors no end—but there again, communication did not function as perfectly as today. There was a little book somewhere, and that was it.

WGF: But Tannhäuser had exhibited him in Munich?

RL: Yes, he had already exhibited Picasso, but that was another thing, one simply did not go to galleries—we were all anti-Art! It was just towards the end of the Dadaist period, and students are always a bit behind the times, especially in Munich which was very provincial, and especially in the realm of art. That legend of Munich being a great art centre is absolute nonsense! The standard was always mediocre, at the Academy for example, there were always masses of bad painters around, the Glaspalast was rotten too, there just was no art in Munich, there was only Art-for-the-Bourgeoisie.

WGF: What about the Kandinsky Group?

RL: That was well before my time, my dear Wolfgang. Those people are 10 or 15 years older than I, they would all be around 90 now, or 85 perhaps. Also, we were pretty cut off from one another; Kandinsky and his group were all in Dachau at that time.

WGF: Murnau . . .

RL: Yes, Murnau.—They had no chance to make much of an impression, nobody thought very much of them in Berlin, they were at some small gallery where I saw them—

WGF: Goltz.

RL: Goltz, that's right, but that too was very localised, it got no further than the next street.

WGF: All the figures you paint are inhabitants of towns, or town-visions. New York was your greatest, most overwhelming experience among cities. Before that, what other towns had been important to you, and in what order did they enter your creative consciousness?

1. The anti-hero of *The Blue Angel.*

RL: Nuremberg first and foremost. Nuremberg in those days was a sort of cross between Florence and Venice.

WGF: Was it not rather a Pretzel-Nuremberg, or a Gingerbread-Nuremberg?

RL: It had its gingerbread aspect. But Nuremberg has also always been a vicious town.

WGF: Why?

RL: For a start it was a town of merchants. Patricians! There was not much art in Nuremberg; at best one was a so-called craftsman. People like Dürer were really craftsmen. And Nuremberg was a fascinating, mysterious town of tortures. As a child I often acted as guide to strangers who were visiting my father, foreigners for whom it was a tourist resort. And what did one show them? The torture chamber; the Iron Virgin in the Castle; and there were also enormous wells down below, when you let the water down it would be 15 minutes before you heard it. Prisoners were kept there. It was truly a town of tortures . . .

WGF: . . . genuine prisoners, to be shown to the tourists?

RL: No, that was the Nuremberg of the past. But its history retained this peculiar tinge right down to Hitler's time. Strangely, everything about Nuremberg was cruel.

WGF: Do you mean the Party Rallies?

RL: That for a start, and then Streicher, who reappeared in a new guise, and then, of course, the story of Kaspar Hauser. That is a true Nuremberg story, the tale of Kaspar Hauser. In this sense it has always been an unusually interesting town.

WGF: But a small town, all the same!

RL: A small town, but with international visitors. A cosmopolitan town. People came to Nuremberg as they might go to Venice. There was some interesting architecture—not that I care for it.

WGF: The Gothic style.

RL: Yes, a lot of Gothic, but all the surrounding stuff seemed authentic too—and always that main theme of cruelty! That town left a deep impression on me.
Munich is a ridiculous town—a town of non-existent Bohemians. Schwabing is an invention of the petty bourgeoisie, all the painters who lived there were no good. Pre-war Munich, on the other hand—before my time and before the First World War, the Munich of Wedekind and Thomas Mann—well, Thomas Mann was a bourgeois who had a secret life, and a very good life he had in his villa there—that sounds all right. Then there was the Stuck Villa in Munich, Stuck was *the* Great Artist there, and I can appreciate that too.

WGF: But Munich itself strikes you as a ridiculous town?

RL: Yes, an absurd place, made up of beer drinkers, the Hofbräuhaus, a lot of fake Bohemians—"artistic people", as Hitler would see them. And yet—it's funny, but it did produce one man of genius whom I greatly admired: Carl Valentin.

WGF: Do you know the Carl Valentin Museum?

RL: No.

WGF: It is marvellous. I also admire him very much.

RL: To my way of thinking Carl Valentin was a man of genius.

WGF: He is really a genuine Dadaist.

RL: Yes, a genuine Dadaist of incredible talent.

WGF: Any other towns?

RL: Well, I went to Berlin once, but I couldn't get on with it.

WGF: Why not?

RL: The language barrier, for a start. You as a Viennese will know exactly what I mean. It was a foreign language. And then, too, everything went at such speed—whereas we in Bavaria, and you in Vienna, do everything slowly . . .

WGF: Comfortably . . .

RL: Yes, but not just comfortably—clumsily. Munich is a town of peasants.
Well then, I couldn't get on with Berlin, they all spoke too fast, things were done too quickly. Before I knew what they even wanted, they had already dashed off again.

WGF: When were you there?

RL: In 1929.

WGF: You didn't get a sense of the Berlin of Grosz and Kurt Weill?

RL: I did. It was an incredible place in those days. Fantastic! I have never again seen so much at once that was interesting and splendid, and where things were bad they were so bad that it was quite a good thing. I was very young and had no money to go to all the places one ought to go to—but wherever I did go it was fantastic. There was the Romanisches Café, and the Wintergarten, there was just everything. And there were these wonderful cabarets, everything, the theatre, Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*, turned up there.

WGF: Yet it did not get under your skin.

RL: I was prepared for it. You must not forget that I was already interested in Dadaism and all that, so it came as no surprise. I led a lonely life in Berlin just because I was not in sympathy with those people. Duchamp was the great man for me, the German Dadaists did not interest me much.

WGF: Haussmann?

RL: Yes, Haussmann possibly—but not the others. George Grosz was very good and I thought a lot of him.

WGF: You didn't know Kokoschka?

RL: Oh yes, I knew Kokoschka. But I had got a bit beyond him by then—Self-education!

WGF: What was your next city?

RL: New York was the greatest experience of my life. New York was just as I had imagined it—exactly like that, and indeed I think it was the city of our dreams for everyone in my generation, except George Grosz.

WGF: George Grosz didn't like it?

RL: He came to it too soon! He was doing New York in Berlin, that is to say, he did Berlin peopled by visitors from New York. I had many conversations with George Grosz in New York, and he had a most peculiar craze. There is an illustrator called Norman Rockwell, and he was George Grosz's hero. Grosz used to say, "That is the only artist I want to imitate—I want to be exactly like Norman Rockwell!"

WGF: But that man is completely uninspired—sentimental, banal . . .

RL: Well, that is just what *he* became.

WGF: He did indeed—but how could he?

RL: It was one of those things . . . I think it was because—I could easily give you an explanation, but I don't know how comprehensible it will be . . .

WGF: Please try.

RL: George Grosz was older then. He went hungry during the First World War, and he spent years in a lunatic asylum to try and get out of the army, not that he succeeded; but he spent 4 or 5years in an asylum pretending to be a madman. He managed to do that, but he never got out . . . America was the great dream of all those who lived through the First War. The American with his panama hat, plenty of money and all that he wanted. Europe was so run down, in that first state of shock after the Kaiser and Franz Joseph had gone . . . The Second World War was no longer such a shock, by then they knew what to expect, and were not quite so terrified. But that first time, with all the nineteenth century certainties lost, the American became a real wish fulfilment figure for them. And George Grosz visualised and expressed all that. Grosz's Americans are always well-heeled visitors to Berlin. To Grosz even the sailors are rich!

WGF: What first got you, in a purely visual sense, about New York? The architecture, or—?

RL: No—you must not forget that I arrived with 5 dollars . . . That town instantly became my town, I felt at home immediately, because I had also taken George Grosz's imagination with me, of course.

WGF: But there is something frightening about New York, too.

RL: No, not for me.

WGF: For me there is.

RL: There is nothing frightening about that town. For one thing, New York is a very human town, which is true of hardly any European cities. New York is a place where, when you are broke, everyone understands—it is no disgrace. All your human failures, in New York they understand and accept them.

WGF: But supposing you are poor, or sick . . .

RL: You were rich, you are poor, you get rich again, you've been in jail, you've got out, no one says a word, you've done your stretch, you might find yourself back in jail some time, because no one is spotless, and it isn't all hidden away either, as in Europe. It's an enormously human town. A place where you don't have to be ashamed of having failed. The only thing against America—but it's gradually getting to be the same in Europe—is the disgrace of old age. You mustn't get old in America: but by now it's just as bad in Europe, it's just the same.

WGF: Yet the New Yorkers in your paintings resemble inanimate puppets, which an observer might see as a form of adverse criticism.

RL: Of course that is tied up with symbolism. My figures are symbols. They could equally well be boxes, or shoes, or whatever.

WGF: But they are very potent symbols of New York.

RL: They are potent symbols of New York, but the problems are

human problems. All my paintings are concerned with relations between men and women, children and adults, animals—but never wild animals, always domestic pets—animals that have to live with man, and therefore have a relationship with him.

WGF: That's why the lion in your picture looks so tame.

RL: It looks like a dog retrieving something; later on they look more like animals perhaps, but they are still employees of man. Every animal that I paint is in fear of losing its job.

WGF: What about towns that you visited only briefly?

RL: Yes, they are even more interesting.

WGF: You mentioned that you found Naples fascinating.

RL: Of course I think Naples is fantastic. For one thing because it is so like New York. Most of the Italians in New York come from there. It is about the same height above sea-level too. And if you go into an Italian quarter in New York you positively are in Naples. Two or three times a year they have some festival, which is exactly like a Neapolitan one, which I dare say you have seen. Anything is possible in Naples. Again, it is a human, a very human city, and in order to survive you simply have to do all that is humanly possible. You have to coax the other man's money out of his pocket—but that's not particularly wicked, because he has nothing in his pocket anyhow, so he has to take it from the next man. They are active thieves, active beggars, it's all activity, yet nothing much happens. And then Caruso, and the theatre . . .

WGF: A real-life *commedia dell'arte!*

RL: That's it, exactly.

WGF: And Paris?

RL: Paris is a town—my friend Saul Steinberg had the answer to that one—Paris is a lady with syphilis . . .

WGF: But a real lady!

RL: —with syphilis? Do real ladies have syphilis? Very rarely . . .

WGF: These things can happen, nowadays . . .

RL: It can happen, but it ain't usual!

WGF: When did you first encounter anti-semitism, and in what form, and where?

RL: I never actually noticed much anti-semitism, either at school or at the Academy. In Bavaria, of course, anti-semitism arrived with Hitler.

WGF: No, but before that, in your personal experience, that sudden revelation in childhood: I am a Jew—it's bound to happen at some stage—and, I am different, there are these various problems that make me different.

RL: Well, for a start I have always found that it's the others that are different, not me. I grew up—like you, probably—in a non-religious household. We knew that we were Jews, but my God, one never bothered about it, and I was invited everywhere, so I never noticed anything. In intellectual circles, among younger people, when they spoke of Jews it was always rather favourably.

WGF: But you did once tell me a story, about two boys fighting, I think . . .

RL: That wasn't me—that was Kokoschka . . . No, there was a lot of fighting, but not for that reason.

WGF: So there was no definite—

RL: There *was* one occasion, though it was not overt . . . There was a student society—I belonged to a different one, which was social democrat like all decent people—but I had these other friends, they were not Nazis but they were right-wing, and they invited me once—so then I was told it was Members Only. I assume that was anti-semitism, but I can't prove it. Really, before the coming of the Nazis I never experienced any. Perhaps at school there was some anti-semitism, but concealed; there was a lot of talk about the Jews, and people laughed, but not viciously—there was almost a sort of admiration for the Jews.

WGF: No chanting of insults?

RL: No, I did not move in those circles. The people I knew were intelligent people, if they laughed about the Jews it was at Jewish jokes and Jewish shrewdness—a sort of admiration really. But that is partly a question of class, depends on one's background. Of course there were some poor Polish Jews in Nuremberg, walking around with long side-whiskers, and they must have felt it.

WGF: Can you recall the echoes in your everyday life of the "fateful days" of recent history, and how they affected you personally? For instance, the day that ended the First World War, or the day Hitler seized power in 1933, or the first day of emigration.

RL: I remember at school there was a holiday every year for the King's birthday.

WGF: The Wittelsbach Monarch.

RL: That's right, the Wittelsbacher, and I had to sing, and I didn't know the words. I had one teacher who was really mean, and he knew I didn't know the words. He would stand right in front of me and watch me, look at my mouth, so I had to mimic . . . That was the anthem "Hail to our King", or whatever it was called. And he did not take his eyes off me for one moment. Strange to say, he was a young man.

WGF: A young sadist.

RL: A young sadist, a future Nazi, probably! I had some friends, too, who became Nazis. They used to say, "It's up to us to decide who's a Jew." They wanted me to come back to Germany and they said to me, "You'll be treated marvellously . . ."

WGF: That was after 1933?

RL: After 1933 . . . But that song marked a significant moment. It was the first time I was forced—physically forced—to be patriotic. So I can truly say that was an important day. I must have been about seven then. An equally important event was Hitler's coming to power. I used to go to the cinema twice a day then, because it was dark in the cinema.

WGF: What is the advantage of that, unless one is with a girl?

RL: No girl. It was just for a bit of peace—nothing to do. Being idle was what I liked best in the world. And it had to be dark, because then you couldn't feel guilty about doing nothing—there was nothing you could do . . . So I went to the cinema twice that day, and when I came out Hitler was in power. It was two o'clock in the afternoon.

WGF: In Munich?

RL: In Munich. And then, that evening, there was a grand torchlight procession. I could not go home, because I knew they would be there waiting to arrest me. Not because I was a Jew, but because of my political affiliations. So I walked the streets; yet I had to get in touch with my wife, and that night I had to get away.

WGF: You didn't have a telephone?

RL: Telephones were already being tapped. I knew I was on their list. So I leapt into a taxi—taxis at that time were rather like the London taxis, one sat high up and behind a glass panel. The torchlight procession was a sort of surprise treat for the inhabitants of Munich, improvised on the spur of the moment. Anyway, I in my taxi got mixed up with this procession. Torchbearers to right of me, torchbearers to left of me, all SA men. And there I sat, holding my nose, on account of my profile. I knew of course how I would look if a torch happened to shine into the car, I would be a shadow, the shadow of a Shylock, complete with nose. It was a slow journey, we were constantly held up. Terror mounted! I got as close to my house as I could with that taxi, somehow I had to try and reach my wife. I managed it, too, although not properly. But we had known in advance that I would scarper, and she would scarper too, but she would go a day or two later. She was not on their list. Well, anyhow, I and my profile—my Shylock-profile—went along in the torchlight procession, very slowly, stationary more often than not. And the torch magnified the shadow. That, if you like, was "my most exciting experience with the Nazis"!

WGF: You spend a large part of the year here in Paris and you are married to a Frenchwoman; you are also a New Yorker, fascinated by Manhattan. Yet you still love and remain loyal to that symbol of your Bavarian childhood: soup with liver dumplings. Would the term "German-American artist" strike you as a reproach, or perfectly correct?

RL: I am bound to be called that in any case, as my figures are the impressions of a tourist visiting New York. There is no one else in America who paints quite like that. I don't belong to any movement, I am not a Pop artist, nor an anything: I am a tourist on a visit to America who has to see all the sights. In this respect Saul Steinberg and I have a lot in common, we are both tourists, both arrived at much the same time, we are friends, and of course we see New York much better than anyone who was born there. I am a tourist everywhere—meaning an "observer". Nevertheless, I am—well, as you know, I speak German fluently and without an accent, and as you say, I like to eat dumpling soup, although gradually I am getting to care less for sauerkraut. But then, there is no American food. Just as there is no—

WGF: Is there a truly American art, that is the question.

RL: There are no true Americans at all. There are only people like me.

WGF: Well then, what is a WASP?

RL: You become an American for the following reasons: an Italian peasant, say, or any Italian, comes to America with just one aim—to save money and go back to Italy. Whether

he's a Romanian or a Hungarian, or whatever he may be, the idea is always to set himself up and then go back home. And then he becomes an American by habit and for convenience, because it's pretty comfortable in America—when you think of living in Europe—it is all pretty easy. There are no complications in America, because it's so human . . .

WGF: Except Watergate . . .

RL: That's very human too! I mean, to fail is human, and thieves are human. We have the Watergate case; the French, now, can't understand why we get so worked up about it. The Watergate Case shows the primitive, or naive, attitude of the naive immigrant who has come to America and believes the Constitution is immaculate.

WGF: Or even that it really works.

RL: It was a wonderful document. It's a bit dated now, but that document meant freedom. Anyway, The White House is not called The White House for nothing, it must be above reproach. The Americans can all be human, they can steal and murder and cheat—whatever you like—but The White House is the Immaculate Conception. No mud must stick to the Great White Shirt. Hence the great shock. Europeans don't understand our attitude.

WGF: You have often told me that museums mean nothing to you, you don't care much for the works of other painters. What does stimulate or inspire you? The Passing Show of people in the street, department stores, fashion photographs . . .?

RL: The concerns of daily life. The little things of life are what really interest me, which I then try to turn into symbols. The waiting room is what interests me.

WGF: The doctor's waiting room, or the lawyer's, or whose?

RL: No, life itself is the waiting room. We are all constantly in a waiting room. We are waiting for death. In youth one doesn't think much about it, as one gets older one thinks about it rather more—the whole thing is a waiting room. And we have to pass the time somehow. That is how commerce got invented, and all sorts of other things too, just to keep oneself busy, otherwise you just sit there waiting for the day when you kick the bucket. That is my view of it, anyhow. A somewhat crude and perhaps even naive philosophy, but by and large, without going into details, I would say that it is the waiting room that interests me.

WGF: Yes, but then I could say, I want to look at the Rembrandts and Vermeers in that waiting room—

RL: All right, I won't say that if a book of Rembrandts were lying around I wouldn't have a look at it, but I wouldn't . . . For a start, a creative artist—no matter whether he writes or paints or whatever—always has to look at what others in the same line are doing, in the hope of getting something out of it.

WGF: Or they get something out of him.

RL: In any case, we don't look at pictures the way other people do, nor read books like people who are only readers: you'll read a book as a writer reads, I look at pictures as a painter. When I need help, I may look at another painter—that happens very rarely, because the older I get the more I feel—wrongly, of course—that I need no help. We all only look at or read or listen to something because we do need help. When I go to a museum, I feel more emotion than most men, because I am looking for help of some sort. You have your library, and that is where you look for it!

WGF: But the ordinary visitor is looking for help too—only not on a professional but a human level.

RL: He goes for lots of reasons, and his various reasons are of no interest to us—unless, indeed, we accept the help he is seeking, for ourselves! That's another matter. But we never enter a museum simply "to go to a museum". And I do think in any case that older people need help less.

WGF: In every way?

RL: In every way. Curiosity—you can't say that we feel no curiosity, every creative artist feels curiosity until he dies—but curiosity shifts its focus. I get unpleasant ideas about the creative process, that's what makes me feel so uncomfortable generally . . . Take our signature, for instance, I think we all tend to over—

WGF: —rate it?

RL: No, constantly over-expose it. I paint a Lindner, and you write a Wolfgang Georg Fischer. When people say of an artist, he has found himself, to my mind that is the most wretched thing of all. He may still be searching, but he has acquired his trade mark, his signature. Of course as the years go by we are forced to make our mark.

WGF: Basically you are saying that you fear the loss of freedom which starts the moment people say: That is Chaplin; Chaplin must not walk like a normal human being.

RL: He did try a couple of times, but without success. No, I'm wrong, he did manage it once or twice . . .

WGF: In *The Great Dictator?*

RL: No, he was still Chaplin in that, but in the "Bluebeard"[2] film he got right away from the Chaplin image, and that was a very good thing.

WGF: Was that the problem you meant?

RL: No, not entirely. I mean that the sad thing about a man's life is that he finds a label. Everyone, the greatest or the least—a signature. You become a Wolfgang Georg Fischer, or a Lindner—you *work* at becoming someone . . .

WGF: Whereas really one ought to be a sort of Proteus?

RL: Yes. We get neatly classified in society by our signature, and even if it's a Picasso, if it's someone we don't know, or a second-rater, we say, That's no good, it's very bad!

WGF: Yes, but that's due to our cult of the individual, since the Renaissance. 400 years of European culture have been labouring to this end!

RL: They've worked at it, but they have all become signatures.—Not Michelangelo, he was always Michelangelo, with or without signature!

WGF: What in life has upset you most—dictatorships, poverty, illness, boredom, lack of personal freedom—or your family?

RL: Having no hair.

WGF: Why that? You did have hair once—or didn't you?

RL: I lost my hair when I was 19, all within a few days, and it was because of the First World War—shortage of food. There were a lot of bald heads in those days.

WGF: Yes, but that's just a personal—

RL: It was terribly important to me. It's only in the last few years that it's become less important.

WGF: And it really caused you more suffering than—

RL: Well, hardly suffering, but I was simply always conscious of it. People call these things trifles, but they are really the most important things in life. Such matters that obsess you from childhood on—or at least from the age of 19 to the present day—these are the vital things, everything else matters much less.

WGF: What in life have you found most "inspiring", if I may use such an old-fashioned and romantic word: personal liberty, the companionship of friends, women, travel, wealth, or could it even be Art?

RL: New York has been the most exciting experience of my life. Women have always been important to me, that hasn't changed. It hasn't changed, but I have . . . Men seem rather pathetic creatures to me, because women are stronger, it's always been like that and it still is . . .

WGF: "Pathetic" in the English sense of "pitiful"?

RL: Yes, pathetic in the English sense, they are not as strong; weak, feeble . . .

When I came to America, everything changed. When I went to Paris, that was still Europe, but America in 1940 was very American indeed. It was not the America you know today. Again, I came over with a fabulous lot of emigrants, a sort of world elite. We came to a country of Italian bricklayers and people like my uncle, who had stolen One Mark at the age of 16 and could never go back . . .

WGF: Did you meet him?

RL: Yes, I met him.

WGF: What did he do for a living?

RL: That's rather interesting. He was a little man, even smaller than I am, he was over 80 when we met, and we couldn't communicate at all. My English was very bad, and he had forgotten all his German. He took me straight to the Subway and to Macy's where he had worked for 50 years—he never got anywhere in America. He was one of the failures.

WGF: What did he do at Macy's?

RL: In the end he rose to be floor manager. He started at Macy's when they were still downtown, and he'd just received his Golden Handshake. So he took me to Macy's and said: Look, that's the biggest department store in the world, and I worked there—as floor manager, in the end! In fact he had spent his whole life at Macy's. As we stood there, an even smaller man came up, both Jews of course. That was a friend of his, who had got the Handshake at the same time, and this man had had a fantastic post at Macy's. He lay, so to speak, 30 years in the pipeline. When Macy's got big, they fitted up a big tube for the parcels to go through.

WGF: A kind of pneumatic post?

RL: Yes, for parcels. And in that tube this man lay for 30 years on his back, and with his foot he pushed the parcels through when they got stuck. He lay in the bit where the tube bends,

2. *Monsieur Verdoux*

where the parcels tended to get stuck, and when they did he pushed them through with his feet. That was his job for over 30 years, of which he was very proud—and he was my uncle's friend. And then one day in Paris—it must have been 1950–52—I was invited to a dinner at the American Embassy, and I sat next to the American ambassador, a certain Mr. Strauss, who happened to be the owner of Macy's. And so I said to Mr. Strauss, I have an uncle who has worked for you for 50 years—Fancy that, said he—and his friend . . . and I went on to tell him the story about this man pushing the parcels, and he said: I don't believe it.

WGF: Did you offer to prove it?

RL: He said, I'll write off at once and ask if that still goes on. But in fact it had disappeared along with the little man. They had acquired a more up-to-date machine. They could have had that machine sooner, but no, they stuck to the little man. Well, for me that was a real bit of America, and moreover, a bit of America that no longer exists. There were still some extraordinary things going on when I arrived . . . Everything changed with that new wave of immigration, all those people who mucked up America, don't you agree—Einstein with his atom bomb, Freud also got to America, I mean in spirit . . . But for about a year I saw the America of the Thirties. Traces of the Depression still lingered when I first arrived. For instance, when you rented an apartment you did not have to pay any rent for the first five months. There were many empty apartments . . .

WGF: And now to end with a hypothetical question: If you absolutely had to choose between the life of a court painter, say with the Gonzagas in Mantua or somewhere else in Northern Italy, or being the leader of an avant-garde artistic revolution, which would you choose?

RL: A good question. I'll be honest with you, only I'll put it slightly differently. If I were given the Legion d'Honneur, or the Rosette, I would love to wear it, only I wouldn't dare, because I am a painter. I think that answers your question.

WGF: Yes, but all the artists of the Salon were very keen—

RL: But I am not, you see . . . That is really the answer, you see, even Duchamp would have liked to wear the Rosette—if he could have stood it.

WGF: I understand.

RL: There's your answer. We are all of us dual personalities, we want to be avant-gardists, and we also want to be grands bourgeois. When they call me, or themselves, "*Maître*"—as they often do here—I find it quite hideous. I actually have a decoration, too. I am a Member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, that is a kind of Académie française, lots of Frenchmen belong to it. I put it on once—in front of the mirror—and I got a real fright: a decoration immediately makes you look 10 years older. When you are young, you don't get one, and when you are old you can't wear it, because it's so ageing . . . I wore it again during negotiations for the purchase of that apartment I showed you yesterday . . .

WGF: On the Quai Voltaire?

RL: Yes. They had photographs of Pétain up there. We wanted that apartment badly, and at first they were very rude to us there. So I thought to myself, I'll put that thing on. I put it on, and at once everything changed—but instantly! *Maître*, you see—and all went smoothly and well thereafter.

WGF: With whom? The notary, or the concierge, or with all of them?

RL: Not with the concierge—with the owner of this apartment. It was absolutely like night and day . . . And then I lost it, I no longer wanted it. But then I went to New York and I telephoned them at once to send me a new one—you never know . . .

WGF: To put it ironically: Dadaist turns Life Peer?

RL: Is it irony—or is it the simple truth? I am somewhat confused altogether. I am an old man; but actually I am a young man, that's the truth, and not just a young man, in many ways I am a child, more or less on the level of a twelve-year-old, or even a ten-year-old. All nonsense interests me. Seriously.

WGF: Me too.

RL: But you are still young, nothing has changed yet, you can map out your whole life in advance, thus: there are no grown-up people, nor is there wisdom. One keeps doing the same again. I always do again what I did as a small boy, make the same mistakes, it's all the same, nothing changes. Of course it's all the more noticeable if you have no status. We have no status. Nothing. Every other—normal—citizen has his status, at the age of thirty, at forty, when he reaches fifty . . .

WGF: Then he gets his pension.

RL: At sixty he gets frightened—

WGF: —*and* a pension!

RL: However, he has status, whereas we grow up without status, like children who also lack status—young children.

WGF: As a court painter you would have status.

RL: I wouldn't want it—on the other hand, I might like the studio that goes with it. But I can honestly say that I have never cheated in this respect. This is the way I have always talked to my students. It's the only way to survive. As soon as you start lying, you're in trouble; Picasso, for example, never lied. Picasso always acted true to himself, he never . . . Take Balthus: he was an aristocrat, and he paints like an aristocrat, not like a painter; give an aristocrat—a baron—a paintbrush, those are the pictures he would paint. So he too is painting honestly, true to what he wants.

WGF: What about Léger, talking of honesty? And the communist Symbolists?

RL: He was no communist; I knew him well. He was a man of integrity, and his subject was the proletariat. He had little enough to do with the proletariat—he was an intellectual—just like an intellectual: after all, what has Picasso to do with communism? We are all traitors, we are all unreliable characters, constantly changing our minds. It all depends which part one happens to be playing at the time. This role suits me today, tomorrow I might hate it, for instance if I make a mistake—as I did yesterday.

WGF: What mistake did you make?

RL: I used a red which is a transparent red.

WGF: In this picture with the man and the dog and the woman?

RL: The shirt is red. But by mistake I used a transparent red, you can't get any modelling with that colour, it always remains transparent, and it took me a whole day to take it off again. So if you'd been questioning me yesterday, I would have been rather cross. Today, I've got it off now, the situation is completely different. I don't believe a word any creative artist says, and it's the bad ones who stick to their principles, the mediocrities who have a point of view, a fixed philosophy. And I have found that people who are truly creative are all traitors, all liars, all unreliable.

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staged, between appearance and reality, man and the modern city, and leisure and working classes. Though he is the pivot, his figure is emphatically isolated, and he takes no action to dominate the scene. His concealed hands and indecisive stride are in significant contrast to Courbet's confident stance. Instead of resolution Caillebotte gives us the unrelieved tension of perception, a telling image for this modest but deeply intellectual and sensitive personality.

Partial explanation of the extreme stress of this self-image, and further evidence that the painting was intended as an important autobiographical statement, is inherent in the little-recognized fact that Caillebotte's famous will, in which he bequeathed his collection of Impressionist paintings to the State on condition that they go to the Luxembourg Museum and then to the Louvre, was drawn up in the year the *Pont* was painted, 1876. Haunted at age 28 by a premonition of imminent death, Caillebotte also willed money to support the next Impressionist exhibition.[20] Thus there is every reason to believe that, while producing this work, he felt he might be dead when it was displayed.

Caillebotte in fact lived 18 more years, though he still died a young man, at 45, in 1894. His continued life was a blessing to the Impressionists, whom he generously supported, and to posterity, to which he left many more beautiful and arresting paintings than is generally known. His *Pont de L'Europe*, with its concentration on perceptual ambiguity and social and psychological tension, stands outside the traditional definitions of both Realism and Impressionism. The painting is, as the bridge was, a bold design, a complex system of focused oppositions supporting approaches at different levels, a conception of modernity and originality. Surely on the 100th anniversary of the Impressionist exhibitions, and with the advent of a new interest in the potentials of photo-realist painting, a wider recognition of this artist is overdue.

NOTES

1. See *Catalogue de la 3e exposition de peinture . . .*, 6, rue Le Peletier, Paris, April, 1877, cat. no. 2. Among Monet's paintings of the Gare was a view of the same bridge, from below: *ibid.*, cat. no. 98, *Le Pont de Rome* (now in the Musée Marmottan, Paris, and reproduced in *Monet et ses amis* [Paris: Musée Marmottan, 1971], no. 8). The *Pont de L'Europe* exhibited by Caillebotte is no. 20 in the "Catalogue des Peintures et Pastels" published by Mlle Marie Berhaut in the 1951 Wildenstein (Paris) catalogue *Gustave Caillebotte;* this catalogue will hereafter be signified by the letters MB.

Mlle Berhaut is now bringing to fruition many years of dedicated scholarship on the artist, and will soon publish the *œuvre catalogue.* I am grateful to Mlle Berhaut for kindnesses shown me, and encourage anyone owning a possibly unknown work by Caillebotte to contact her, through Wildenstein & Co., Paris.

2. Mlle Berhaut, from interviews with Caillebotte's descendants, has recorded that, for his work on the *Pont*, "*il fit construire un omnibus tout vitré afin de pouvoir peindre par tous les temps.*" ("La vie et l'œuvre de Gustave Caillebotte", in *Gustave Caillebotte*, 1951.)

3. The final variant version of the *Pont*, MB 22, appears as Figure 6, cat. no. 5, in *Caillebotte* (London: Wildenstein, 1966). The present Fig. 2 is a sketch for MB 22.

4. In 1930, according to *Paris, Hauts-de-Seine . . . (Les Guides Bleus)* (Paris: Hachette, 1968), p. 366.

5. See "Le Pont métallique de la Place de L'Europe", *L'Illustration*, April 11, 1868, but most especially "Transformation de la Place de L'Europe", *Paris Nouveau Illustré*, no. 14 (n.d.), pp. 222–223. The Musée Carnavalet, Paris, in its collections devoted to Parisian topography, conserves numerous prints tracing the development of the Place de L'Europe and its surroundings.

6. There are other, secondary masking effects as well. In the view selected, the foreground iron blocks any view of the trellis on the right side of the *place;* our only view through the girders leads immediately into deep space, to the far trellis arm holding the rue de Londres. The iron-work parts of the bridge in the left background are either obscured (as by the horse and carriage) or strongly understated. We have no reference point, then, by which to judge the scale of the trellis at other points in space. The cut of the rail across the girders, on which the illusion hinges, is completely obscured in the part of the bridge visible in the right distance. The suppression of points of scale orientation, and of crucial middle ground elements, promote a quick movement into deep space compatible with the recession illusion. The rue St. Petersbourg in the left distance, furthermore, rose at a slight angle; thus, still recording accurately, Caillebotte did not have to reveal a sharp break to the true horizontal of the middle ground, but could prolong the rising angle of the rue de Vienne into deeper space as defined by the far left pylons.

7. See the remarks of Linda Nochlin on city-scapes (and on the *Temps de pluie* particularly) on pp. 167–170 of her *Realism* (Baltimore: Penguin, 1971), and most especially the comments of Aaron Scharf on Caillebotte and the camera in his *Art and Photography* (London: Penguin, 1968), p. 133. Ms. Nochlin erroneously titles the *Temps de pluie* (Fig. 103), as others have, *Place de L'Europe on a Rainy Day;* in fact, the scene is the intersection of the rue de Turin and the rue de Moscou, a short way up the present rue de Leningrad (formerly rue de Berlin) from the Place de L'Europe.

The dog serves several functions in the *Pont.* It is most obviously an irresistible spatial "arrow" reinforcing the illusory acceleration into deep space; the tail, a bright impasto on an otherwise smooth surface, appears almost to protrude through the picture plane, to lead the viewer in. The animal's shape also serves as "bridge" between the top-hatted figure and the leaning man (see below). Furthermore, the detail of the poised rear foot, just off the ground, injects a precise sense of moment.

8. Lemoisne 368, formerly Gerstenberg Collection, Berlin.

9. The use of repetitive elements is widespread in Caillebotte's early work. In the Louvre's *Raboteurs de parquet* (see reproduction in Nochlin, *Realism*, Fig. 92), we see three nearly-identical figures in three different stages of the same process. This breakdown of motion into separated elements is also noticeable in several Caillebotte boating scenes; see Mlle Berhaut's *Caillebotte, L'Impressioniste* (Paris: Bibliothèque des Arts, 1968), Figs. 1, 5, 11, and 12. In Figs. 4 and 13 *(ibid.)*, the cyclical time reference also seems clear. Once again, this suggests Caillebotte's knowledge of photography. Scharf, in *Art and Photography*, finds the same phenomenon in Degas: "a kind of cinematic progression. . . . The juxtaposition of like subjects, and in some cases of the same subject, to simulate the appearance of a single, animated figure recorded in more or less consecutive phases of its movement even antedates the photographs of Eadweard Muybridge"; and he notes that "as early as 1860 cameras were in operation which could have been used to take several successive poses of the same subject on a single plate" (p. 156).

10. The same compositional technique was used in the similarly structured *Peintres en bâtiment* of 1877 (MB 39, reproduced in *Caillebotte*, 1966, Fig. 5). In this latter work, the painter's ladders repeat the huge pie-wedges of which the image is built; with their transverse rungs, the ladders particularly echo the receding vertically divided facades at right. To a less noticeable extent, the umbrellas in the *Temps de pluie* also effect a compositional interlock, as each one, with its radiating ribs and handle, is a minor restatement of the entire intersection with its vertical lamppost.

11. It should be noted that Caillebotte had a close personal knowledge of the area he painted in the *Temps de Pluie* and the *Pont.* He grew up in the 8th Arrondissement, living on the rue de Miromesnil (see Berhaut, 1951), not far from both sites. The building of the *Pont* took place in Caillebotte's late teens; and the *Quartier de L'Europe* in general was hardly developed at all prior to 1847. Thus, as he matured, Caillebotte saw the neighborhood constantly grow through processes of radical alteration; the experience no doubt affected his reaction to the scenes as he confronted them in 1876–77.

The relation of figure to scene in the *Temps de pluie* suggests that of mis-scaled wanderers in Piero della Francesca's *Ideal City* (Ducal Palace, Urbino), and the impression may have more than superficial interest. The *Temps de pluie* also contains echos of Piero's *Flagellation* (Ducal Palace, Urbino), a painting Caillebotte could have seen in copy form at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts (my thanks to Ms. Mary Tussey and to Prof. Kurt Forster, respectively, for these latter suggestions). Perhaps it is partially the association with Piero that makes the *Temps de pluie* so premonitory of Seurat and the *Dimanche après-midi sur l'île de La Grande Jatte* (Art Institute of Chicago).

12. Mlle Berhaut has remarked that the *Pont* also arouses memories of Manet's *The Railroad* of 1873 (National Gallery of Art, Washington, reproduced in *Realism*, Fig. 97), in *Caillebotte, L'Impressioniste*, 1968, p. 34. Caillebotte owned Manet's *Le Balcon*, and its effect, on the *Temps de pluie* for example, is not to be ignored. A curious reversal of this as yet unexplored relationship may be seen in the way Caillebotte's complex *Au Café* of 1880 (MB 90, Musée des Beaux-Arts, Rouen) anticipates some of the features of Manet's *Bar at the Folies-Bergères* of 1884 (see also Manet's sketch for the latter, in the Gemeentemusea, Amsterdam, where the relationship is closer).

13. See Berhaut, "La vie et l'œuvre . . .", 1951.

14. Mlle Madeleine Delpierre, Conservateur of the Musée du Costume de la Ville de Paris, confirmed to me that the costumes in the *Temps de pluie* and the *Pont* are those of the "*bourgeoisie élégante*" of the time. The costumes in the *Temps de pluie* are those of winter, while the more decorated skirt and *ombrelle* of the *Pont* suggest spring. The respective outfits of the bourgeois and the worker in the *Pont* are so clearly contrasted as to be almost clichés, like those of the corresponding characters in the drawings of journalist-satirists such as Cham.

15. Among the views of bourgeois life, see particularly the fascinating *Déjeuner* of 1876 (MB 16, reproduced, Fig. 4, in *Caillebotte*, London, 1966), which renders, from the artist's place at the table, a family luncheon served by the valet amid splendid crystal. See also the *Jeune homme au piano* of the same year (MB 11, reproduced in *The Art Journal*, 1895, p. 308), showing Caillebotte's brother in a richly appointed corner of their apartment; and the *Portraits à la campagne* (MB 27, reproduced in *Musées de France*, July, 1948, p. 145), which Mlle Berhaut has justly compared to Bazille's *Réunion de Famille.*

16. See note 10, above.

17. See Huysmans' remarks on Caillebotte in «L'Exposition des Indépendants en 1880", in *L'Art Moderne* (Paris: Plon, 1911), pp. 99–139. Huysmans' opinions seem to have been based in part on personal friendship; Lucien Pissarro commented in a letter to his father, May 18, 1883, that the painter and the writer were "*companions de canotage*" (John Rewald, ed.: *Pissarro; Lettres à son fils Lucien* [Paris: Michel, 1951], p. 45).

18. It is questionable whether the woman here is in fact a companion, as she is slightly behind Caillebotte, and seems to be looking beyond his back. However, her social level (judged by costume), as well as her scale and proximity, clearly attach her to the artist's figure; she is a part of the same *flâneur* category, and shares the contrast with the worker figures.

It may be unclear in reproduction, but is certain in first-hand study, that Caillebotte is staring at the worker; the worker is looking sharply down onto the tracks.

(Continued on page 59)

rebel's part is contained within a framework and it would be senseless if its fury were not directed against manifest institutions. It is, thus, both natural and rather surprising that Haese himself is reluctant to admit his allegiance to one of the noblest attempts to create insight into the human condition; the lonely individual's—who confronts the real terror of the soul and the stars.

Haese is, of course, no revolutionary. In the truest and most compelling manner he is loyal to the craftsman's and the maker's ideals. His principles are dedicated to the notion of continuities and perfection. He could have escaped from a named master's ruling influence if he had been a mere jeweller or watchmaker; but, as an artist, with something to say, his work could not do without provenance of some kind. Communication of any kind is impossible without a readily available language—and its grammar is always inherited. From generation to generation it may become modified and the processes of modification may have been accelerated in the twentieth century—but it would be idle to deny the verifiable existence of languages and dialects. The abstract ideal of their structures provides the only means we have to formulate communicable statements. Klee's role in Haese's growth must be seen in this light. Imitation has played no role in Haese's adaptation of a readily noticed pattern. He exploited vocables much as a child who learns to reply to adults—and, in the process, discovers how he is to assert himself in a world which has existed before he was born into it. In Haese's early experiments with wire and wiremesh sculptures the calligraphic symbols allude directly enough to the abstract potency of Klee's script but he developed their rhythmic suggestiveness along individual lines. Scale, a metaphysical inclination and a precision in identifying the content of his utterance—these were the three attributes he retained from the precedent's example.

Formulating the thesis in this manner clarifies how overwhelming Klee's place could be in the present—and how silly it would be to look for direct borrowings in Haese's œuvre. Haese's relationship to Klee is the discovery's. He has unlocked the secret powers of an untapped reservoir full of vibrant energies. The three characteristics which he identified in a great master's legacy signify possibilities altogether different from the modes fashionable in the present. Duchamp and Matisse left concepts which justified gigantic experiments; their followers tend to ignore the authoritative veracity of the intimate, confessional testimony. The evidence of an artist's imagination has never managed to exclude references to metaphysical facts—but in Duchamp's anti-art and in the colour-world of Matisse these metaphysical facts were unconcerned with the original inspiration of angels and stars. Haese has resurrected the religious content of a forgotten iconography—and, via Klee, he has found means to illustrate symbols of awe. Nor, indeed, could Haese's triumph have coped with his subject matter if he had not recognized the need for precise definitions of a kind which conflict with the conclusions we have derived from the ideas of Matisse and Duchamp.

Negation is the motive force of anti-art; and the asseveration of colour painting posits action as its real inspiration. There is a fantastic human nobility in the abstract expressionists' celebration of human commitment; it is intoxicating and it has the drunken magnificence of every ecstasy but, in its preoccupation with the active principles, it overlooks, deliberately enough, the passive presences—and these passive presences of the human condition have, for ever, been allotted the role of immanence by the human imagination. The tendency towards abstraction excluded their imagery from the action-painter's canvases. Their aspect could not be recorded unless their features were delineated faithfully and accurately.

The stars and the stellar spaces have always been the repository of the human imagination when man looked for causes, explanations, myths or an existential illustration of his own absurd predicament. Haese has always been preoccupied with the iconography of the universe but he has added something of his own to it; he has married to it an imagery which specifies the atomic grid's infinitesimal regularity and he has stressed the threat of the atom's terribly patterned network by using the clockwork's springs—in order to combine the hostile force's imagery with the inevitable signalling of time. His compositions are deliberately calculated to take their place in the sequence of devotionally intended art. There is a baroque and nordic quality in the profusion of his detailing and it provides a tenuous link between his work and the great northern altar pieces. Naturally enough, he is unable to reconstruct or to refer to the prototypes of Christian mythology—but it is certain that his conceptions are, in many ways, related to the terror-provoked ontology of religion. His art is the modern counterpart of an ecclesiastic tradition, and it replaces the impersonations of the supernatural with the graphic symbols of what we have come to accept as superhuman.

There are neither churches, nor chapels to accommodate a vision such as Haese's—or, for that matter, Klee's; and the private characteristics of it may go a long way towards explaining the miniaturist inclination of these objects. The decorative grandeur of the colour painting renders it fit to enter whatever spaces are available for the celebration of grandeur. Banks, museums or the latest equivalent of the palace are eager to offer their vast blank surfaces to a convincing statement of beauty. Conversely, the subversive gestures of anti-art must deny every link with the organized and socially meaningful volumes of the architectural environment—and they must export the nihilistic gesture into the wastelands and into the deserts of the landscape. In contradistinction to most of the present's testimonially designed definitions, Haese's objects have the portable shrine's quality—and they would seem to be equally at home among four domestic walls, or under the sky, in the cultivated garden where the wind's energy is brought under control by hedges and strategically planted trees. Exposed to the forces of nature, the intricate components of Haese's suspended world would tremble and gyrate in accordance with the natural dance's live rhythms, and it would have the strange and vulnerable vitality of the fluttering leaf.

This portable, unfixed aspect of Haese's pieces brings them, paradoxically, very much closer to the spectator. It goes without saying that the mobile features of his œuvre reproduce the tactile values of all finely made sculpture—for the fascination of setting his universes in motion is, truly, irresistible; but, in this context, the fact is irrelevant. Far more important is the self-sufficient nature of the great majority of his compositions. They can dispense, in the main, with pedestals and they seem to ask for being carried from place to place by the traveller—and even their fragile construction does not seem to interfere with their capacity to accompany the restless imagination. In fact, their perishable delicacy supplicates for constant attention. As against the high ideal of an impersonal grandeur, which characterizes most of our contemporary trends, Haese posits the deeper symbols of personal experience. It could be argued that the attack, which is the hallmark of all avant-garde art, exploits the emblems of assault on behalf of an illusory courage—which is an essential attribute of the artist's make-up; but the temerity required to confront Haese's trembling imagery of fear is no less great.

It so happens that art cannot do without subject matter and expression steers a dangerous course between the exclusive poles of image and allusion. Direct and indirect representation are the available alternatives. Total abstraction is impossible. Coincidence and the extensions of logical thought ensure that shape, material and colour induce corollary correspondences between figures and events. No square is an accident and no colour without a precedent. Sculpture is, in general, without the picture's capacity to do away with vague allusions; it cannot readily suggest regions of indeterminacy.

In the circumstances it is one of Haese's triumphs that he has managed to reconcile the innate precision of the sculptural statement with a metaphorically potent content. His technique is not narrative or literary but it has literary and intellective parallels. The uniform-disguised protagonists of his enclosed compositions enact a drama of sorts. They are interdependent. But their multiple identities do not depend merely on the magnetic fields created by companionship. Having neighbours and being regimented is not the sole condition of their existence. Their uniqueness is complex. Within the single

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VARNEDOE: CAILLEBOTTE, Notes

19. See Linda Nochlin's analysis of this painting: "Gustave Courbet's *Meeting:* A Portrait of the Artist as a Wandering Jew", *Art Bulletin* XLIX (Sept., 1967), pp. 209–222. Other examples of such imaginative self-portraits are discussed by Helmut Börsch-Supan in "Caspar David Friedrich's Landscapes with Self-Portraits", *Burlington Magazine* CXIV (Sept., 1972), pp. 620–630.

20. The will was dated November 3, 1876 (a codicil was attached November 20, 1883). Relevant quotes from the document were published by Tabarant in "Le Peintre Caillebotte et sa collection", *Le Bulletin de la vie artistique*, August 1, 1921, pp. 405–413.

component, there are the multiple meanings of the metaphor. The shape is counterbalanced by a descriptive structure. The watchspring's spiral, for instance, relates human time to the unwinding rotation of the spiral nebulae; within one gesture, the metallic glitter describes the amoeba's dependence on light and the sun's invulnerable-seeming radiance. Correspondences and relationships are constantly involved in Haese's calligraphically employed units; and, after the metaphor's fashion, they are determined to do away with the dogmatic quiddity of the simple assertion. Mystery is his thesis; and he brings to it the knowledge that awe and wonder invest the sacred presence with a metamorphic glory. Love transforms as well, and he instances the human passion in the wrought stations of his workmanship. This, of course, is not the place to catalogue Haese's magnificent use of ambiguities. Suffice it to say that his statuary is not exclusively devoted to the illustration of conceptual entities. The human form and the configurations of civilization have also provided sources for his graphic material; and, in his handling, they have proved no less adaptable for the meaningful hint's purposes than the distant symbols of emotive experience.

These strange personae may have taught him how to do away with the cumbrous weight of the pedestal. Many of his compositions stand on leg-like wire-extremities—and their use contributes an emphatic upright—which sharply distinguishes his use of the self-complete form from the tragic connotations of the same device in, say, Giacometti's work. Indeed, it is interesting that, in the main, horizontality was the result of Giacometti's disdain for the pedestal—and the same, prone and abdicative, tendencies seem to have been accepted by most of the sculptors who learnt from the example of the *Femme Egorgée;* Caro, for instance, has never managed to escape the fatal lack of energies implied by the dissolving linearism of a horizontal spread. The vertical's enormous power to confront is only rarely employed by contemporary sculptors—and one is tempted to wonder how deep an impression was left by Giacometti's *Boule Suspendue* (1930–31)—which may have been one of the first pieces to use the legs of the frame in order to find an alternative for the pedestal. It should be noted, however, that in Haese's work these supporting uprights are almost always employed for the purpose of personification—even where the theme is overtly architectural (e.g., in the *Reise nach Süden,* 1970)—and they have never the stage's function (which is so clearly defined in Giacometti's *Palais à Quatre Heures du Matin*, 1932, and rather indirectly in the *Boule Suspendue*). In Haese's work the vertical assumes the human presence's attributes and it seems to announce consciousness, participation or even an exposure to the dangerous, hostile elements of the environment. The thin, spidery, fragile connotations of these tensile struts are an emphatic reminder of the risks in being alive. Nor is it altogether by chance that the linear nature of the wire contributes a heightened notion of descriptive intent whenever the thin metallic thread fulfils the function of raising and carrying the platform of an argument. (There are stange, probably coincidental parallels between Giacometti's elongated figuration and the book-illustrations of Klee—but, even if they came about by chance, they may indicate a kinship of spirit which expresses itself in Haese's supports as well.)

Haese is an intensely graphic artist. He inscribes volumes on space and as though, after the draughtsman's fashion, he traced lines on the paper's two-dimensional surfaces. But, like the cunning draughtsman, he is a superb illusionist. In the two-dimensional design, the presence of a third is present in the suggestion's form. The laws of perspective and the readily enticed reaches of the inspiration conspire to invest drawings with imaginary spaces. In a very similar way, Haese's technique of drawing in three dimensions recreates an ineluctable experience of an additional dimension; the fourth one, which, for convenience's sake, we may as well identify with time. Happenings and events are excluded from his designs—but their capacity to display the mechanics of movement arrest what is an image of time, eternity or, simply, duration. That is his great paradox. The time-contained episode ripples in echoing vibrations through his spatial designs—and it describes the inescapable coordinates of continuity; but it does not implicate time alone in action. It represents continuities as an independent fabric, beyond past and present, where nearness and distance govern the senses. The notion of an emblematic universe gains its convincingness from these interrelated arrangements—and the mysterious transparence of Haese's schemes imbues it with a special, personal veracity. The emptiness, upon which he inscribes the wire's lines, assumes the paper's palpable reality—simply because it carries a diagram which circumscribes and defines the vacant spaces embraced by it. The light which bursts through these interstitial gaps thus assumes a fixed, physical quality; it becomes meaningful and almost independent. It flows out into the volumes which surround the statuary and it interacts with space, prompting the imagination by rendering the air's immense blanks tangible. The exact and immovable accuracy of the drawn figures seems to fix the spaces which they inhabit—very much like lines on paper, which cannot be shifted either. Thus, Haese's precision obtains an almost incredible monumentality—and in spite of his miniaturism. The immanence of his subject matter combines with his techniques to represent seemingly immense weights. There is nothing of the filigree's inconsequentiality about his work. The ferrous substances obey his bidding with the pen's gentle subservience to a calligrapher's every whim—and they convey the gloriously communicative facets of the written message not only by instancing the elegance of the script; there is more to it than that. The script recites a pictorially valid message—which can be read. Scaffolded though these structures are after the fashion of the atomic model, they transmit a human experience—and they are insistent on formulating it in the graceful terms of all true faith. The spectator need not concern himself with the dull tenets of proselytization; these are nowhere to be found in Haese's œuvre. Haese refers only to the primordial promptings of the creed—and the graceful characteristics of his rhetoric vouch only for the grace which is a singular and inalienable component of his vision and its illustration.

Somehow, without a complex argument of this sort, one would be unable to account for Günter Haese's place in the confused situation of contemporary art. His unique-seeming contribution must, somehow, be related to what opportunities we still have for an illusory advance—and without examining his very special relationship to the art of the past, it would be almost impossible to make a major claim on his behalf. His relationship to Klee is, of course, no more or no less real than Clyfford Still's or Hans Hofmann's to Matisse. It displays an obvious kinship of the mind and the spirit; and it probes the springs of sympathy in order to find latent possibilities in a forerunner's work. The actual discovery of these gloriously fertile opportunities is the measure of every true artist's stature; and, in Haese's case, these stunning disclosures prove the art-historical relevance and the absolute modernity of his statement. He would seem to be a freak if his achievement did not parallel the attainment of his contemporaries. Yet, there is even a further point to be made; seen in this light, Haese's work offers not merely an accompaniment to one of the dominant themes of the period—but it is conceivable to regard it as an individual continuation of another equally resonant leit-motiv. The historical associations of his œuvre establish its importance. He has undoubtedly added a new direction to experimentation—and he has firmly anchored its legitimacy by connecting it with the closed chapters of the record. It is essential to bear this in mind—for his place is, in many ways, paradoxical.

An altogether different approach must be made to stress Haese's preeminence among our contemporaries. Any comparative evaluation of his work must take his origins into account. He spent seven years at the Düsseldorf Academy in Ewald Mataré's shadow—and it is surely no coincidence that Joseph Beuys was his contemporary at the same institution. He responded to the same influences—but his instincts looked for constructive solutions. During the decades which inspired every manner of destructive impulse, in his own environment he was almost alone to search for positive principles. His loyalty to the notion of creation was sufficiently strong to support his confidence in the direct, affirmative gesture and it helped him to resist the unconstructed, diffuse and antiformal gesticulation of mere anger. This was no mean achievement for a German raised in the ruins of the forties and the fifties. While anti-art continues to rail at the guilt of a far from innocent world, Haese has kept his eyes fixed on unwavering ideals—and the fury of a political rebel appears to have obsolescent qualities when compared with Haese's imagery of awe; for sins must have demonstrable occasions—and the demonstrable occasion is easily forgotten. But virtues have the lasting nature of the star—whose presence illuminates and quivers in the vital fabric of these constructions. Strange to say, there is something of the material's corrupt, corroding, putrefying and obtrusive quality in the mostly non-material art of any rebel's politically committed, demonstrative pieces—while Haese's tangible metals attain a transcendental air.

ART CRITICISM: OTHER MINDS, OTHER EYES

CARTER RATCLIFF

I

Art criticism depreciates other minds. At least, recent art criticism in New York has done so—often, and out of no logical necessity, only by inclination. But, why not? Art criticism isn't logical. It's the pursuit of inclinations. Aren't other minds a concern of philosophy, along with solipsism, the possibility that there are no other minds?

It's true that the philosopher's other minds, even the esthetician's other minds, are no concern of the art critic. There are, though, other other minds. There are the other minds taken for granted by ordinary discourse. And art criticism has *its* other minds, ones of proper concern to it, ones which have come in for poor treatment, locally.

This is critical opinion. It arrives from another by now not very exceptionable opinion of the same kind: that the varieties of discourse are not right or wrong either in their foundations or their conclusions; they are instead useful, effective, helpful, appropriate or the opposite; and in trying to be useful, effective and so on, each variety of discourse adopts whatever topics, concerns, strategies, tactics, points of view, vocabulary or even geneology it finds useful and effective for itself. Adoption is often borrowing. The varieties of discourse can legitimately share topics and concerns, but only in the most general way.

For any discourse to be useful and effective it must define and approach its topics and concerns in a manner appropriate to itself. This leads to the conclusion I've already stated, that art criticism, which presupposes three parties to its remarks—artist, critic and lay audience—, must have its own approach to, and definition of, other minds.

Art criticism is traditionally eclectic. Sometimes it doesn't alter what it borrows. But even at its laziest it can make no use of philosophy's other minds nor those of ordinary discourse. The former are a logical problem arising out of the peculiar fact that rational systems require only a single mind—the philosopher's—for their "satisfactory" elaboration. The latter is an unself-consciously accepted foundation of ordinary discourse itself. Philosophy's other minds are too formal, those of ordinary discourse are too informal for art criticism, which is intuitive but self-consciously so, self-examining but non-rationally so.

Art criticism has its origins in sixteenth-century Italy, after the High Renaissance had ended and before modern metaphysics had begun. Whether in support of Florentine *maniera* or Venetian color and brushwork, the sixteenth-century demand for style, grace, charm, facility, delightfulness and beauty freed art from the judgments of reason which had been brought to bear upon it from classical times until then. Style and charm in painting are not qualities with which reason can come to terms—they evade the terminology the philosopher can respectably manipulate. These qualities belong exclusively to painting, as style and charm in sculpture and architecture belong to those mediums. The philosopher, trying to find a logically tenable foundation for experience and value, is at a loss here. The authority of reason passes to an intuition specially adapted to the restricted setting in which style evolves and charm makes its claims. Art criticism begins when that intuition turns self-conscious enough to articulate its findings in a manner independent of philosophy—and independent of ordinary discourse, too.

The instrument and source of the critic's intuition is a fictional organ—his "good eye". This is the eye whose most articulate sixteenth-century spokesman is Vasari. It is the eye sensitive to qualities belonging to painting, sculpture and architecture alone, the eye which learns to look for the birth of those qualities in drawings—objects formerly ignored—, the eye that "knows" what Vasari means when he praises facility, when he speaks in a famous letter to Aretino of having "painted a group of naked figures fighting, first to show my skill in art, and secondly to follow the story".

Vasari's eye is, as I've said, the most fully self-conscious in sixteenth-century art criticism, but see Dolce, Pino and Aretino. Skip, for present purposes, the subphilosophers, Lomazzo and Zuccaro. In each case of proper art criticism, the critic accepts in an intuitive way the fact that artist, critic and lay audience are all "other minds" to each other. This acceptance can be seen in a rhetorical device, the dialogue into which Dolce and Pino cast their critical speculations. It can be seen in the fact that much criticism appeared in self-conscious but informal exchanges of letters—see Aretino and Varchi. And it can be seen in Vasari's concern, in the course of his remarks on Pontormo, for the viewer's "satisfaction". Thus, in addition to making pronouncements on the painter's work, he frets about the obscurity of Pontormo's subject matter, about inexplicable departures from his familiar style. Vasari speculates on the relationship of Pontormo's nature to human nature in general, and on the possibility that his own nature might somehow undercut the usefulness of his intuitions. He implies throughout the need of the lay audience to develop a properly sophisticated eye of its own, while pointing to the painter's responsibility to reward that eye with delights appropriate to his medium. All this is to say that Vasari indicates here and elsewhere a proper, subtle and—if the phrase isn't by now useless—psychologically profound sense not only of the profusion of "other minds" in the vicinity of art, but also of the way a "good eye" for value in art arrives from the attempt to see and to answer the demands those minds make upon each other.

In freeing itself from philosophy in particular, art criticism learned to claim that a good eye is connected not to reason but to a faculty of its own, the (artistic) imagination—following Leonardo, perhaps. Though his theoretical writings on art are sub-philosophical, not critical, he was willing to give the imagination an independence which the critics who followed him might have found useful.

The critical imagination is a fictional faculty in the way the critic's eye is a fictional organ. Fictions of this kind are not faults in alogical discourse. These two are useful and effective so long as they help criticism make remarks of value.

The artistic eye and intuition are so firmely linked to the imaginative faculty by 1776, that even the rational Joshua Reynolds feels constrained to chastise the merely rational artist, the copyist who "will produce but scanty entertainment for the imagination". He goes on immediately to show his critic's sense of other minds: "Everything is to be done with which it is natural for the mind to be pleased, whether it proceeds from simplicity or variety, uniformity or irregularity; whether the scenes are familiar or exotic; rude and wild, or enriched and cultivated; for it is natural for the mind to be pleased with all these in their turn. In short, whatever pleases has in it what is analogous to the mind, and is therefore, in the highest and best sense of the word, natural." (Seventh Discourse.) Reynolds' version of "natural" is a quality shared in a proper way, and with a proper equality, by all the parties to the experience of art.

During the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the critic's eye functioned in an "atmosphere" of other minds. The critic's notion of himself, the self-consciousness which precipitated art critical discourse, posits the differences between other minds—that of the artist who wants to delight his audience, that of the audience wanting to be delighted, and that of the critic with his intuitively defined responsibility to risk saying when and more or less why delight is legitimate.

Imagination underwent a change at the outset of modernism. The change affected modernist criticism, often adversely. Before I make any remarks about that event, I'd like to point out the obvious. Criticism's responsibility to other minds is not contingent on agreement about values. Vasari looked for delight in painting, Reynolds for "entertainment". Criticism can reject these traditional styles of delectation, but it cannot reject the concern for other minds upon which criticism rests—I mean, it cannot do so and be any good. Not even the values implied by the extremes of modernist catatonia, autism and plain sullenness can justify a critic's depreciation of other minds, of others' experience, whether the artist's or the audience's.

A variation on this obvious point—Vasari, Reynolds and the other familiar figures from their period, Bellori, de Piles, Shaftesbury, Richardson, are not to be respected because their critical judgments were correct. It would be naive to suggest this or to argue against it. (See the second paragraph of this article.) Correct judgment is not the point. The point has to do with—and the best pre-modern critics are to be respected for—a humane consideration of the fact that we are all in it—whatever it is—together. Critical comments, speculations and even self-confidently pronounced judgments are of value only if they help endow the experience of art with this consideration. Part of the critic's task is to provide, if only by implication, effective, intuitively defined models of ways to go about making this endowment. I'm neither attacking nor supporting

traditional humanism. I'm only suggesting that art criticism which depreciates others is pointless—save where it is vicious.

The artist's and the critic's imaginations are mirrors of each other—distorting mirrors. The other minds problem in criticism (not philosophy) can be put by insisting on this distortion and the intuitively obvious reasons for it. It's obvious in the same way that the most useful criticism will not attempt the impossible; it will not try to compensate for the problem. It will not be irresponsible; it will not try to suppress the problem. It will take the problem into account, transforming it from a problem to a starting point. It's clear, then, that if the artistic imagination undergoes a radical change, so will the critical imagination, the critical eye and criticism itself. Such a change occurs with Romanticism, rather, in the Romantic use of a borrowing from Kantian philosophy.

To put it quickly: When Kant singled out the imagination as the locale of an esthetic experience radically dissociated from other experience, he prepared the way for the Romantic imagination, not singled out but isolated, not capable merely of a revealing experience labled esthetic, but possessed of "divinely" creative powers. Blake's annotation to Reynolds' *Second Discourse*—"As the Eye, Such the Object"—provides the rubric for a program worked out by Coleridge, Schelling and many, many others. The artist's eye sees itself as a nearly absolute determinant.

In the leap from idealist philosophizing to Romantic practice in the arts, revelation becomes creation, and the imagination is deified. My sketch ignores empiricism's contribution to Romantic theory and practice—Locke. To apologize, I'll point out that the empiricist origins of Romanticism are guides to good critical practice, whereas I'm leading up to a discussion of critical abuses following from Idealism and Romantic excess. The critical eye will see that for Blake, Schelling and Coleridge there is the world and the artist's mind—and not much else of interest. Other minds are not dismissed by the Romantic artist, but they are very often depreciated (even in Coleridge's "Dejection: An Ode", which is touching not because in it his "genial spirits fail" and so take him in dejection away from his lady, but because his genius, his "shaping spirit of Imagination", his "beautiful and beauty-making power" is at full strength and so exalts him, in spite of his dejection's resistence, above everybody else, including his lady).

Romanticism, then, developed its own version of a problem in philosophy, metaphysical and post-metaphysical: the "world" of one's concerns can be fully elaborated by and for oneself, within the realm created by the imagination if one is an artist, within the realm defined by reason if one is a philosopher. Other minds create embarrassment in both realms. Embarrassment turns to resentment in Max Stirner's writing, which is a variety of sub-metaphysics or of Romantic sub-art, as one's critical eye prefers: "*I* am my species, am without norm, without model, and the like. It is possible that I can make very little out of myself; but this little is everything, and is better than what I allow to be made out of me by the might of others . . ." (italic his; page 55 of John Carroll's edition of *The Ego and His Own*).

Art criticism began when Vasari and the rest articulated the intuitions of the eye for painting they'd developed. They made their remarks with a proper sense of, and respect for, the various parties to the enterprise—artist, critic and lay audience. This is the source of criticism's appropriate "other minds". With modernism, the imagination—the source of art's forms and criticism's eye for those forms—makes extraordinary claims for itself on the basis of the Romantic doctrine of "creativity". Other minds start to be depreciated. Artists originate these abuses. Critics, making terminological adjustments I'd like to sketch, have followed them.

II

I suggested in the first part of this article that art criticism relies on two fictions: the imagination and the good eye. Art criticism began in sixteenth century Italy when imagination, drifting somewhat free of reason's control, began to align itself with an eye specially adapted to the experience of art, and then to articulate its "findings" under this new alliance. As to the fictional nature of the critic's eye and imagination: I suggested that it is acceptable in any discourse which does not—as art criticism does not—claim philosophical or scientific respectability. Art criticism claims hardly any respectability at all. Whatever it has it earns by refusing to violate the borders of science and philosophy. Such violations are vulgar, which means, among other things, unhelpful—as we'll see in approaching art criticism's recent adventures. Art criticism proper claims only the right to try to help an audience concerned with art, above all the innovative art of its own time. It is, then, a genre of imaginative writing. It makes its points—rather, it offers its help in the form of suggestions, implications, evocations, hints. In doing so, it has learned to use a variety of rhetorical devices shockingly wide when viewed over the long run from Vasari to the latest fledgling New York art pundit. This variety is not only shocking. It is endlessly intriguing—and often amusing in a way that imaginative writing alone can be when it tries to transcend itself in the direction of definitive judgment.

But the rhetoric of art criticism is not my direct concern here. My direct concern is with an implication of art criticism's origins and its function. If it comes out of the sixteenth century discussion of art, often by artists, for the benefit of an audience in the process of cultivating sensibilities particularly adapted to the experience of art, then the art critic accepts as a premise the existence of other minds. As I said in the opening section of this article, art criticism takes place in an "atmosphere" of other minds. Furthermore—and this is a point of extreme importance—these other minds are criticism's own. They are conceived and addressed in a manner peculiar to the critical enterprise. The other minds of philosophy, science and ordinary discourse are not parties to art criticism. Other minds as the locale of specifically "artistic" experience are the only ones of concern here. The minds of the artist, the audience and the critic define themselves out of respect for the legitimate demands they make on each other. This requires an imaginative approximation of one individual's experience to another's—the viewer's to the artist's and, in anticipation, the reverse; along with the mediating approximations of the critic. These imaginative processes are complex and elusive because the imagination remains throughout a fiction and yet a determining part of "real" experiences. Complexity and elusiveness are all the greater because the various imaginations are not merely instruments here. They are mediums to each other, mediums which are more and more self-consciously employed as the dominion of reason wanes.

Art criticism requires the Horatian concern for the effect of art to be taken away from reason, upon which it rested, and given to the potentially creative imagination upon which the modern(ist) experience of art rests. Skipping from Vasari and his fellow originators to eighteenth century Britain, we see that in the currents of development sweeping past academic resistance the imagination's independence of reason grew militant. Benevolism, empiricism, skepticism and the Longinian revival all added their momentum. The imagination achieved isolation, a state that was formally certified—I think that's a properly legalistic way of putting it—in Kant's rigid esthetics. As the new dispensation neared, the imaginative faculty was granted and hence began to display new powers. Romanticism begins when the imagination takes itself to be more or less divine. This led, as I mentioned before, to sub-philosophical approximations of solipsism—for what is the god-like power of the Romantic artist's creative imagination to create if not a realm of esthetic experience wherein other minds are part of what is to be dominated?

For the spectacle of major Romantics struggling with this unpleasant difficulty see Keats's *Lamia*, see the implications of his admiration for Shakespeare throughout his letters, see Hazlitt on Shakespeare, see Wordsworth's *Prelude* (1805) and so on. For these difficulties given in to, take a crack at deciphering Blake's prophecies, his private version of Scripture. I know, reader, that my suggestions are presumptuous. However, I have a feeling that some of my art world audience may be so fully attuned to the modernist tendency toward specialization initiated by art criticism itself that they have been led to neglect, if ever so temporarily, these important literary works. To turn to Romantic painting—consider the implications of Napoleonic imagery. Consider in landscape the difficulties felt by everyone from Wilson to Turner in finding a way to enclose the expansive creations of the individual imagination within the edges of the canvas—but this is extraordinarily difficult. It requires an imaginative grasp of what defies the prerogatives of the painter's imagination, namely, the edges' conventional role in giving coherence to the surfaces and depths of Romantic painting. It requires the same sort of grasp of the legitimacy of convention. Convention, after all, is the means by which, in language or in art, other minds undertake to recognize each other—however grandiose the imagination's claim have become. Austin extends his notion of performative language so far as to claim that simply to speak is to perform the act of presupposing other minds. (See his "Other

Minds", page 115 in the *Philosophical Papers*. This article is included in *Logic and Language*, edited by Antony Flew.)

But I am conducting a critique of criticism, not a respectably philosophical analysis of it. All I hope to do is formulate certain intuitions, that is, certain notions drawn from an imaginative response to things. The Romantic artist's use of the creative imagination tempts him to depreciate other minds. If the critical imagination is to respond to Romanticism, it must approximate the artistic imagination of the Romantic. The results of this necessity have sometimes been peculiar. Criticism's proper definition of itself in a full, lively, immediate and above all helpful acknowledgement of "its own" other minds has often been set askew by the need to imitate in Romantic and in subsequent modernist developments an artist's sub-philosophical solipsism. What follows here is a critique of this development in American art criticism of the sort that appears in periodicals—that is, in art criticism addressed quarterly, monthly and sometimes weekly to an audience interested in recent artistic events. Here if anywhere, under pressure to respond to continuous change for the benefit of those often baffled by it, the critic will be conscious of the demands of other minds. If he appears self-absorbed in his book-length efforts—his memoirs, his philosophic flights, his attempts to play historian—it will be forgivable so long as he respects others, including the artist, in pursuing his first task, which is to fill the pages of magazines with helpful speculation.

▪

I shall talk about contemporary art criticism, but not right away. My plan is to approach the present in leaps of roughly fifty years. This part of my remarks will consider the criticism, usually anonymous, made in American magazines, usually literary, from 1811 to 1826. In the next part I'll look at four critics from the 1860's and 70's; then on to four more from 1913–25, roughly; and so on to our day for a look at Michael Fried, Lucy Lippard, Max Kozloff and Robert Pincus-Witten.

1826 is the date of the first exhibition at the National Academy of Design in New York. From that moment on, American painting, particularly landscape, began to achieve its longed-for national style. 1811 is the date of the first exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Hence 1811–26 is a time of concerted effort toward artistic independence. It is a prelude. Not so in furniture design. 1810 to 1825, as the dates are usually given, is the late Federal period in American furniture. A derivation from England's Regency and France's Empire style, it appears as the anglicized neo-classicism copied from the patternbooks of Sheraton (1791–94) and Hepplewhite (1788) is abandoned for a neo-classicism drawn more literally from Greek and Roman sources. In architecture, the Federal style (there is no early and late) lasts from the time of the American Revolution to about 1820. It doesn't provide as neat a fit with the period in art criticism I'm going to consider. Like the late Federal in furniture it is motivated by an increased interest in archeological accuracy.

The interest here is in seeing that while there are fully developed stylistic periods in American furniture and architecture which correspond to the period 1811–26 in American art criticism, there is no stylistic correspondence. This is not Federal or even, for all its patriotism, "early Republican" art criticism. It's more Georgian in style. This reflects the state of American painting and sculpture at the time. In supporting the London successes of West, Copley and others, the critics I'll be discussing maintain an inheritance from the British discussion of art beginning with, say, Dennis (1701) and continuing on to Reynolds and Alison (1790). That early nineteenth art criticism with a Georgian flavor and late Federal, "archeological" furniture can both be called neo-classical is a difficulty familiar in kind and not very great. Of real importance is the lack of any effective influence of contemporary Romanticism on American art critics of 1811–26.

In his valuable book, *The Artist in American Society*, Neil Harris quotes Mrs. Trollope's remarks on the American concern for technique alone in painting. She says, in part: "I do not remember ever to have heard the words *drawing* or *composition* used in any conversation on the subject." (Italics hers.) Made in 1832, this comment seems fair enough. However, in the *writing* on art two decades earlier, "drawing" and "composition" appear so regularly one is required to see the urbane guidance of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is constant talk of fineness in composition, the proper grouping of figures, correctness in drawing, natural—meaning decorous—proportions and expressions, elegance in drapery, harmonious coloring, unified shading, and so on. (I've said this is a critical not a philosophical look at art criticism. Neither is it scholarly. I have footnoted nothing, though I have appended a note on sources.)

History painting is maintained at the top of the hierarchy of genres, above landscape and portraiture. History is to be grand, landscape true. Portraiture is to dignify human nature. It is to do this—in words repeated over and over—by painting "the soul and well as the body". Other catchphrases: taste must correct genius so that excessive manner—affectation—may be avoided. The great achievements of the past are to guide the artist as he observes nature, but not before he has by steady industry raised himself to the proper level of mechanical skill.

These notions are often used to introduce a review, and then as the occasion and the "sense of fitness" requires—upon turning from one genre to the next, upon discussing an artist's career, upon discovering an especially fine or deficient example, and elsewhere.

The rules, the principles of art are often invoked, never enumerated. Their importance is so steadfastly presumed, however, that a critic can state axiomatically that the pleasures of painting are "intellectual"—for it is reason which formulates the rules and employs them. Truth to nature is demanded, the truth of an idealizing elevation of forms, expressions, subject and all the rest. Truth to nature is inextricably intertwined with the workings of the rules—at an extreme writers will demand that history painters observe the three unities in order to preserve the truth of action. In the *North American Review* of April, 1820, a very favorable review of Countess Abrizzi's book on Canova concludes, after a discussion of the clothing proper for a statue of George Washington, with this: "Nature is to be imitated only in her noble, select, and pleasing parts, and historical truth adhered to no farther than it adds to the beauty, grandeur and charm of the work." On the question of Washington's clothes, the Roman military dress given him by Canova and the modern dress—showing the "fantastical cuts and folds of our modern tailoring"—given him by Chantry are both rejected for a blend of Greek and Roman styles, imaginary, eclectic, non-"archeological" and balanced so as to evoke everything noble and refined in the antique.

Nearly the full range of this critical vocabulary is employed in the comment on a painting by Rembrandt printed in the August, 1813 issue of the *Port Folio* with a line engraving of the work. Here it is called: "Tobit and His Family Prostrating Themselves before the Angel Gabriel." In Bredius it's called: "The Angel Leaving Tobias and His Family"; it hangs in the Louvre. Expression, attitude, chiaroscuro and color are all correct, showing "vigor and truth". The figure drawing and drapery "err against all rule and propriety".

It's surprising for a moment to find the same criteria applied, this time more fulsomely, in praise of Washington Allston's "Dead Man Raised", printed in the May, 1818, issue of the *Port Folio*. Like Rembrandt's painting, Allston's is considered in the mode of Old Testament epic. Its subject is taken from Kings II. It concerns an episode of revivification upon the touch of the prophet Elisha's bones. The critic is careful to point out that Allston has elevated his narrative above its inherent "disagreeability". He treats of the composition, as Rembrandt's critic doesn't, but omits any comment on drapery. Otherwise the approach and approving judgment is very nearly the same in both cases, if expanded in the later review to honor a contemporary American.

These criteria and values, diluted and worn thin, have their source in the academic tradition summarized by Reynolds's *Discourses*. In British discussions of art it is often hard to distinguish between critical and philosophical usages. Certainly much of what is called criticism tries to find a solid basis for itself in esthetics. This doesn't happen in the American art criticism of 1811–26. The inheritance from British sources has lost its philosophical aura completely. The reasons for this should be obvious.

Reynolds, whose great prestige made West's succession to his presidency of the Royal Academy so great a source of American pride, is only very, very rarely mentioned and never adequately recognized by American writers in this period. Reynolds, after all, is the model of the Tory artist. When he is mentioned it is to accuse him, for example, of inconsistency with his own principles. For this reason—and because Addison, perhaps Richarson, surely Hogarth (the theoretician) and West shared in Reynolds's influence—I've decided to attribute the academic notions at work in 1811–26 to an imaginary source entitled "Reynolds".

In eighteenth century academic tradition "every thing that is valuable in taste, is comprised in the knowledge of what is truly nature". (Reynolds, Discourse 7.) Nature, the final standard of appeal, is governed by reason, hence taste can approve the most truly natural with the help of rules established rationally. However, Reynolds's description of artistic progress (in Discourse 2) brings him to say that in his third and last stage the artist will be capable of a judgment arriving from a "sovereignty over [the] rules". This is not a departure from the rules. It is far from a Longinian transport of the passions, but it carries the implication that taste owes something to a faculty not strictly rational: "Refined taste is the consequence of education and habit." (Discourse 13.) The faculty to be educated—for it is thought that reason can simply be applied without much preparation—is called "imagination" or "sensibility", or both together. (Discourse 13.)

Art adresses "mind". Academic reason shares "mind" with the imagination for a pressing reason: "the rules" can never be formulated with a precision sufficient to make them independent in guiding the production of artworks or the proper response to them. In the *Discourses* "the rules" are rhetorical figures, not subjects of analysis or even clear description. Imagination, once educated for its task, joins with reason in maintaining a *taste* for "the rules". All this is circular in more ways than one. It rests on several brilliantly interlocked definitions. The fictions so defined can be demonstrated in their fictional characters to logic, but that's beside the point. The point is to remember that "Reynolds's" fictions were effective in guiding experience, and that they touched on—perhaps "created"—a "reality" whenever that experience was properly specific.

Imagination could only be useful to reason through the workings of its good eye, and yet this fiction is never mentioned by Reynolds. The meaning of his neglect is clear. To repair it would have been to extend outside of mind proper the range of the "mind" to which academic art is adressed. It would be to give into anti-rationalist, overly-materialist forces which the Royal Academy was founded to stave off, forces which Reynolds's comments were intended to discredit. Nevertheless, the eye has an implied place in academic theories of art. The fineness of composition, the correctness in drawing, the decorous expression required by "Reynolds" have no point—and will not even appear in art—if they do not present to the viewer "what is analogous to [his] mind". (Discourse 7.) Further, this presentation can be received in the properly elevating manner only if the vewer is well cultivated. Direct discussion of the fact that the eye is required for this would be indecorous. More importantly, discussion of the eye's part in looking at things must be avoided so that the imagination "behind" the eye can be given an intellectual flavor proper to its closeness to reason.

Even while seeming to neglect the eye, the *Discourses* manage to put the description of prized (but first of all *viewed*) formal traits in a way that leads "naturally" to the conclusion that they are analogous to the best traits of the mind and of man's moral nature. By contrast, there is a rhetorical vagueness, a lack of purchase in early American art criticism. Part of the reason for this is the very literary tastes of the American writers. Their comments appear in journals with literary, historical and political concerns—the *Port Folio*, the *North American Review*, the *New York Mirror* and others. These critics can spin out phrases learned in reading "Reynolds", but they are not adept at attaching specific comments in this style to specific experiences of art—as the similarity of Rembrandt's treatment to Allston's suggests. This is a sign that their critical eye was not very acute. Rather than take this sign of the obvious as obvious in its own right and therefore doubly negligible, I'd like to point out something a bit odd at first sight. We've seen that the academic notion of the "mind" to which proper art is addressed is an acknowledgment of the interwined claims of artist, audience and critic; and the eye in its workings is the agent of this acknowledgment. The good eye ensures a respect for other minds. Now, since the American art critics of 1811–26 don't have especially good eyes for art, it could be argued that they are not proper respecters of other minds. This is not so—at least not to my eye. It doesn't take much to respect the "other minds" party to the critical enterprise. If he is influenced by "Reynolds" it's enough for the critic to accept nothing more than the idea that artworks are *addressed* to someone.

Art judged good according to "Reynolds" is granted automatically the power to refine, cultivate, improve and purify taste, and so "to elevate the nature of man". The early American critical rhetoric is not subtle enough to lead in a persuasive manner from approved formal traits to improving powers, which may have something (surely very complex) to do with the failure of a sophisticated audience for European painting ever to appear in nineteenth-century America. However that may be, American art criticism in 1811–26 did not respond fully to the claims of its own other minds. That is, its rhetorical awkwardness prevented it from being very helpful to the audience which looked to it for guidance. I don't want to overstate this. By accepting the influence of "Reynolds", the American critics of this period did *in intention* respect the claims of the parties to its enterprise, and this is not as negligible as it might appear. To intend to respect others is at least to acknowledge their existences and one's own responsibilities to them. Two things can be said. First, criticism is at best vulgar without this original intention. Next, much criticism has been without it.

Respect for the claims of the audience is given a public cast in the patriotic calls for American success in painting and sculpture. The improvement to be gotten from fine, correct, enobling art is directly linked to the national welfare. The tone set in 1810 with the founding of the Society of Artists of the United States in Philadelphia is taken up and repeated often in magazine criticism. The Society's first announcement is completely under the spell of "Reynolds". Drawing is the foundation of all art. It is to be taught along with general principles and "emulation" of the great achievements of the past. Art affects the private individual by weaning him from vice. It is essential in public life because it improves public taste. The magazine critics are undecided whether public taste must be improved so as to crown the glory of republican liberty or to prevent its decay. In nearly every case, however, there is a concern for the "other minds" of the citizenry conceived not as an art audience but as the repository of national virtue.

The influence of "Reynolds" provides early American art criticism with authority of an incongruous, Tory kind. Its "spirit" is provided by another source. To return to the review of Allston's biblical epic—before the critic gets to a consideration of academic proprieties, he praises the animated, particularized expressions of the numerous characters in the action. He is impressed not by their elevated fidelity to nature, not because they unify the action, but at this point because they evoke a passionate response. They "excite a train of reflections" of a "terrible and sublime" nature. "Reynolds" approves history painting as the noblest, most intellectual, most nearly universal genre. It is approved here because it is the visual equivalent of literature's most awesome mode, the epic, and so must employ crowds of "figures introduced under various and strongly excited passions". This manner of praise occurs over and over. The emotions are to be depicted in a way that transports the viewer emotionally.

The generalized language used in this part of the critical response can be traced to a number of developments in the eighteenth century British discussion of art. When artistic power is equated with emotional power—the experience of "sympathy"—there are echoes of the Longinian revival set under way in English by Dennis and kept up by endless writers. Talk of originality, always of a pre-Romantic kind, recalls Addison and Young, the former much more likely to be familiar to American audiences. The "terrible" in art points to Burke et al.; talk of the associational devices used to evoke emotion point forward to Alison and past Burke back to Locke. Because all these doctrines turn fundamentally on the eighteenth century British sublime, I think their influences can conveniently be joined together in an imaginary figure called, simply, the "Sublime". The "Sublime" nearly always appears side by side with "Reynolds" in the criticism of 1811–26, but hardly ever do they modify each other.

This leaves a seam in the discussion of art. Academic values are invoked to describe intellectual pleasure, the values of the "Sublime" to describe the pleasures of sympathy. This does nothing to undercut the concern for other minds. On the contrary, that concern is doubled. Two irreconcilable forms of it appear in almost every article. "Reynolds" dictates a judgement of the way an artwork addresses the mind. The national feeling of the writers turns this to a public concern. Then—though sometimes this happens first—he describes the manner and degree of sympathy he has felt. Other minds are not only respected under the influence of the "Sublime". They are enthusiastically embraced.

The doctrine that painting and poetry are sister arts is academic. Critics dutifully repeat it after "Reynolds"; for example, to talk about the literary grandeur of a historical subject. The doctrine's greatest importance, though, is in a

transformed state. A writer will arrange the description of an artist's treatment of his subject matter to allow the insinuation of claims for—really, exclamations of—the work's emotional effectiveness. Painted or sculpted imagery is thus allied with a highly charged literary equivalent. The alliance is not based on shared purposes and values or on a similarity of formal structure, as in academic theory, but on a desire to intensify emotions. This transformation of Horatio's and "Reynolds's" idea of the sisterhood of painting and poetry requires painting to allow sculpture into the bargain. It also requires poetry to be transformed into critical prose, but critics were in the habit of evoking the most sublime touches of an artwork through quotations from poems—a practice occasionally satirized. This poeticized criticism is wide open to charges of bombastic silliness. At its extremes it has no purchase at all on the specific qualities of the works it considers. It's easy enough to see, but I'd like to insist, that the rhetorical style developed under the press of "terrible" emotions does show a very strong concern for other minds.

This side of American art criticism in 1811–26 was as fully prepared by eighteenth century writing as was the other side, the American version of "Reynolds". If nothing very definite gets said about artworks, at least a minor genre in the "Sublime's" literature of sensibility—the artistic effusion—does get preserved. A related genre is preserved in the numerous imaginative but "non-fictional" descriptions of landscape that fill the magazines of this period. Commenting on engravings, extracted from books and letters, or presented under the heading of "American Scenery" they are more plentiful than descriptions of art.

I've said that the intellectual pleasures demanded by "Reynolds" are not mixed with the emotional pleasures of the "Sublime". This is largely true but the two influences don't repel each other entirely. Concerned to feel sympathy, the critic is on the lookout for works with "effect". He usually preconceives it as emotional effect, but the demand for "effect" is so constant that in practice the word gets extended to include the originally intellectual, enobling effects of art academically conceived. This extension is made easier by the rhetorical style which emotionalizes the connection between painting and poetry. Exclamations of passionate sympathy sometimes shade off into exclamations of sympathy with elevating, refining, enobling intentions. There is a precedent for this in Reynolds. Starting in Discourse 7, he appears open to a compromise with notions of the soul, of feeling and of imagination against which the academic structure is being formally raised. In Reynolds, though not in his American heirs, this flexibility is the "better part of common sense".

Early nineteenth century American art criticism presents sensibility enclosed by and sometimes mingling with an academic structure. The enclosure wears thin by 1826. "Reynolds" is exhausted. His imitation of natures turns to a realism at odds with idealism and more than ready for the "*pure fact*" of Ruskin. The emotions of the "Sublime" are left to undergo conversion to Emersonianism.

(To be continued)

A NOTE ON SOURCES. My chief sources are the *Port Folio*, January, 1811, to December, 1826; the *North American Review*, January, 1811 to July, 1826; and the *New York Mirror*, August 2, 1823 (its first issue) to June 26, 1826. There are notes, reviews and comments on the Fine Arts throughout—though not in every volume. Of special interest are a review of the second annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy in the *Port Folio*, July, 1812 (the first was missed) and a review in the *New York Mirror*, June 26, 1826, of the first exhibit of the National Academy of Design. The review of Abrizzi's life of Canova is in the *North American Review*, April, 1820. The comments on Rembrandt's and Allston's biblical epics appear in the August, 1813 and May, 1818 issues of the *Port Folio*. In the latter, the critic takes slighting note of Reynolds. See also a review of Benjamin West's "Christ Healing the Sick", the *Port Folio*, December, 1816. Galt's life of West is reviewed in the January, 1817 issue of the *Port Folio;* in May, 1823, memoirs of West appear. Writing for the same magazine in January, 1819, "Detector" takes John Trumbull to task for having violated historical truth in his painting of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Trumbull replies, defending himself. For more general commentary on art, especially in its public function, see the review of Shee's rhymes on art in the *Port Folio*, June, 1816. In its December, 1817, and March, 1818, issues the *Port Folio* presents translations from "the German of Schlegel". This is extraordinarily tame Schlegel. Mostly associationalist arguments are made and countered in a review of the Encyclopaedia Britannica's 1816 article on "Beauty"; the *North American Review*, May, 1818. A very dull passage from La Harpe's comments on Longinus appears in the *Port Folio*, June, 1819. Another magazine of interest in this period is the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, which has little on the Fine Arts, but did as much as the *North American Review* and more than the *Port Folio* to set taste—see the running comments of "Silva". The *Analectic*, like the *New York Mirror*, prints much from British journals. Some of this is on art and shows that the influences of "Reynolds" and the "Sublime" could have come to American art critics of 1811–26 in large part by way of their colleagues in Great Britain. Then too there are excerpts from Northcote's memoirs of Reynolds in the *Analectic* for January, 1814.

LIM/WHITE:

Why was Chang Wu, living more than sixteen hundred years after the songs were composed, attracted to such an ancient text? There are several possible answers. First, the *Nine Songs* seem to have been a popular subject during the Yüan; a version, for instance, was painted by Chang Hung in 1392, and yet another by Chao Meng-fu in 1305. Second, the legends that had accumulated around the author of the *Nine Songs* must have been especially appealing to the Yüan literati painters. These Yüan artists, ousted from office, might well have sympathized with Ch'u Yüan, an official in exile who eventually drowned himself in despair over the corrupt government of his own times.

But undoubtedly a most important reason behind Chang Wu's choice of subject was purely artistic. But illustrating the *Nine Songs* in the archaic mode, Chang Wu was joining a long tradition of figural painters. One of Chang Wu's immediate models was the Northern Sung master, Li Kung-lin (1040–1106 A.D.), who painted figures drawn in fine ink outline without colors (the *pai-miao* method). Depicted in large scale against an empty background, his figures were defined by delicate, curving lines and clothed in graceful, flowing drapery. The ultimate source, however, of this particular mode of figural art was the much acclaimed Ku K'ai-chih of the fourth century A.D., whose works are known today only through written descriptions and later copies (the best being the "Admonitions" scroll in the British Museum at London). It was the venerable Ku K'ai-chih who established many of the conventions of figural art which later artists followed. He was known for his flowing, drifting "silkworm-thread" lines, as seen in Chang Wu's version, and especially noted for his ability to capture the "soul" or spirit of his sitter. It was said that Ku K'ai-chih would paint the eyes last because he considered them to be the most expressive of human features. In the literati painter's obsession to capture the essence or spirit, rather than the superficial likeness, of the subject portrayed, it is not surprising that the ancient master Ku K'ai-chih would serve as an ideal model.

The technique for rendering a face in Yüan paintings was explained in an interesting literary account recorded in a later art text published in 1708 *(P'ei-wen-chai shu-hua-p'u)*. This piece of theoretical writing asserts that the Yüan artists first painted the areas around the nose, then built the other features (eyes, eyebrows, mouth) outwards; as a consequence, the animated faces (one illustrated here in detail) of Chang Wu's deities seem to be exploding outward from a prominent nose. No matter how Chang Wu may have worked, he had reinforced the traditional mode of figural art with the stylistic innovations of his own times, so that his figures appear even more vigorous and expressive than some earlier versions.

KERBER:

Flavin legte diagonal durch das Untergeschoss der Kunsthalle eine Barriere, addiert aus Einheiten von je zwei vertikalen und vier horizontalen Neonröhren, wobei die letzteren einander zur Hälfte überlappen. Das grüne Licht evoziert für den Betrachter seine Komplementärfarbe und verwandelt eindringendes Tageslicht in Rosa. – In den Ecken des Treppenhauses steigen je zwei Reihen kreisförmiger Leuchten in verschiedenen Weisstönungen auf: «In der ersten (längsten) Doppelreihe folgt auf Grau kaltes weisses Licht rötlich warmes weisses Licht, daran schliesst warmes Weiss vor kaltem Weiss in der Reihe zunächst der Treppe, dann kaltes Weiss warmes Weiss und wiederum warmes Weiss kaltes Weiss» (Schneckenburger). – Das System der geschlossenen oberen Halle verschiebt ober- und unterhalb einer blauen Horizontalteilung die Farbfolge rosa, gelb, grün, blau synkopisch gegeneinander. In den Diagonalen steht sich jeweils die gleiche Farbe gegenüber. «Die Röhren in der oberen Reihe sind von der Türe wegorientiert, so dass der Eintretende nur die zart angestrahlten, Licht in Farbe verwandelnden Rahmenrücken sieht. In der unteren Reihe wenden sie sich zum Eintretenden. Auf der gegenüberliegenden Seite kehrt sich dies um. Entsprechend dominiert in den Feldern zwischen den Vertikalachsen jeweils eine Farbe... jedes vierte Feld fluoresziert einzig blau; da vertikale und horizontale Röhren die gleiche Farbe tragen» (Schneckenburger).

Das von Flavin benutzte Neonlicht unterscheidet sich grundsätzlich vom Licht der elektrischen Birne. Als fluoreszierendes Licht geht es nicht von einem Punkte aus, sondern erscheint als Band. Die starken Hell-Dunkel-Wirkungen des Scheinwerferlichtes werden vermieden. Durch Ausschaltung der Schatten erhält das Licht einen fliessenden, umhüllenden Charakter. Das Licht tritt als Farbkontinuum, das Farbkontinuum als Licht auf. Farbe vermittelt sich damit rein in ihrer Existenz fast ohne Bindung an ein Medium. Farbe wird also, indem sie nicht illusioniert wird, quasi erschaffen.

Die Neonröhre verwandelt ihre körperliche Gegenwart durch den Glanz des Lichtes nahezu zur Unsichtbarkeit. Das Licht hindert also den Betrachter am Begreifen der Körpergrenze der Röhre. Somit wird das Medium fast ins Amorphe überführt. Anderseits wirft der – besonders bei der Schranke erfahrbare Dingcharakter der Röhre die Frage nach ihrer Konstellation auf. Nie ordnet sie Flavin zur kühnen Balance europäischer Komposition, denn eine solche würde die Teile in einem übergeordneten Beziehungsgefüge funktional aufgehen lassen. Vielmehr sichert Flavin die funktionsentlastete Identität jedes Teils durch die Anwendung des nicht-relationalen Prinzips der Serialität, u.a. darin liegt seine Nähe zur Minimal-art.

Flavin will den realen Raum optisch zum Zusammenbrechen bringen: «z.B. kann man, wenn man eine 8 Fuss lange fluoreszierende Lampe in eine vertikale Ecke presst, die Ecke durch blendendes Licht und verdoppelte Schatten zerstören. Ein Stück Mauer kann visuell aus dem Ganzen disintegriert werden in ein separates Dreieck, indem man eine Licht-Diagonale von einem zum anderen Mauerrand führt, d.h. von der Seite zum Fussboden zum Beispiel. Die Verwandlung des vorgegebenen Realen in einen neuen illusionierten Raum ist also thematisch.»

Flavins Thema ist die Dichotomie zwischen begrifflich fassbarem Raum und der Erfahrung einer Auflösung der ihn definierenden Grenzen. Aus diesem Widerspruch ergibt sich seine Kritik an Begriff wie Erfahrung. Fassbar wird sie in der Benennung des Werks «The nominal three (To William of Ockham)». Ockham wendet das von Flavin zitierte Ökonomiegesetz «Entia non multiplicanda praeter necessitatem» in seiner Universalienlehre gegen die Existenz eines Allgemeinen in den Dingen. Flavins Widmung an Ockham ist Ausdruck der Kongruenz mit den Gedanken des Philosophen an der ideengeschichtlichen Schwelle zwischen Mittelalter und Neuzeit. Ockham fasst das Universale in der Weise des Individuellen, das Individuelle tritt gegenüber dem Universalen hervor. «Wesenheit ist nicht etwas für sich, sondern die ‹res absoluta positiva›. Überspringt man diachronisch wie Flavin den historischen Abstand zu Ockham und synchronisiert man Ideen, so kann man bei Ockham eine totale Umkehrung jener Forderung Mondrians sehen, welche das Individuelle um des Universalen willen ausgeschlossen wissen wollte. Während für Mondrian das Universale sich in der Beziehungsgestaltung äussert, fügt für Ockham eine reale Relation kein Positivum reale hinzu, sie benennt die Beziehungsglieder, aber nicht eine neue Wirklichkeit zwischen den Korrelaten» (Köhmel). Damit aber erschliesst sich Flavins Widmung in Ockham einen Vorgänger für die wichtigste Forderung der nominalistischen amerikanischen Kunsttheorie: Für das non-relational.

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Horst Rave stellt in der Bonner Galerie Circulus aus (Katalog). Exemplarisch soll hier das «Fallbild über Coelin und Zinnober» analysiert werden.

Rave gliedert die quadratische Bildfläche seriell in Horizontalen gleicher Breite. Ausgehend von den Bildecken kippt er den dort indizierten quadratischen Standard derart, dass sich bei gleicher Grundbreite zur Rahmenmitte hin progredierende Seitenlängen ergeben und somit Parallelogramme entstehen. Im folgenden Streifen greift Rave dann – unter Beibehaltung des Systems – auf das erste der Parallelogramme zurück, im dritten Streifen auf das zweite usf., und zwar so, dass die Neigungsrichtung der Figuren von links nach rechts konstant bleibt. – Aus den Horizontalprogressionen resultieren in der Streifenmitte in jedem dritten Falle Nachbarschaften gleichgrosser Parallelogramme. Wenn in der Streifenmitte Restparallelogramme statt Dreiecke entstehen, dann schliesst Rave sie mit einem Feld, das notwendig die Grösse der Nachbarstreifen hat.

Dieser kontinuierlich-dynamische Formwandel bezieht sich natürlich nicht nur auf die geometrischen Figuren, sondern – dies ergibt sich aus dem streng konstruktiven System – ebenso auf den Bildgrund: die Winkel der hellen Dreiecke werden immer spitzer bzw. stumpfer.

An diesen Formwandel wird der Farbenwandel gebunden. Rave gibt die genannten Ausgangsfarben in den Ausgangsformen zunächst rein an und schafft alsdann kontinuierliche Übergänge. Am rechten Bildrand wird die Farbfolge des Sonnenspectrums ablesbar. «Die einzelnen Farbmengen sind vergleichbar (gleich oder drogressiv) d.h. bewertbar, kein einzelner Farbton dominiert uneinsichtig.»

In der Rationalität des Machens sind Raves Bilder streng systematisch, bezogen auf die Bildfläche als Ganzes und somit konstruktiv. In der unlösbaren Bindung der Farbe an die Form stehen sie den Untersuchungen Richard Paul Lohses nahe.

Zu dem konstruktiven Moment tritt jedoch ein neues: Die Parallelogramme sind nicht nur als Elemente der Flächenteilung aufzufassen, sondern mittels ihrer zunehmenden Dehnung in der Diagonale öffnen sie im Verein mit den Raum- und Lichtsuggestionen der Farbe die Bildfläche. Ebenso regen die rhythmischen Verdichtungen und Verdünnungen zu immer neuen Schweisen an. Der statische wird in einen dynamischen Konstruktivismus übergeführt: «Zirkulation, Metamorphose als Sinnbild.»

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Peter Young exponiert bei Ricke (Köln) neue Bilder. Der innovative Charakter beruht auf einer Formalisierung von Pollocks informeller Non-focus-Malerei über mechanisch (durch Klappen) erzielte Verdoppelungen. Format und ornamentale Teppichstrukturen sind kalkuliert. Zusätzlich inszeniert Young seine Malerei mittels einer leuchtenden, vielfältigen Farbigkeit. Die Interaction of Colours überführt den faktischen in einen wirkenden Sachverhalt. Der psychographische Charakter des Action-painting, die Rückkoppelung an das Unbewusste des Künstlers, wie die ejakulative Spontaneität werden aus dem Bilde eliminiert. Zusätzlich tritt das Verhalten des Materials zurück. Symmetrien heben die Zufälligkeit des Dripping auf. Die noch konservierte Fussbodenpraxis Pollocks wird nicht mehr anschaulich. Enthüllen sich einerseits Symmetrien als Vorbedingung der Ausrichtung einer chaotischen Grundstruktur auf Gestalt, so bindet die Konservierung des nur bedingt steuerbaren Verfahrens diese Gestalt rückkoppelnd doch wiederum ans Amorphe. Wie beim Rorschachtest und beim Objet trouvé kann der Betrachter den vorgegenständlichen Gestalten Figuren assoziieren und über den Einsatz seines Unbewussten dem Bilde applizieren. Verantwortung für Reichtum und Metamorphose des Gesehenen wird vom Künstler an den Betrachter delegiert. Das Bild reduziert seine Funktion auf den Anlass solcher Phantasmen. Youngs Arbeiten tragen also in viel geringerem Masse Information als die Action-painting. In die Rolle des determinierenden Künstlers schlüpft der aktivierte Betrachter. Die hier versuchte Deutung vorgegebener Formanregungen ist ein Sonderfall der Wahrnehmung. Die Ausdifferenzierung lässt sich auch als Wahrnehmung bezeichnen, bei der die Angleichungsarbeit zwischen dem ausgelösten Empfindungskomplex und den mitgebrachten Erinnerungsbildern so gross ist, dass sie intrapsychisch als Deutung statt als Wahrnehmung erfahren wird. Die Arbeiten erschöpfen sich nicht in ihrem anschaulichen Charakter. – Wir haben bisher nur die subjektive Seite dieser erinnernden Erfahrung besprochen. Die Erinnerungsbilder erscheinen zunächst als invariante, geschichtslose des unbewussten Subjekts. In Wahrheit aber sind sie «geschichtliche, in denen das Innerste des Subjekts seiner selbst als dessen Auswendiges, als Nachahmung eines Gesellschaftlich-Geschichtlichen inne wird» (Adorno). Dies erklärt die intersubjektive Kommunikabilität dieser Struktur.

FROM LANGUAGE TO CANT

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

*ARNOLD BEICHMAN**

The crisis of values in the United States arises, in large part, from the erosion of the authority of language. Until now we have maintained a high level of civilization and an unembarrassed sense of mission because, as a people, we spoke and understood the same *moral* language. As Bernard de Jouvenel has written:

> As this common moral language extends, so does society; as it breaks up, so does society.[1]

The crisis of values arises also from the enduring question in politics, one which became the focus of nineteenth century debate and continues to this day; as formulated by Bertrand Russell:

> How can we combine that degree of individual initiative which is necessary for progress with the degree of social cohesion that is necessary for survival?[2]

Today the commonage of polical language is disappearing. Is a revolution against a functioning democracy good or bad? Is a violent revolution ever justified and how much violence? Is terror morally acceptable? Is "socialism" the solution? Is violence a meaningless phrase once the necessity of revolution is accepted? A true revolutionary, like Herbert Marcuse, can, and does, distinguish between good violence and bad violence.[3] What is not often examined, however, is the underlying question: Are there such authoritative findings about human society as to justify political terrorism? If this is an imprecise way of posing the question, let me reframe it: Is there some political system contrived by man, already in being or possible, which so approaches perfection that any price is worth its establishment?

My primary thesis is that our scientific and technological achievements even as they become more wondrous, make more difficult and problematical the possibility that we may achieve a state of human affairs in which mankind will be able to create that glorious brotherhood about which Schiller rhapsodized in his "Ode to Joy".[4] Yet the quest for the Ultimate Answer is unending among our present-day system-builders, those who base their cosmopolitics on Marxism, Leninism, or Maoism, or some new variant of the Corporate State. Alexis de Tocqueville dealt with this problem in his post-1848 memoirs:

> For my part, I detest these absolute systems, which represent all the events of history as depending upon great first causes linked by the chain of fatality, and which, as it were, suppress men from the history of the human race. They seem narrow, to my mind, under their pretence of broadness, and false beneath their air of mathematical exactness. I believe . . . that many important historical facts can only be explained by accidental circumstances, and that many others remain totally inexplicable. Moreover, chance, or rather that tangle of secondary causes which we call chance, for want of knowledge how to unravel it, plays a great part in all that happens on the world's stage; although I firmly believe that chance does nothing that has not been prepared beforehand.[5]

The second part of my thesis argues that those who most endanger our hopes for a better world are those intellectuals who, in the tradition of Robespierre, have so transformed language as to create confusion in the minds of millions of Americans and other inhabitants of the western democracies about what constitutes change and social progress.[6]

It is nothing new that politicians and statesmen tell lies, or, more usually, half-truths, nor is it so unusual that intellectuals can on occasion desert their vocations as seekers after truth for the taste of power and the pleasure of special status. What is unprecedented is that since the Russian Revolution in 1917, there has been a spate of plain and simple lying by innumerable social critics here and abroad whose chief weapon has been the destruction of the meaning of words without regard to fact, evidence, truth, or simple respect for human decencies.

I am not talking about political lying. This, in the nature of political debate in democracies, produces what approximates the desirable by engineering compromise into social design. Political lying—one can call it "campaign oratory", "the broad view", or some other euphemism—is tolerable and sometimes even amusing so long as we all, more or less, live by a common moral language. When the common moral language begins to disintegrate, the ties which hold a people together are weakened. Normal cleavages among races, religions, classes, sects, groups then become impassable chasms.[7] Senator Joseph McCarthy, by himself and for a short time, weakened our common moral language. Watergate has shocked people of all political faiths because it was directed to a revolutionary alteration of the American polity by men—the only participants in Watergate were males as far as I know—whose sense of social outrage led them to seek, conspiratorially, to subvert political debate into revolutionary channels. For let none doubt that had the Watergate conspiracy succeeded we should be living today under a form of presidential tyranny comparable to that of the Lincoln administrations without remotely enjoying the justification of trying to save the Union as Abraham Lincoln could claim during a civil war.

How did it happen that we came so close to possible subversion of the American democratic system? I submit that in the highest echelons of government and among those social critics who served the White House, the meaning of words had been so corrupted that everything became permissible in the interests of some unilaterally defined Higher Truth, some Ultimate Answer. We have become accustomed to politicians making large claims in order to further policies or ambitions. What we have not become accustomed to is the "ideological lie", the objectification of an innocent act into guilt, unintended perhaps, but guilt nevertheless. The ideological lie based on the idea of a Single Virtue characterizes the Bolshevik mind.[8] The concept of the ideological lie leads to another—that there is such a thing as "scientific truth", a truth which can be proven scientifically.[9]

Karl Marx himself was a great student of socioeconomic trends and, like any good analyst, sought to predict what might occur given certain environmental conditions, both social and physical. But Marx went beyond prediction into the riskier field of determinism. It was not merely that something might possibly come to pass. It *had* to come to pass. It was not merely prediction; it was disclosure of the future as absolute, guaranteed fact, a form of Calvinistic predestination, about which the sinner—in this case the capitalist system—could do nothing to avert an awful fate. As R.S. Peters has written:

> What makes nonsense of Marx's picture of the pattern of historical evolution [is that] by revealing the economic causes of social change he also revealed the points at which intervention could be effective to alter its course. Had the *laissez-faire* system of the middle of the nineteenth century persisted, there might well have been the collapse of capitalism which Marx prophesied. But those who developed the state as an instrument for intervening in economic affairs had learnt a good deal from Marx. His causal analysis had opened their eyes to the points at which there must be state intervention if his prophecies were to prove false. So there is a sense in which his prophecies were factors in preventing from happening what he prophesied would happen.[10]

This lesson of what happened to Marx has been lost upon many of America's alienated intellectuals. No matter what happens in America, it is a proof to them that the end is not far off. Much of what these intellectuals say about politics sounds convincing until one applies the basic verifiability principle to their statements to determine whether they are empirical or metaphysical. By metaphysical, I mean a statement which can be neither verified nor falsified but only exemplified. In his brilliant critique of Herbert Marcuse, Professor Alasdair MacIntyre has written:

> It is a necessary condition of rationality that a man shall formulate his beliefs in such a way that it is clear what evidence would be evidence *against* them and that he shall lay himself open to criticism and refutation in the light of any possible objection. But to foreclose on tolerance is precisely to cut oneself off from criticism and refutation. It is gravely to endanger one's own rationality by not admitting one's own fallibility.[11] (Emphasis in text.)

This necessary condition of rationality has been ignored by our powerful social critics. Many of their statements are non-falsifiable by which is meant that the theories which they expound are such that any data whatsoever, no matter how inconsistent and contradictory, are interpreted as supporting evidence. Critics like Dr. Noam Chomsky have become specialists in non-falsifiable statements in which the right adjective substitutes for rigorous political analysis.[12]

The underlying reason for seeking to corrupt and to dissolve what Robert Nisbet has called "the authority of language" is that this corruption of language leads to the weakening of authority in a democratic society.[13] As Professor Nisbet writes:

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> No community, no association, no culture can exist above the most primitive level without language and all the complex judgments and prejudgments as well as words and syntax which compose it.[14]

My earlier reference to dissident intellectuals as embodying the traditions of Robespierre the Incorruptible was an endeavor to relate latterday criticism of democracy to Jacobin doctrines. What characterizes "the ways of Jacobinism", as Matthew Arnold called them?

> Violent indignation with the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future.[15]

What our powerful social critics have forgotten, or else ignore, is that it is mankind, not merely the democratic national state, that is at the mercy of the specialists in system building. Modern Leninist alchemists seek the hypostatic union between imperfect man and millenarian perfection which is expressed in abstractionist utterances and metaphysical conjuring. Mankind lives and dies by abstractions—socialism, capitalism, revolution, counter-revolution. Would Marx recognize modern capitalism and Soviet socialism as what he really had had in mind? Men have died because the Prophet said that some phenomenon was "inevitable". The greatest abstraction of this century is the word "socialism", but not because of its ideals which may well exemplify man's most noble aspirations. The word "socialism" has come to mean, in a secular age, the Single-Cause solution to man's eternal problems. It has, as a Single Cause, become an excuse for *not* thinking about society's problems while repudiating the past—scientifically—reprobating the present—scientifically—and outlining an inevitable future—scientifically. To achieve high status as a dissident intellectual one need do little more than to denounce "imperialism", demand the immediate overthrow of the "capitalist system", and a swift transition to "socialism".

If the question is raised about the price of "socialism" in those countries which claim to have reached that highest stage of civilization, the word conjuring begins. For example, one can cite the Khrushchev exposé of Stalin in his famous speech at the twentieth Soviet Party Congress, a most damning indictment. Or one can ask why the only significant revolutions in Europe since the end of World War II have occurred in Soviet-occupied Eastern Europe—East Germany 1953, Poland and Hungary 1956, Czechoslovakia 1968—against the USSR. Or what kind of civilization is it which dares to threaten a Nobel Prize-winning writer like Alexander Solzhenitsyn with exile and which finally did exile him? Or what kind of unifying ideology is "socialism" when the most serious war threat in the world today is not among capitalist powers but between the two powerful Communist neighbors—the USSR and China? And whom does Marshal Tito fear most—his capitalist neighbors or the Soviet Union? Or what degree of progress was indicated when a member of the Soviet Presidium in an official Soviet publication revealed that, as late as 1964, there were breadlines in the Soviet Union?[16]

When these incontrovertible facts are cited to "socialists", the game begins. It turns out that the answer is not an examination of the facts but rather the use of an adjective. For example, Professor Noam Chomsky simply inserts the word "libertarian" before socialism—and all is forgiven.[17] The "socialism" of Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, Mao rather quietly becomes non-socialism with no questions asked.[18] But it's not so simple as the political alchemy of Dr. Chomsky makes it out. Why did it turn out that the USSR became the concentration point of non-libertarian socialism? Or anti-libertarian socialism? Dr. Chomsky's adjectival politics condemns capitalism by inserting the adjective "predatory" so that we have "predatory capitalism" to contend with.[19] Is it possible to have libertarian capitalism and predatory socialism? Under Stalin there is little doubt that we had predatory socialism and for that matter Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution was hardly libertarian. If non-predatory capitalism is, for Dr. Chomsky, an impossible concept, why use the adjective at all since capitalism subsumes predatoriness? Dr. Chomsky condemns "corporate capitalism"[20] but nowhere does he explain why the "socialism" which was intended to liberate mankind has enslaved its workers by a state domination which would not be tolerated under capitalism. Dr. Chomsky refers to "Russian unwillingness to permit free elections in Czechoslovakia". He ignores the fact that Russia is also unwilling to permit free elections in Russia itself. In fact, no Communist state permits free elections anywhere, anytime. In the fifty-six years since the Russian Revolution, no Communist state has permitted free elections on any level. Opposition and dissent are still treason.

Dr. Chomsky's misuse of words is even more noticeable in his predilection for the adjective "inevitable"; for example, he talks about "the inevitable limitations on democracy under a highly centralized, militarized state capitalist system of the contemporary variety".[21] The word "inevitable" has been so overused that it has become barren of meaning in discussing social phenomena. In fact, nothing is "inevitable" except within tautologies: bald-headed men inevitably have no hair; bachelors inevitably are unmarried men. Are there "inevitable limitations on democracy under a highly centralized, militarized state" socialist system of, say, the Albanian variety? All governments, by definition (one could easily say that it is "inevitable") create "inevitable limitations" on democracy. The question, which Dr. Chomsky fails to answer, is really what *kind* of limitations? Or he talks about "stultifying parliamentarianism".[22] Is there non-stultifying parliamentarianism? Dr. Chomsky doesn't say. Is "stultifying parliamentarianism" inevitable under democratic systems but not under "libertarian socialism"? And how would dissent be dealt with under Dr. Chomsky's system if not by some kind of stultifying or non-stultifying parliamentarianism? Alas, Dr. Chomsky doesn't say.

George Orwell has a passage which dealt rather succinctly with the enemies of clear speech and language:

> This mixture of vagueness and sheer incompetence is the most marked characteristic of modern English prose, and especially of any kind of political writing. As soon as certain topics are raised, the concrete melts into the abstract and no one seems able to think of turns of speech that are not hackneyed: prose consists less and less of *words* chosen for the sake of their meaning, and more and more of *phrases* tacked together like the sections of a prefabricated henhouse . . . Political language—and with variations this is true of all political parties, from Conservatives to Anarchists—is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable.[23]

There isn't a page of a contemporary political or critical literary journal which doesn't abound in what Professor Nisbet has called "linguistic corruption . . . sabotage of all that is authoritative in language".[24] Here is a sentence from a recent review by David Caute of Theodore Roszak's book, *Where the Wasteland Ends:*

> . . . the present discontents of industrial society, with its emerging totalitarian technocracy, its shallow elitist expertise, its artificiality, and its capacity for manipulating denatured human beings mesmerised by the plastic pretences of Disneyland.[25]

Now what does all this mean? What does "totalitarian technocracy" mean? "Totalitarian" is a specific political term which has some empirical content. If the technocracy is totalitarian, who rules and how did they get there? If it is "emerging" where from? How? Why? Is it emerging in all polities? What is "shallow elitist expertise"? Is there deep, or non-shallow, "elitist expertise"? The "artificiality" of industrial society—what would an industrial society that is not "artificial" look like? Does it exist? Where? And if it doesn't, why not? And what are "denatured human beings"? Can they be renatured? What in heaven's name are the "plastic pretences of Disneyland"? I am not talking now as an editor reading bad prose. In fact, it isn't prose at all. The words have, I submit, utterly no meaning because indignant metaphors are no substitute for clear thought.

Behind the words I've just quoted is a rhetorical trick—paint a neutral event in such apocalyptic imagery as to make retributive justice not merely desirable but somehow inevitable. For example, a book reviewer recently wrote that "this nation is perilously close to collapse". What can the word "collapse" mean?[26] Collapse into what—revolution, anarchy? There are some 140 other countries in the world. If America is close to "collapse", what about these other countries? One can be sure that the editor who published the statement that America is "perilously close to collapse" never inquired of the writer for proof or even for his definition of the word "collapse". The editor probably believes it on one level and ignores it on another, his daily existence. The more outrageous the allegation and the less susceptible of proof, the more credible the allegation becomes. Or take the phrase, "all power to the people". What does it mean when it becomes the *cri de cœur* of the New Left or the Old Left? What "people" are they talking about? The "proletariat"? The intellectuals, the new elites?

Again we have a conjuring with words. Those who cry "all power to the people" are not suggesting the rule of the majority. The revolutionaries of 1848, as A.J.P. Taylor described them, believed in "movement; therefore only those elements who desired change were democratic [and] since movement and democracy were synonymous, only those who desired socialism were the people".[27] So with those who now cry "all power to the people". They don't mean the American blue-collar worker whom they have already labelled as a honky. They don't mean the black middle class. They don't mean people who vote conventionally for conventional

political parties on conventional political issues. They don't mean those people who believe in change but not in instant, overnight overthrow of traditions and institutions in order to achieve the Ultimate Solution.

Those who cry "all power to the people" remind me of a passage in the memoirs of a pre-Revolution Russian socialist, Paul Axelrod. He recounts his conversation with a follower of Peter Tkachev, an early Russian revolutionary. Axelrod writes:

> I asked him, "Do you, as the member of a minority, consider it right that you force the people to be happy?" The question greatly amused my co-debater. "Why, of course", he answered. "Since the people themselves do not understand their own good, thus what is truly good for them must be forced upon them." [28]

In fact, Tkachev, who had an enormous influence on Lenin, wrote:

> The very difference between a violent revolution and a so-called "gradual revolution" lies precisely in the fact that the revolutionary minority is no longer willing to wait, but takes upon itself the task of forcing consciousness upon the people.[29]

How reminiscent of the French Fascist, Drieu de la Rochelle, who said:

> Saving France means saving the French, all the French, even those who do not want to be saved, who let themselves go, who ask only to be left alone.[30]

I want to make clear that my argument is not with so many intellectuals because they seem to believe in "socialism". On the contrary, the history of intellectuals in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is that despite their seeming dedication to socialism, libertarian or non-libertarian, they have willingly accepted any doctrine which might establish their pre-eminence as custodians of morals and culture as part of the divine right of intellectualdom. In other words, it mattered little to many of our leading intellectuals whether the doctrine they espoused or adopted was intended to further democracy. The fact that these doctrines were anti-democratic made them particularly appealing to an extraordinary number of leading artists and writers. Among writers who supported anti-democratic doctrines were: William Butler Yeats, D.H. Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Paul Claudel, Celine, Henri de Montherlant, George Bernanos. The German philosopher, Martin Heidegger, supported Adolf Hitler.[31]

In the United States, there was a surprising amount of support for Italian fascism among leading American intellectuals. The liberal *New Republic* in the late 1920s was urging "a sympathetic hearing" for Italian fascism because it promoted "national cohesion and national welfare". The liberal weekly even justified fascist violence as necessary to end internal strife and disunity. Among these backers of Mussolini were: Bruce Bliven, Alvin Johnson, Robert Little, George Soule, Wallace Stevens, Henry Miller, Irving Babbitt, Charles Beard, Horace Kallen, William Lyon Phelps, George Santayana, Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens.[32] The number of self-declared philosopher-kings who supported the Soviet dictatorship and justified its excesses was extraordinarily large and included some of our most famous writers, artists, critics, academicians and other intellectuals. Superficially what appears significant about this defection from democracy is that the outstanding intellects of the twentieth century were men of the right, rather than of the revolutionary left. As Eugene Goodheart has written:

> Any honest view of the political character of the works of literature will have to account for the fact that during the last two centuries there exists an inverse relation between the esthetic quality of a work of literature and radical politics—especially in works of art in which the political content is explicit and central. I have in mind the political novels of Flaubert, Conrad, Tolstoy, and Dostoyevsky, poetry of great modern poets like Yeats, Eliot, Pound. There are to be sure exceptions . . . But it is a remarkable fact that the literary imagination since the French Revolution has been more often that not skeptical or conservative or outrightly reactionary in relation to radical or revolutionary claims—in politics, if not in art.[33]

In actual fact, this left-right continuum is significant only in the sense that most intellectuals were reluctant to concede the legitimacy of autonomous decision by the people whose liberation they had sworn to achieve. No one expressed this sentiment more sharply than the French intellectual, Ernest Renan, with what Professor Goodheart has called "Darwinian ruthlessness":

> We can hardly conceive of high culture prevailing in a portion of humanity without another portion serving it in a subordinate role. The essential thing is that high culture establish itself and render itself mistress of the world. What is essential is less the creation of enlightened masses than the creation of geniuses and of an audience capable of understanding them. If the ignorance of the masses is a necessary condition for that, so much the worse. Nature does not stop before such concerns; she sacrifices entire species so that others find the essential conditions of their life.[34]

This contempt for the masses, the people, fellow humans in the name of modernism and avant-gardism might be endurable if these dissident and alienated intellectuals were to retire to a private world, as many did in the early nineteenth century, "where they cultivated the belief in their superiority to practical life", wrote J.R. Harrison.

> Contempt for the taste and judgment of the public can easily become contempt for the public itself, particularly when that public is becoming more numerous and self-assertive.[35]

Unfortunately for the western democracies, this contempt went from privatization into an imperiously apodictic dogma that not only were the so-called masses the enemies of high culture but the social and political institutions, which had been legitimized by democratic practice, were even more to blame for the reluctance of the masses to follow the new political taste-makers. Sometime in the 1920s, arose a spirit of anti-intellectualism among intellectuals themselves, a spirit intended to discredit democracy, to discredit intellect and mind and to establish personal feeling as the ruling force in human and political relations. The engine of authority, which is what makes existence possible in free societies, was to be smashed.[36] In its place would come a vague, boundless something called impulse, life-style, feeling, stance. And it produced what we now refer to as the crisis of authority and, in particular as Lionel Trilling has pointed out, the crisis of authority in relation to mind.[37] This attack on mind and "the right exercise of its mental powers" [38] has been part of the insatiable attack on authority. It has reached the point where "it has become possible to claim . . . credence for the idea that madness is a beneficent condition, to be understood as the paradigm of authentic existence and cognition." Professor Trilling continues:

> This view is advanced not only by speculative laymen but also by a notable section of post-Freudian psychiatric opinion with wide influence in the intellectual community. The position is argued on grounds which are quite overtly political. The line is taken that insanity is directly related to the malign structures and forces of society, not as a mere passive effect but, rather, as an active and significant response to society's destructive will. Insanity is represented as a true perception appropriately acted out—society itself is insane, and when this is understood, the apparent aberration of the individual appears as rationality, as liberation from the delusions of social madness. From individual madness, its heartbreaking pain, isolation and distraction blithely ignored, is to be derived the principle by which society may recover its lost reason and humanity.[39]

The effect of this attack on mind, which begins with those who, like Ernest Renan,[40] seek a monopoly on culture, is to diminish the possibility that there are values to be cherished.

Many of our leading intellectuals exemplify that capitulation of mind before the attack on mind so eloquently described by Dr. Trilling. Such capitulation, failure of nerve, and self-abnegation before a non-existent "revolutionary situation" created out of the tenets of "scientific socialism" [41] have been exploited by would-be revolutionaries in the academy in an endeavor to impose a new *partiinost*, a party spirit, as to what may or may not be discussed, and who may or may not be allowed to speak on college campuses.

This state of affairs has impelled Professor James Q. Wilson to argue that what passes for a liberal education today is inconsistent with liberalism and its traditional values—civility, free speech, equality of opportunity and "the maintenance of a realm of privacy and intimacy from the constant assaults of the political and the societal".[42] Professor Wilson discloses:

> In the last two or three years, the list of subjects that cannot be publicly discussed there [at Harvard where he teaches] in a free and open forum has grown steadily, and now includes the war in Viet Nam, public policy toward urban ghettos, the relationship between intelligence and heredity, and the role of American corporations in certain overseas regimes . . . To be specific: a spokesman for South Viet Nam, a critic of liberal policies toward the ghettos, a scientist who claimed that intelligence is largely inherited and a corporate executive who denied that his firm was morally responsible for the regime in South Africa have all been harrassed and in some cases forcibly denied an opportunity to speak.[43]

Among the consequences of a liberal education, he writes, "is a set of sympathies which lead many, though not all, persons in a university to acquiesce in the uncivil acts of a small minority".[44] And to the question how can a liberal education become an adversary of liberalism, Professor Wilson replies:

> The answer . . . is that while the critical faculty requires the existence of civil liberties, it also erodes the bases of authority and legitimacy of those institutions that define and defend those liberties. Criticism is relentless and accepts no bounds; it may prosper when discourse is free and unconstrained but the price paid for that intellectual prosperity is the unceasing assault on those political and legal practices that have produced such freedom. And in the case of Herbert Marcuse, the critical faculty even comes to doubt the value of the freedom itself.[45]

What is frightening is the acquiescence of academicians, not only in America but, lately, also in Great Britain, in the suppression of academic freedom. In May 1973, Professor Hans Eysenck, an eminent British psychiatrist, was beaten up by Communists while he was speaking on the platform of the London School of Economics. A month later, Professor Samuel Huntington of Harvard, who was invited to give a lecture on Vietnam at the University of Sussex, was prevented from doing so by "mob action", as it was described by Richard Crossman, former Oxford don and Labour Cabinet Minister. Far more serious than the "mob action", however, was the fact that seventeen Sussex faculty members signed a letter supporting the students who prevented Huntington from speaking. A later meeting of university vice-chancellors, said Crossman, had given him the hope that when they met "they would collectively proclaim, that, if academic freedom is to mean anything, no one can sign such a letter and remain a member of a university staff". Instead, he reported, "the statement they put out was so vague and woolly that it will probably provoke another outbreak of the blind militancy it was designed to prevent".[46]

The spread of intolerance at our universities was one time attributed to the reactionary right but that was long ago. Today the threat to the university, its authority, and its freedom, is, dishearteningly, from those whose demands are not as limited as those of past opponents of academic freedom. The public utility lobby was quite modest about its demands on the schools: say nice things about private electric companies, bad things about government ownership. Today's enemies of academic freedom are far more total in their demands upon the university and the educational system. And today's enemies are not outside but *within* the gates.

The authority of the university comes from scholarship, not from administrators. A university's greatness is measured not only by endowment, by library volumes, or by buildings, nor is it measured by the number of hours that teachers spend on burdensome, wearying committee meetings. (I am speaking now in the spirit of Oliver Wendell Holmes when he said that it is sometimes more important to emphasize the obvious than to elucidate the obscure.) The authority of a university, the authority of a culture and a civilization depends on men and women who, like Socrates, stand in awe of ideas; who not only respect language, but also protect it from those who would destroy its meaning. The authority of a university rests upon those who have faith in the educational enterprise and, therefore, faith in their vocation as scholars.[47]

The uprising by students and some faculty members against the American university was not intended to make the university a better place in which to pursue truth. Did the uprising make the American university a better place or a worse place in which to study the humanities? It was bad enough when the university was looked upon as a place to hatch both the defense intellectuals (advisers to the Defense Department and the State Department), and the warrior-saviors. Now there has been imposed upon the university the job of reducing inegalitarianism in society, producing urban solutions, turning the university away from its humanistic tradition to creating a new artifact—sociological technology. It is a new form of scientism, a belief that all meaningful problems may be resolved with "scientific methods, that their susceptibility to such solution properly defines the meaningfulness of problems and that we must not profess any convictions which fail to keep this condition".[48] This kind of scientism is really a contempt for humanistic knowledge and tradition, a repudiation of democratic values, an endorsement of the adversary culture and its anti-intellectualism. Above all, this way of thinking creates a conviction of infallibility and the apocalyptic fantasy of the modern Sparta, a republic of virtue, ruled by a new intelligentsia.[49]

The expanding victory over humanistic knowledge by the votaries of scientism continues because academicians, mistrustful of this victory, are even more mistrustful of their own legitimacy and the legitimacy of their once cherished culture.[50] In writing about the origins of the revolts in Europe in 1848, A. J. P. Taylor has written:

> The liberals, the moderate men, shirked the problem of authority; it was faced by the radicals. They found a substitute for tradition in "the religion of humanity", just as their nationalism took the place of the decayed loyalty to kings . . . The radical theorists were led inevitably from belief in the people to belief in themselves; and so to advocacy of authoritarian government.[51]

A belief in moderation and civility implies an attitude of skepticism towards millenarianism and utopianism, an appreciation of the limits of politics coupled with a continuing testing of those limits. A belief in moderation and civility implies an understanding of what Edward Shils calls "the complexity of virtue . . . that every virtuous act costs something in terms of other virtuous acts, that virtues are intertwined with evils and that no theoretical system of a hierarchy of virtues is ever realizable in practice".[52] Our prime task is to restore that delicate balance between the needs of modern democracy and the values of democratic tradition. Daniel Bell has described for us the needs of an emergent post-industrial society and its concomitant communal ethic which demands identification of a still unidentified community.[53] What will be the role of culture, education, and authority in the post-industrial society and in this new community? How in this new world shall we find the balance between the demand for limitless freedom and the resistance to consensual authority, between the antinomianism of the wandering intellectual and his occupation of some hierarchical role as resident scholar?

The answer to this and other questions will not come from those who confuse experience with knowledge but rather from those who seek fusion of the two through conscious inquiry.[54] It will not come from the wild surmise of an uprooted intelligentsia asserting its right, as a self-ordained *arbiter elegentiae*, to define for itself the life of an entire society while denying the same right of definition to other sectors of society. The answer will come from those who see in the university an institution "dedicated to the authority of scholarship and learning and to the transmission of knowledge from those who are competent to those who are capable".[55]

The authority of scholarship and learning is in retreat and has been for almost a decade. It has been a retreat led by academicians who seem to have lost faith in themselves and their disciplines. History, languages, literature, philosophy, and political theory are fast disappearing from college curricula as subjects worth studying. The writing of English or the simple spelling of words, the attention to grammar, syntax, and rhetoric are arts lost among teachers and, therefore, among students. The criteria for competence and capability are attenuated through the lowering of standards and the raising of grades with little or no regard for achievement. What the American academy has long fought against—the politicization of the university—has come about rather quietly and, in the interests of avoiding controversy, unobtrusively. Few of us would claim that until now the American university was without fault or flaw. Is the American university today more dedicated to scholarship and learning than it was a decade ago? Are its standards any higher?[56]

Aristotle once said that the essence of political tragedy is to make the perfect the enemy of the good. Such is the essence of the university tragedy in our country today.

NOTES

1. Bernard de Jouvenel, *Sovereignty: An Inquiry into the Political Good* (Cambridge: Cambridge U.P., 1957), p. 304.
2. Bertrand Russell, *Authority and the Individual* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1964), p. 11.
3. "The violence of revolutionary terror, for example, is very different from that of the White terror, because revolutionary terror as terror implies its own abolition in the process of creating a free society, which is not the case for the White terror. The terror employed in the defense of North Vietnam is essentially different from the terror employed in the aggression." Herbert Marcuse, *Five Lectures: Psychoanalysis, Politics, and Utopia* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1970), p. 103. Count Tolstoy was once asked if he didn't see the difference between reactionary repression and revolutionary repression. He replied that there was, of course, a difference: "the difference between cat shit and dog shit." Quoted in Arnold Beichman, *Nine Lies about America*, revised and expanded edition (New York: Pocket Books, 1973), p. 60. Marcuse's disenchantment with the common man was noted a few years ago at a symposium at Rutgers University where he stated that Negroes, consequent to having been brainwashed by American society, follow middle-class norms in their political behavior. Asked which situation he preferred—one in which Negroes were deprived of their civil rights, including the power to vote, or one in which they freely exercised their civil rights to choose "middle-class values", Marcuse replied: "Well, since I have already gone out on a limb, I might as well go all the way: I will prefer that they did not have the right to choose wrongly." Quoted in Seymour Martin Lipset, "Ideology & No End", *Encounter*, December 1972, p. 18.
4. "If civil politics depend on an acceptance of the limitations of human powers, their establishment in the second half of the present century will

not be rendered easier by scientific developments. The advances in physiology, biochemistry, neurology, applied mathematics, cybernetics, and the foolish propaganda made by some of the enthusiasts of psychology and the social sciences, can hardly induce a feeling of modesty in man, nor can they be expected to promote that fellow feeling necessary to civil politics." Edward Shils, *The Intellectuals and the Powers* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1972). Definitions of civil politics and its requirements may be found, ibid., p. 62.
5. Alexis de Tocqueville, *Recollections*, ed. J.P. Mayer (London: Harvill, 1948), p. 68.
6. Robespierre speaking in the Constituent Assembly at the height of the Terror said: "Le gouvernement de la Révolution est le despotisme de la liberté contre la tyrannie." [The revolutionary government is the despotism of liberty against tyranny.] *Robespierre*, compiled by George Rude (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, A Spectrum Book, 1967).
7. John Stuart Mill once wrote: "A state never is, nor, until mankind are vastly improved, can hope to be, for any long time exempt from internal dissension; for there neither is nor has ever been any state of society in which collisions did not occur between the immediate interests and passions of powerful sections of the people. What, then, enables society to weather these storms, and pass through turbulent times without any permanent weakening of the ties which hold it together? Precisely this—that however important the interests about which men fall out, the conflict does not affect the fundamental principles of the system of social union which happens to exist; nor threaten large portions of the community with the subversion of that on which they have built their calculations, and with which their hopes and aims have become identified. But when the questioning of these fundamental principles is not an occasional disease, but the habitual condition of the body politic; and when all the violent animosities are called forth, which spring naturally from such a situation, the state is virtually in a position of civil war; and can never long remain free from it in act and fact." *Essays on Politics and Culture*, ed. Gertrude Himmelfarb (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1963), p. 138.
8. The Lenin-Stalin theory of "social fascism" is an example of creating objective guilt. For this theory, see Theodore Draper, "The Ghost of Social-Fascism", *Commentary* 47, no. 2 (1969), pp. 29–42; Arnold Beichman, *Nine Lies About America* (New York: Pocket Books, rev. ed., 1973), Chapter One. For a "Watergate" example of "objective guilt", here is Bernard Barker, a key figure in the Watergate burglary on Senator McGovern: "I have the greatest respect for Sen. McGovern, both as a senator and as a presidential candidate. I disagree personally with his type of philosophy . . . it's the kind I've seen turn Cuba into a Communist state." *Boston Globe*, 25 May 1973, p. 19.
9. A classic example of "scientific truth" is Friedrich Engels' prediction of revolution in England, an event which would occur in the early 1850s no matter what the middle classes did to avert it. He wrote: "These are conclusions that can be drawn with absolute certainty. They are based on facts which cannot be disputed—facts of historical development and facts of human nature." *The Condition of the Working Class in England*, tr. and ed. W.O. Henderson and W.H. Chaloner (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford U.P., 1968), pp. 334–36.
10. R.S. Peters, *Authority, Responsibility, and Education* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1966), p. 69.
11. Alasdair MacIntyre, *Marcuse* (London: Fontana/Collins, 1970), p. 91. As Neil McInnes has written: "Rationality concerns the adjustment of means to ends, and societies do not have any one end to be rational about." *The Western Marxists* (New York: Library Press, 1972), p. 203.
12. Favorite adjectives of Dr. Chomsky are: predatory as in "predatory capitalism", libertarian as in "libertarian socialism", inevitable, as in "inevitable limitations on democracy". In Chomsky's world, predatory socialism is as impossible (he concedes the possibility of "authoritarian socialism") as libertarian capitalism. See his *Reasons of State* (New York: Pantheon, 1973), passim. For a further discussion of Chomsky and political language, see below.
13. Robert Nisbet, "The Nemesis of Authority", *Encounter*, August 1972, pp. 11–21.
14. Ibid., p. 12.
15. Matthew Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy* (London: Nelson, n.d.), p. 117.
16. "We heard slogans about fulfilling the Seven-Year Plan in three or four years, [slogans] that we live well now and tomorrow we shall live better. But what did we have in fact?—Bread lines." *Plenum of the Central Committee of the CPSU, March 24–26, 1965*, p. 36, quoted in Adam Ulam, *Expansion and Coexistence* (New York: Praeger, 1968), p. 686.
17. Chomsky, op. cit., p. 374.
18. Some "socialists" have found an easy way out of the how-did-Stalin-happen dilemma and the how-come-Nixon-and-Brezhnev-love-each-other dilemma. The Soviet Union has returned to "bourgeois relations, with the domination of a new exploiting stratum (and eventually, class) the 'state-bourgeoisie'". Professor Tauber finds this analysis in Paul M. Sweeney and Charles Bettelheim, *On the Transition to Socialism* (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1971). Kurt P. Tauber, "Revisionist Marxism Revisted", *Society*, May/June 1973, p. 76.
19. Chomsky, op. cit., pp. 403–04.
20. Ibid., p. 401.
21. Ibid., p. 289.
22. Ibid., p. 370.
23. George Orwell, "Politics and the English Language", in *Shooting an Elephant* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1953), p. 101.
24. Nisbet, op. cit., p. 12.
25. David Caute, "The Politics of Transcendence", *Listener*, 19 April 1973, p. 518. One wonders if Caute himself is an example of "shallow elitist expertise".
26. *Book World*, 16 January 1972.
27. A.J.P. Taylor, *Europe: Grandeur and Decline* (London: Pelican, 1967), pp. 56–57. Professor Taylor writes: "The men of 1848 had infinite faith in 'the people' whom they identified with themselves." Ibid., p. 28.
28. Quoted in Eugene H. Methvin, *The Rise of Radicalism* (New Rochelle, N.Y.: Arlington House, 1972), pp. 221–22.
29. Michael Karpovich, "A Forerunner of Lenin—P.N. Tkachev", *Review of Politics*, July 1944, pp. 336–40, quoted in Methvin, op. cit., p. 222.
30. Quoted in Eugen Weber, *Varieties of Fascism: Doctrines of Revolution in the Twentieth Century* (Princeton, N.J.: Van Nostrand, Anvil Original, 1964), p. 36.
31. J.R. Harrison, *The Reactionaries* (London: Gollancz, 1966).
32. Seymour Martin Lipset and Richard B. Dobson, "The Intellectual as Critic and Rebel: With Special Reference to the United States and the Soviet Union", *Daedalus*, Summer 1970, p. 170.
33. Eugene Goodheart, *Culture and the Radical Conscience* (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press, 1973), p. 84.
34. Quoted, ibid., p. 87.
35. Harrison, op. cit., pp. 25–26.
36. "By 'authority' I mean the faculty of gaining another man's consent . . . Authority is the faculty of inducing assent. To follow an authority is a voluntary act. Authority ends where voluntary assent ends . . . The decline of authority in a state is a great misfortune. It may happen either through the inadequacy of the rulers or through their excessive pretences, but also for a third possible reason—the destruction of the halo which upholds authority." Jouvenel, op. cit., pp. 29, 33.
37. Lionel Trilling, *Mind in the Modern World* (New York: Viking, 1973, p. 19).
38. Ibid., p. 3.
39. Ibid., p. 36.
40. Compare Renan's statement already quoted with that of Matthew Arnold: "Culture works differently. It does try to teach down to the level of the inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords . . . The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and the learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light." Arnold, op. cit., pp. 125–26.
41. Albert Camus has written: "Every kind of socialism is Utopian, most of all scientific socialism. Utopia replaces God by the future. Then it proceeds to identify the future with ethics; the only values are those which serve this particular future. For that reason Utopias have always been coercive and authoritarian . . . One of [Marx's] phrases . . . forever withholds from his triumphant disciples the greatness and the humanity which once were his: 'An end that requires unjust means is not a just end.'" *The Rebel* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1953), pp. 179, 180. Professor Arthur P. Mendel has written that scientific socialism did serve a function, a rather inhuman function: "The great service of scientific socialism was to explain the necessity of present sacrifice and to assuage the conscience of those forced, usually by conditions in underdeveloped economies, to sacrifice the very stratum of society that they supposedly served, the deprived masses." "The Rise and Fall of 'Scientific Socialism'", *Foreign Affairs* 45, (1966/67): 107, 108.
42. James Q. Wilson, "Liberalism versus Liberal Education", *Commentary*, June 1972, p. 50.
43. Ibid., p. 51.
44. Ibid.
45. Ibid., p. 52.
46. Richard H.S. Crossman, "Personal View", *Times* (London), 27 June 1973. For reports of the Eysenck affair, see the *Daily Mail* (London), 10 May 1973; Bernard Levin, "Our Freedom and Professor Eysenck's Nose", *Times* (London), 10 May 1973; Hans Jurgen Eysenck, letter, *New Statesman*, 11 May 1973, p. 732. Professor Eysenck's book, *Race, Intelligence, and Education* (London: Temple Smith for "New Society", 1971), discusses the evidence for and against the belief that intelligence may be also genetically, not solely environmentally, determined. The New Left has, therefore, labelled him a racist. Dr. Eysenck is a refugee from Nazi Germany.
47. "The differences between the intellectual and the scholar, without being invidious, are important to understand. The scholar has a bounded field of knowledge, a tradition, and seeks to find his place in it, adding to the accumulated, tested knowledge of the past as to a mosaic. The scholar, *qua* scholar, is less involved with his 'self'. The intellectual begins with *his* experience, *his* individual perceptions of the world, *his* privileges and deprivations and judges the world by these sensibilities. Since his own status is of high value, his judgments of the society reflect the treatment accorded him." Daniel Bell, *The End of Ideology* (Glencoe, III.: Free Press, 1960), p. 372.
48. Leszek Kolakowski, "Intellectuals Against Intellect", *Daedalus*, Summer 1972, p. 4.
49. "The Intellectual credits himself with a natural right to lead the less educated. In fact he assumes a right to economic privilege which he may be incapable of earning by his productive performance. But in that case he will favor political and social changes that will give him the economic power he craves." Harry G. Johnson, "A Word to the Third World", *Encounter*, October 1971, p. 5.
50. "Legitimacy involves the capacity of the system to engender and maintain the belief that the existing political institutions are the most appropriate ones for the society. The extent to which contemporary democratic political systems are legitimate depends in large measure upon the ways in which the key issues which have historically divided the society have been resolved. While effectiveness is primarily instrumental,

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legitimacy is evaluative. Groups regard a political system as legitimate or illegitimate according to the way in which its values fit with theirs." Seymour Martin Lipset, *Political Man* (New York: Doubleday, 1960), p. 77.
51. A.J.P. Taylor, op. cit., pp. 56, 57. Edward Shils has written: "When authority abdicates through failure, ineptitude and weakened self-confidence, it invites aggression against itself." *The Intellectuals and the Powers* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1972).
52. Shils, op. cit., p. 62.
53. Daniel Bell, *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society* (New York: Basic Books, 1973), pp. 212, 298.
54. Ibid., p. 422.
55. Ibid., p. 454.
56. "Academic standards in French universities have plummeted since the student riots of 1968 and are now among the lowest in Western Europe", Roy Alan reported in *The New Leader*, 18 March 1974, p. 10.

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timed—a reflection which should prompt a note of caution in any critical assessment of Freud's work. The echo of the splash made by British Pop artists in the sixties is daily growing fainter and with certain exceptions our contribution to the international art scene is limited at present. Freud deliberately isolates himself from mainstream activity. His chosen territory is precisely demarcated and confined to the subjects he knows most intimately. His early work is characterised by a sense of instability, so that the rim of a flower-pot bulges with compressed energy. The paint ripples nervously across the surface in the Self-Portrait of 1939 almost as if his head was encased in a kind of claustrophobic aquarium. The impression that all his sitters are behind glass, in a showcase, becomes progressively more intense. By the late forties it seems as if his subjects have been laid out on a slide and then pushed relentlessly under a microscope with a fractionally curved lense. As a result the planes of the face are very slightly distorted, in distinction to the minutely accurate delineation of every flaw and fuzzy strand of hair. An analogy with the Flemish quattrocento is suggested by the Van Eyckian clarity of technique and by the format of some of the portraits, in which a swollen flower (emblem of suffering?) is placed on a foreground balustrade. Plants appear again and again, threatening to choke the already-crowded space and stifle even further the slightly stale air. The spine of a cactus brown and crumpled round the edges, is invested with a hypnotic intensity comparable to the most sinister organic manifestations of Max Ernst. Despite the Surrealistic undertones, however, Freud's paintings are firmly rooted in reality, conveying the seediness of his surroundings with a paradoxically tender dispassion.

His change of style about the middle of the fifties vitiates much of the earlier vitality. The images become inflated and the energy drains away as the paint gets looser and more viscous. Personalities become submerged under the rhetoric of his brushwork and his observation, while appearing to be brutal, is sometimes merely banal. In his most recent paintings of his mother, however, the sensitivity creeps in again. The forms are less generalised although the treatment is still broad. Good portraits are usually statements of conviction in proportion to the passion of the artist and on occasion Lucian Freud has produced some very good portraits.

It has recently become apparent that the tide of eulogistic reverence which threatened to swamp the whole of the nineteenth century is showing signs of turning. Although in many ways this is an inevitable reaction, it is one which many people feel to be overdue, chiefly because of the comparative rarity of first-class Victorian works. The nineteenth-century was a richly productive age and offers considerable scope to both dealers and scholars. Although a remarkably fertile field, however, it has become progressively more difficult to discover healthy plants among the profusion of weeds. Major exhibitions and monographs have been devoted to most of the important artists and record prices have been reached in the sale-rooms one after the other. Exhibition organisers now are having to cast their nets a little wider than the Pre-Raphaelites, but the Whitechapel's catch in the shape of G. F. Watts is one which is particularly difficult to digest.

He was after all an artist of overwhelming ambition who sought to infuse the glories of the Italian High Renaissance with the noble sentiments of his own enlightened mind as he saw it. In other words he wanted to become a kind of moralising Michelangelo, an aspiration which is unlikely to be viewed with much sympathy today. Indeed his ideas seem to epitomise the grandiose pretensions of the Victorian age as a whole. It is not surprising therefore to discover that, despite temporary setbacks, Watts was extremely successful during his own lifetime and spent his last decade revered as the Grand Old Man of British art.

His early pictures suggest that from our viewpoint he might have been a great deal more successful if he had not conceived such a passion to work on the grand scale. His early Self-Portrait shows a highly romantic young man painted in fresh tones with a sensitive control of the medium. And several of his views of Italy imply that he would have become an accomplished landscape artist, if he had only been able to resist the lure of vast historical compositions. These are abysmal from almost every point of view. Watts ruthlessly plagiarised the Italian masters and combined direct quotations in such a way that the poses are totally deprived of their original meaning. An adaptation of Michelangelo's *Resurrected Christ* embraces a swooning lady and Tintoretto's diagonals are used to converge in a vortex of leaden bodies which plummet downwards towards a supine body beneath. To make matters worse the figures are also disastrous anatomically, with flaccid limbs stuffed to bursting like boned capons. A contemporary admirer wrote that he surrounded his forms with atmospheric drifts in order to emphasise the visionary and ideal nature of his scenes. Certainly murky shadow also provided a convenient method of getting rid of any inconvenient limbs which might threaten to upset the all-important harmony of the composition. Nevertheless his late work did aspire to the visionary and his relation to the Symbolist movement is one of the most interesting and least discussed aspects of his work. His didacticism becomes considerably more palatable to the modern taste when it is cloaked in a Moreau-like metallic glitter. The Adam of the Sistine is transformed into a softly pliant Endymion lost in reverie beneath the lunar apparition of Diana. Watts said "I paint ideas not things", and in pictures such as this, begun in 1869, it is possible to see him as the precursor of a new spirit in art, instead of as the resolute propagator of High Victorian morality. It should be remembered however that Watts himself would almost certainly have chosen to be remembered by such large-scale dramas as the Boccaccio panel from the Tate—a painting which appears totally preposterous today.

Malevich's *White Square on White* of 1914 is often quoted as his first purely geometrical work which established him as a pioneer of abstract art. Since then there has been a very large number of purely white works of art by major abstract artists. Lucy Milton's recent exhibition at the I.C.A. entitled "Basically White" assembled together about fifty such works both by major international artists and young British artists. The didactic value of the show was greatly enhanced by the fact that the catalogue contained a statement from each participant relevant to their particular use of white. These ranged from extracts by Ben Nicholson from *Unit 1* of 1934 and from Lucio Fontana's *White Manifesto* of 1946 to a number of statements made specially for the show.

One interesting point raised by the works was the question of which artist tried to maximise the spiritual and symbolical values of white in the Suprematist tradition. Günther Uecker wrote in 1961–62 "the state of white may be understood as a prayer: its articulation may contain a spiritual experience". Clearly many artists reject such connotations, however, and today most artists seem to use white in an essentially negative manner. Its neutrality is useful because it leaves the artist free to concentrate on other issues. In Robert Ryman's work "the white just happened because it's a paint and it doesn't interfere" and similarly Ewerdt Hilgemann used white paper because it provided a "neutral objective vehicle to convey the message".

precisely chosen, upward slanting points of view establish something like a personal relationship with her subject matter—especially in her views of New York. No single building seems to be addressed. On the contrary, only fragments of buildings appear, aligned and juxtaposed by her angle of vision. She frames a segment of the urban landscape to include extraordinary depths, and equally extraordinary nearnesses. Quite faithful to the actual placement of things—at least she seems to be—Jacquette stations herself so that a portion of street lamp will account for nearly a quarter of the surface in a painting where a distant skyscraper is merely an accent, a hint of the distances in the sky behind it.

The unity of her image is in part compositional, shapes as shapes organizing surface and depth. But these shapes are also particular things, further particularized by Jacquette's deeply felt accuracy about light. Unity is given by the consistency of her light, recognizably the same as it falls to varying distances on a wide variety of things—brick surfaces, painted metal, reflecting windows, some with and some without the shades drawn. Shadow is seen as variety of illumination with a delicacy that clarifies the complex angles of the scenes she portrays. The eye is drawn into the brilliant depths of her paintings, always upward, following her own angle of vision and the general direction indicated by tiers of windows, arched street lamps, water-towers and cupolas. There are never any people in her paintings. The way is cleared for her own feelings to expand into the space, the light and, more precisely, the time of day she sees. In her hand-colored prints, the same image is often changed completely by economical indications of diffrent lights. The logic, or perhaps the intensity, of her vision draws her beyond architecture to the sky itself. Many of her paintings are of light on clouds, traditionally the test of a landscapist's impersonal accuracy. Jacquette maintains both her accuracy and the personal quality of her touch in dealing with these vastnesses. She has achieved a subtly monumental way of painting which belongs to the moment but not to its political squabbles over style. She paints from moments of private but luminously accessible vision.

Michelle Stuart's new works are now on view at the Max Hutchinson Gallery. She applies graphite to rag paper which is then mounted on canvas. The canvas however, is not stretched. It is suspended against the wall from inconspicuous crossbars attached to the upper edge. If I say she works with graphite on rag paper, I wonder if I don't mean she slaves away. Her textures are formed on such a delicately small scale and with such precision that the very process of covering her large surfaces—up to 12 feet by 5 feet—is staggering. And yet there is no sign of strain, no sense of worrying the surface with a reductionist compulsion. Her modulations are so minute that they end up producing an overall texture without any large modulations. Her activity begins to resemble that of a natural process—her surfaces seem evenly weathered.

Another image that comes to mind is that of maps—these "drawings" seem to be topographical renderings of an intricately rough stretch of terrain viewed from a great distance. The "lay of the land" is generally even, but there are clusterings of topographical events, dots of darker intensity which often appear after less inflected, more open areas have been passed through. The map-geography image is undercut however. These are not maps of somewhere else—they are objects themselves, referring mainly to themselves, to their own overall consistency and to the intensity with which they were produced. This point is made by having the works extend below the bottom of the wall onto the floor. Instead of referring to space elsewhere they occupy their own. One is drawn away from geographical imagining to the fascination of an austere lushness, a thoughtfulness that translates itself directly into her highly original nonlinear draughtsmanship.

Retrospective exhibits are biographical only in a limited sense: they are the biographical displays of a body of art works, not of an artist's life. Chronologies, memoirs, references to the artist's life which may be inserted in a standard catalogue appraisal are adjuncts to the artworks on display. But that's changing, or has been changed for the moment—no one can say how permanently—here in New York. The current Duchamp retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, "Frank O'Hara, A Poet Among Painters" at the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Mondrian memorabilia show at the Sidney Janis Gallery shift biography to the center of interest, which artworks in the ordinary sense must now share except in cases where they are pushed to the background.

In each of these cases the curator or dealer-organizer is in a new position. His or her responsibility is not merely to present art in a well-lit, orderly manner but somehow to present it in the recreated context of its original time and place, (in a well-lit and orderly manner, if possible). While remaining an art expert, the curator or gallery director becomes something of a director in the theatrical sense, perhaps even a set designer.

All this might be true of a Duchamp exhibit any time regardless of general trends toward or away from biographical theatricality in retrospectives. Duchamp after all worked as an actor in a film by René Clair. Performances are a part of his life and his art at the same time. Art and life, artwork and the biography it highlights in traditional instances are proverbially mixed in Duchamp's case. During his first major retrospective—in Pasadena in 1961—he was there in person, playing the role of a man playing chess with a nude woman, and no doubt seriously playing chess as well. Where should one locate the "art content" of this performance? In the seriousness of the game or in the fact of its being a game? Probably in the relationship between quality (seriousness) and fact (it's a game). Note that a reversal can be made—quality (the Pasadena nude-chess piece was game-like) and fact (Duchamp was perfectly serious) can change places. There is very little that can't change places in Duchamp's art-life—as Rrose Sélavy he accepted a complete "sex reassignment". When work of this elusivness becomes the subject of a museum show, one can't be especially surprised when the boundaries between high-art spaces and theatrical space are overleapt, repeatedly in both directions, and from endlessly varied springboards.

This show originated at the Philadelphia Museum of Art where, as a part of the Arensberg Collection, most of it is permanently housed. Two of Duchamp's largest and most important works, *The Large Glass* and *Etant donnés* were on view only there. The former is too fragile to travel, the latter is built into the architecture of the Philadelphia Museum. The exhibit here in New York includes a life-sized color photograph of the exterior of *Etant donnés*. Well-done, though a little on the pale side, it's like a gigantic color reproduction from an art magazine. Art in magazines has previously stood for the real thing in museums and galleries for out-of-town viewers. Now New Yorkers are the out-of-towners and the museum imitates the magazines. All quite fitting: Duchamp's work contradicts and eludes itself as it eludes the rest of us. Its integrity seems to lie in the fact that the outwardly straightforward project of merely assembling this work and showing it produces quirks and reversals of meaning in perfect tune with the Duchampian spirit.

There's no question of talking about individual pieces in this immense exhibit. There are over two hundred works, many of them among the most familiar to have been produced by a twentieth century modern. And many of them are charged with the endless opportunities for elucidation one might expect in works by a man who, in spite of his large output, gained a reputation during his lifetime for sparing, abstemious, highly concentrated methods. I'm not so interested here in puzzling over riddles Duchamp posed and posed again during his career—as soon, that is, as he got over his awful Fauvism and his slightly less awful Cubism. The catalogue contains the work of no less than eleven up-to-the-minute puzzle workers. They're all intrepid, if a touch solemn here and there. That's not much of a problem. Duchamp said rightly that artworks change as they slide away from their makers, and the same may be true of the works of his explicators. In other words, wit may eventually appear along with erudition, even in these most unlikely places.

My interest here is in reporting the high quality of the New York installation. There is at the entrance a gallery of portraits of Duchamp by his artist-friends; the realization of one of his ideas for the first time (umbrellas hanging opened from the ceiling); and in general a presentation of works and documents which makes the blending of museum gallery and stage set as natural at the present moment as it was startlingly unnatural when Duchamp first brought art and theatre together by rerouting them both through "life".

His of course was a bookish, cerebral, puzzle-maker's life, perfectly suited perhaps to turn the Modern's galleries into separate biographical chapters. "Frank O'Hara, A Poet Among Painters" at the Whitney is just as biographical, but in a different style. A poet and critic close to a number of Abstract Expressionists in New York in the fifties and until his accidental death in 1966, O'Hara stands unified and entire in a very different place from that of the multi-faceted Duchamp. To provide O'Hara's obsessively spontaneous energy with a context in the new museum exhibition-documentary biography manner requires different tactics. The nature of Duchamp's

work forces a retrospective to be a biography of the man as well. O'Hara wasn't a painter or sculptor, and it seems to me that that is what brings this exhibit of works by de Kooning, Alex Katz, Grace Hartigan, Michael Goldberg, Joan Mitchell, Fairfield Porter, Jackson Pollock and others into biographical terrain. It's not really a show of paintings and sculptures. It's a show of artifacts which happen to be paintings and sculptures, assembled in order to throw some light on a writer's life. Between the works of "visual art" are interspersed highly legible quotations from O'Hara's poetry. It's too bad a few of the more lyrical passages from his art criticism couldn't have been thrown in. Anyway, the juxtaposition of literature and art makes a general kind of sense. O'Hara has been called an "action poet", a literary equivalent of such "action painters" as de Kooning, Hartigan and the rest. I'm not sure if anyone has called him an Abstract Expressionist poet. I hope no one has.

Put together by students in the Whitney's Independent Study Program, this exhibit refracts the spirit of an artistic period through the sensibility of an individual who was intensely involved in it. He was first a critic, then a curator at the Modern, all the while writing a substantial body of poetry, much of it referring directly to art and the New York art scene. The exhibit doesn't make it very clear exactly what O'Hara had to do with the paintings and sculptures assembled here. Sometimes they are by friends, sometimes by his heroes—exemplars such as de Kooning and Pollock of the energy he has come to exemplify himself. Unfortunately only one portrait of O'Hara was available, Alex Katz's, which is very fine, but others, by Larry Rivers and Jane Freilicher, for example, are very different and they are missed. Photographs of O'Hara and friends are included. These might be a bit too mysterious to the uninitiated, but everyone is by now a bit uninitiated because the "O'Hara period" in the New York art world is very much over. The bits of his poetry "exhibited" here are the least ambiguous things in the show, even where they are obscure in his high-flown style of urban Romanticism. At least they are unequivocally his. He signed them, after all. Moreover, they are insistently autobiographical, as Duchamp's works are elusively autobiographical. This show doesn't answer any questions, but it's intriguing at least to enter the galleries of an art museum and find artworks used as decor in an essentially biographical—i.e. literary—project.

There are reasons why nostalgia for bygone artistic periods is competing on equal terms with the "art value" of the works those periods produced. Part of it has to do with the obsessive nostalgia that is felt in everything from fashion to movies to "life-style" here in New York. But the nostalgic, biographical flavor of Janis' current Mondrian exhibit is much easier to explain. Unconnected to larger currents, it's an exhibit of memorabilia, and that's that. There are sheaves of his personal papers, including his immigration papers to the United States. These and others are blown-up photostatically and hung like paintings or posters on the gallery walls. There are some of his boogie-woogie records, as well as a tape of them piped into the gallery. These play constantly, even during a film of Mondrian's New York studio made by Harry Holtzman, the owner of these artifacts. There are several very early paintings, some very late sketches for the *Boogie-woogie* paintings which bear a close resemblance, and several unfinished late paintings. Some of them still have Mondrian's colored tapes attached. One sees with one's own eyes what one always knew about Mondrian's working methods.

Holtzman has contributed a catalogue essay in which he holds up Mondrian's art as a solution to "the existing plurality of viewpoints" about aesthetics and their relationship to life. It's more than a bit much to imagine that Holtzman really thinks an exhibit of this kind is going to help do away with those pluralities and gain support for the single "reality", "the humanism and structure in western art" which Holtzman says Mondrian "crystallized". If the sight of an unfinished Mondrian painting is good for anything besides a possibly morbid art-world *frisson*, it is surely as a good reminder that Mondrian's "universal" was in fact a particular. It was a particular that he varied in particular ways. Mondrian the artist, the individual, is not especially well-treated in this show, nor is he "exploited", as the saying goes. In any case, he and his art survive the intrigue with memorabilia. And the possibility of a helpfully biographical presentation of his art—comparable to the Duchamp and the O'Hara shows—also survives.

Still another nostalgic show, and a very good one, at the Washburn Gallery. It's a partial recreation of a 1925 exhibit at the Anderson Galleries in New York, which was in turn a twentieth anniversary celebration of the first exhibit at Alfred Stieglitz' "291" Gallery. "291" introduced European and American modernism to New York audiences well in advance of the Armory Show of 1913. If the Washburn show is biographical, its subject is the early twentieth-century idea of the modern in American art, not the life of any one individual. There are no poems on the wall, no memorabilia in sight. But a reproduction of the 1925 catalogue is available and indeed it does contain poems and critical statements, some of them by the artists themselves. In "A Way to Look at Things", Arthur Dove says: "Works of nature are abstract. / They do not lean on other things for meanings. / The sea-gull is not like the sea / Nor the sun like the moon / . . . That the mountainside looks like a face is accidental." True enough, if you look at things in a certain way. Dove and the others did their best in a tactful manner to eliminate accident from the viewing of their works. Dove's "Way" was the right way. His poem—or aesthetic declaration—was designed as a context to guide the viewer in the right direction. This becomes part of the biography of an art movement when it appears with the artworks now. It was "instant biography" then—and the more I think about it the more I approve. The idea of a pure, unencumbered view of a painting or sculpture is silly anyway. No development in modern thought outside certain formalist art critics' theories suggests anything analogous. Context is all or a very big part of it in linguistics, anthropology, political and sociological analysis.

There is something odd in Dove providing a context for works that "do not lean on other things [such as contexts] for meanings", but there's something odd about Dove's art—the delicacy and fierceness of his assemblages, the gently maniacal persistence of nature references in the most "abstract" of his paintings. The general point stands, that biography or context is invaluable in the presentation of art, and it's a good thing that the organizers of exhibits are becoming aware of this fact. Moreover, biography is unavoidable. Looking at the retrospectives of "pure" artists in retrospect—Stella, Judd, Olitski—it appears that the custodians of "purity" were really biographers in disguise, as the catalogues they offered prove.

The Washburn show includes fine works by Marin, Hartley, Demuth and others. There are photographs by Paul Strand, lovely in their reference to anonymous urban geometry and essential to a grasp of Precisionism. Stieglitz himself is represented by several "Equivalents", lushly foggy photographs referring mostly to each other as they search for form free enough and yet rich enough to get photography away from its documentary task. These have the evocative power of symbolist correspondences, with none of the linear reductions of Cubism. This seems typical of much American modernism of the period. Even with Demuth and O'Keefe, very close to the "post-Cubist" Precisionists, form is "reduced" to mystery as well as clarity. Demuth shows masks, and the books he paints are given gnomic titles. O'Keefe's chestnut tree looms and writhes in an atmosphere charged with unfathomable personality.

MICHAEL PEPPIATT:

it is the way the subjects are portrayed rather than the subjects themselves; even if automobiles and plate glass by no means present the greatest range of plastic possibilities, they are not inherently less interesting than any other object.

What strikes one, in this sense, about many of the American hyperrealist scenes is their apparent cult of lifelessness. Their effect is of glossily immaculate recordings of a world gone dead. Cities are portrayed as vast still lifes in which human beings have the faintest of presences, reflected in glass or as unreally real as shop-window dummies. Inanimate, and viewed by an apparently inanimate eye, they build up an impression of vacuum, a series of places emptied of all vitality and purpose.

This feeling of a world gone dead comes over strongly in the CNAC's exhibition. The hyperrealist vision is basilisk-eyed, stopping the flow of life in whatever it gazes on. Even when there are figures, they are no more real than waxworks at Madame Tussaud's; reality is not, after all, a question of likeness alone. The same cold, precise touch acts as a seal on the surface. Beneath its gleaming skin, nothing breathes.

One painter, Charles Close, breaks this spell. His vast heads, decomposable into hundreds of vein-like threads running through a pitted pink texture, are strangely alive. The portraits make a real claim on our attention because, almost simultaneously, they are both so extraordinary lifelike and totally divorced from any physical reality. For all their gigantic

scale, they are extremely vulnerable: each area of the face is a contour map of the blood beneath the skin: overall they constitute a history of slight irregularities at birth compounded with the slow ravages of time. Then they are merely a patchwork of pores and broken blood-vessels, a pointillist nightmare. The nearness to dissolution in which these appearances are maintained gives them the power of a recurrent illusion.

One other American artist, Duane Hanson, seems to me to rise above the general level of those on show at the CNAC and the Musée d'art moderne. His sculptures, whether of a bloated housewife wheeling a mountain of packaged goods out of a supermarket *(Supermarket Lady)* or the filthcovered, derelict *Bowery Bums*, are as real as they are repulsive. One does not stop for a moment to wonder whether they exist in real life: one knows them already, and here they are, in their ugliness or wretchedness, clearly destined to keep reappearing in the halls of culture for some time to come.

The CNAC devoted part of its show to "European realists". They had as little in common with the American hyperrealists as with each other. The comparison was certainly useful in that it showed quite unmistakably the marked differences between the new approaches to realism on either side of the Atlantic, and the great diversity that exists in the European camp. So great, in fact, that one wonders more than ever about the validity of a common label for both Stämpfli and Monory, both Allen Jones and Gäfgen, and so on. Once again, there was an evident inequality of talent; but the width of choice of subject matter (from a tyre-tread and a shirt-collar to an elephant and the beach) and the quite distinct attitudes behind them betoken a welcome variety.

*

Another form of realism is on brilliant display at the Grand Palais, where a large exhibition has been devoted to "Valentin et les Caravagesques français". The scene is set at the beginning of the show with a *Fortune Teller* by Caravaggio: the intimate physical presence of the figures, the dramatically ambiguous interplay of their eyes and hands, the strong chiaroscuro and the general atmosphere of imminent revelation combine to indicate the reasons why so many painters all over Europe were drawn in the early years of the 17th century to Rome. Their fascination with the ill-starred master, who died in prison while still in his thirties, created what was for many a lifelong interpretation of the main components of his style. In this way, the influence of Caravaggio formed a large number of fine painters, some of whom returned to their country of origin, while others stayed in Rome. Valentin de Boulogne ended his short life there in 1632, having achieved considerable fame and leaving a legacy of paintings whose mastery has maintained his reputation ever since. No less than twenty of his works have been brought together at the Grand Palais. They encompass some of the greatest achievements of the mass of scenes inspired by Caravaggio; but above all, it is the extraordinary fusion of delicacy with robustness—the bloom on a cheek above a well-muscled shoulder, the veiled expression over the thieving hand, the fragility of all flesh suspended in familiar, endlessly repeated gestures—that marks Valentin apart. A large number of other fine works, notably by Vouet, Nicolas Tournier and the artist known as Cecco del Caravaggio, can be found in the remaining fifty or so items in the exhibition. Right through the Grand Palais, the struggle between light and dark is used with magnificent sense of texture and drama to present the human body in its shadowy, ambiguous glory.

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The new and the old realism form the two most interesting museum events at the moment in Paris, but they are far from being the only ones. The Grand Palais alone is sporting no less than four different exhibitions; and the Musée d'art moderne de la ville as many more. Accompanying the French Caravaggists is a selection of the drawings and paintings that originated in the great wave of enthusiasm for the "translation" of the works of Ossian that swept Europe in the latter half of the 18th century. Published by an ambitious, hitherto obscure Scots poet, James Macpherson, these poems were announced as renderings from the lays of a third-century Celtic bard. Their publication was met with a mixture of determined scepticism and wild acclaim. Commissions were set up to investigate the validity of Macpherson's claims; but the means to prove them fraudulent were not found until much later; and Macpherson went to his grave (very honourably situated in Westminster Abbey) still protesting their authenticity. Meanwhile, his version of this "Homer of the North", rapidly translated into several other European languages, fired the imaginations of scores of artists. The vision of this ancient bard reappearing from the night of time had an irresistible appeal to the most diverse temperaments. Napoleon was completely won over. Ossian, he once confided, was *his* poet: "Alexandre a choisi Homère pour son poète . . ., Auguste a choisi Virgile . . . pour moi, je n'ai eu qu'Ossian, les autres étaient pris." Most of the works on show are intersting as illustrations of the strength of the new fad and the diversity of the responses it evoked; but it is certainly very entertaining to follow the way this most fruitful of forgeries released a nostalgia for a dim, heroic past on an international scale.

*

The Institut néerlandais, that model cultural centre, has been exhibiting a choice of the recent additions to the collection of its founder, the late Frits Lugt. Known as the Fondation Custodia, the collection is made up of 90,000 items, and it is famous above all for the quality and number of its drawings. This recent show of 250 works (from 4000 new acquisitions) gave an idea of the extraordinary breadth of the collection, however. In addition to some fine drawings by English, Dutch and Italian artists, there was a superb series of some sixty Indian miniatures. Dating mostly from the reign of the Moghuls, these miniatures are exquisitely fresh and delicate, and full of information about the life of the times. The miniatures are flanked by the most diverse array of objects, from ancient books and artists' letters to medals, ceramics and precious picture-frames; and the whole provides an unusually satisfying experience.

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Rosofsky's latest paintings (1971–73) at the Galerie du Dragon provoke unease in the quietest, most insidious way. They are homely, petty bourgeois and not a little kitschig in their atmosphere: apparently harmless follies dreamed up by some Sunday painter shuffling around in his slippers in a large, uniform suburb. The red brick, the telly, the pets, the flowered wallpaper and the specially brought out tea-service are all eloquent of an ageing, lower-middleclass generation: nothing could be duller, nothing more respectable, and yet it furnishes the ideal setting for a certain kind of slightly macabre, rather sinister fantasy whose effect is redoubled by its appearance among these doddering little people.

Where in fact could fantasy take a stranger turn than in this slightly pinched, a little more than a bit cracked, itsy-bitsy, outwardly conventional and inwardly chaotic milieu? The most curious things happen, as though naturally. A dog leaps up to lick its master's blue-edged face, while carmine-tipped canes lay scattered on the floor around a dog stretched out on its back; in the foreground there looms a large suit of clothes in the wide-open neck of which floats a disembodied head. A man and woman stand in front of a doll's house: their stomachs are opened like cupboards to reveal, in her, a pot of flowers, in him, a stripe-sailed yacht: a stripe-sailed yacht slides past their feet. A group of gesticulating men sit in a corner dominating an effigy of a group of men sitting in a corner. Somehow there is almost a feeling of narrative in these paintings; but whatever it is, it has been transformed into the narrative of dreams.

Thirty new drawings by Byzantios have come on show at the Galerie Karl Flinker. Permanent night, created by thin crosshatchings of charcoal, is their natural element. Dim figures can be discerned beneath its gloomy veil. They look as though they were caught in a natural—and possibly perpetual—disaster; when there is a burst of light, it seems to come from the onset of a holocaust. Otherwise, these dispossessed, *1984*-ish creatures make their way through the black streets, pale victims of the powers of darkness that have invaded their city like foreign occupiers . . . or home-bred dictators.

A very different kettle of fish wriggles, roars, screams and squawks at the Galerie Darthea Speyer. They are a batch of kitsch ladies by Ed Paschke. Flinging open their tattooed arms, flashing toothy smiles, they clearly think of themselves as winsome bundles of pure joy. Faintly reassuring is the fact that, trapped in paint, they cannot talk. One backs away in awe, conscious of the terror they could spread at a cocktail party.

The ladies above might have been having a good natter with the new figures which Szafran is showing at the Galerie Claude Bernard, for the latter are having enviable success at turning themselves into thin air. White rather than black, as in Byzantios' drawings, is the enemy here, as in *Moby Dick*, or like the snow in *Women in Love*. It effaces the human beings it surrounds, eating up their substance like strong sunlight striking deep colours pale. Soon they will evaporate altogether, a nail or an eye, perhaps, being the last detail to go. In the meantime, they create an eloquent metaphor for time passing.

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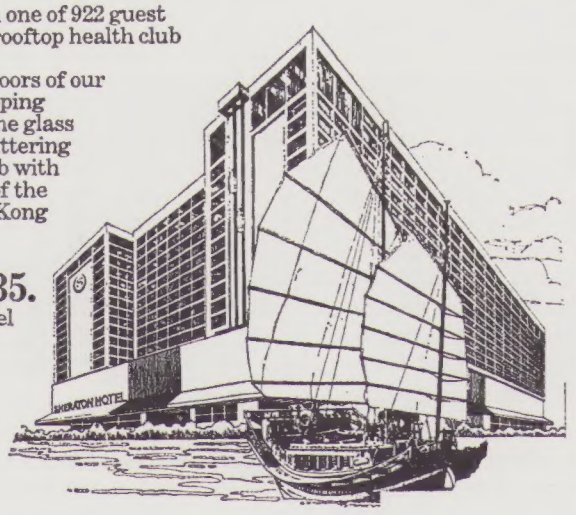

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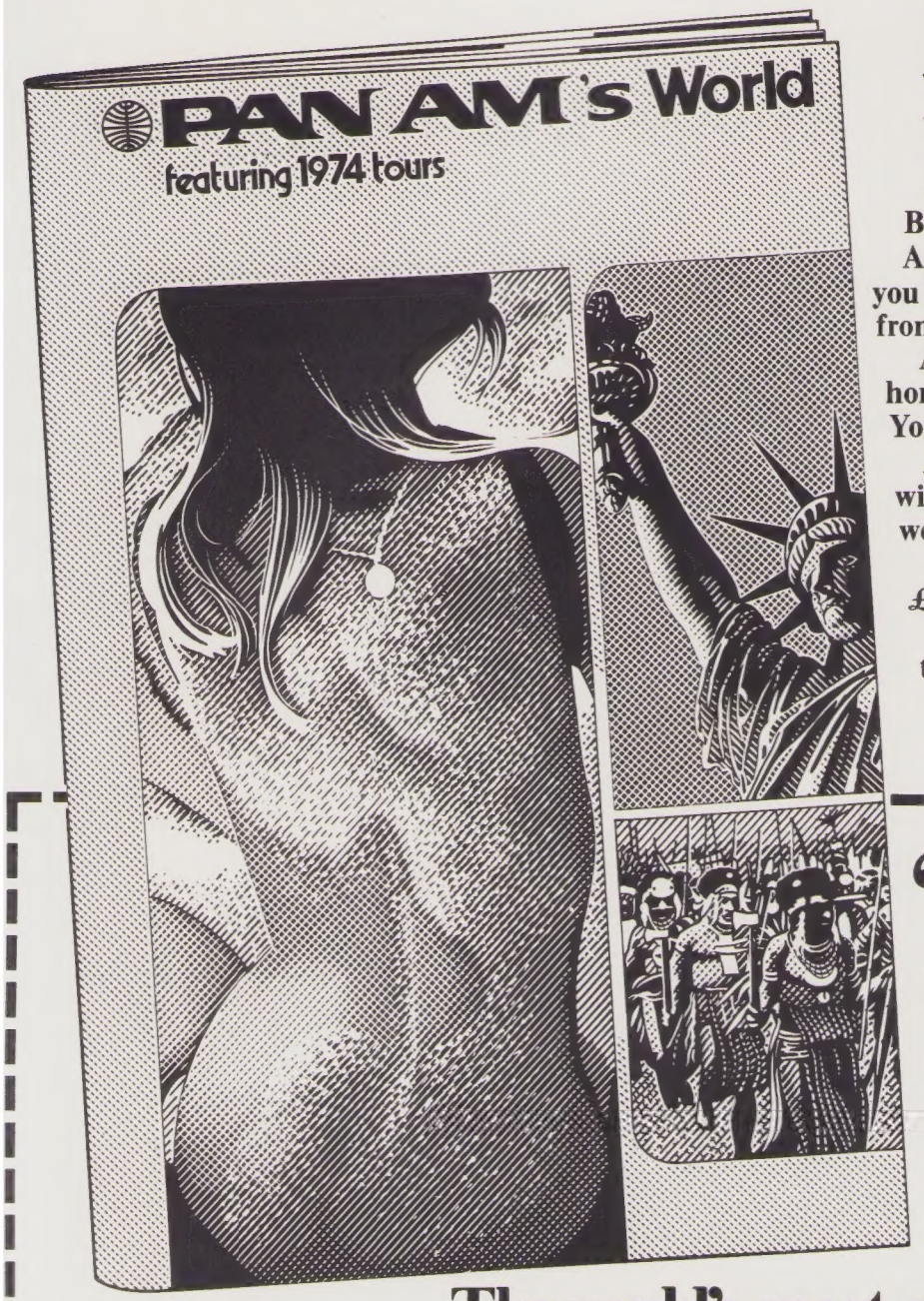

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